

The August issue of
The American Mercury

(Ready July Twenty-fifth)

*will contain, among other interesting features,
the following:*

CLARENCE S. DARROW:

The Ordinal of Prohibition

VACHEL LINDSAY:

The Trial of the Dead Cleopatra

THEODORE DREISER: *The Man of God*

ZECHARIAH CHAFFIN: *The Inquiring Mind*

ORRICK JOHNS: *The Advertising Agent*

RICHARD FAY WARNER: *Godey's Lady's Book*

FRANZ BOAS: *The Question of Racial Purity*

There will be a dozen other attractive
features besides the usual departments

*Persons who desire to read The American Mercury
regularly will do well to subscribe by the year. The supply
for newsstands will always be limited and many readers will
not be served at all.*

The American MERCURY

July 1924

THE PRESIDENCY

BY CHARLES C. THACH

Of recent years the haze of the incense burned by ancestor worshipers before the shrine of the Federal Convention that framed the Constitution in 1787 has been considerably cleared away, enough, at any rate, to enable us to get a relatively accurate idea of the men who composed it and what they were trying to do. Instead of a group of demigods, engaged magnificently in striking off a semi-divine instrument of government, a little body of conservative leaders has been revealed, realistically intent upon establishing a new national government which would promote a revival of business, curb the rising tide of democracy, and especially keep the hands of State legislatures out of the pockets of the well-to-do.

There is not the slightest chance of understanding the Constitution, or any of the institutions it created, if it is looked at apart from its proper political and economic background. In every State, in the days of its genesis, there were two well-defined parties, the Haves and the Have-Nots, the creditors and the debtors, the merchants, bankers, planters, professional men and the small farmers. Until 1781 the farmers, on the whole, had had things pretty much their own way. They had dominated colonial politics. They had fomented and carried on the Revolution, on the one hand suppressing their dissenting brethren by

means not the most gentle, and, on the other hand (not without great difficulty) securing the active participation of enough of the masses to keep the bottom from falling out of armed resistance. Naturally, they expected and intended to reap the fruits of victory for themselves.

But the Have-Nots had quite different ideas. They had taken seriously the idea of the inalienable rights of man that had been set afloat during the Revolution. They believed that they had been born free—and equal to any aristocrat in knee breeches and silk stockings. During the war they had been cajoled and flattered and had thus come to see that they had power. They now had no idea of surrendering it. The average upcountry farmer, in those days, was in a deplorable condition economically. To begin with, he was in debt. Worse, the drain of specie from the country had resulted in a marked fall in prices, and a great enhancement in the value of what he owed, an enhancement that his propertied creditor had no idea of letting get away. He thus stood in imminent danger of seeing his farm put up for sale, either for taxes or to satisfy a mortgage. In brief, he had every inducement to try to get and hold control of his State government, and so he enabled to pass laws to remedy his low state of being. By 1787, the hill-billies had been quite

generally successful at the State elections, and once in control of law-making, they had proved to be quite as willing to defraud their creditors as their creditors had previously been to take advantage of them. They passed laws making debts payable in a man's poorest land at a value fixed by a jury of his brother debtors. They provided for the issuance of large amounts of unsecured paper money and made it legal tender. They attacked charters and other vested interests. And when they were unable actually to get control of the government they chased out mortgage foreclosing judges, and dispensed with government altogether.

It was a case of Bryan against McKinley, with McKinley and his friends getting distinctly the worst of it. Business was bad; all vested interests were having the roughest of sledding. Interest on the primeval Liberty Bonds of the time, which Dr. Charles A. Beard has shown to have been held in large quantities by members of the Federal Convention, was not being paid. The hill-billies were getting the jobs. In short, the country was turning out to be that worst of all conceivable things to men of wealth: a genuine democracy. But the Old Guard, as everyone knows, is always fertile in expedients, especially when its money bags are in jeopardy. Its members now hit upon the idea of strengthening the national government to a point where it could collect taxes enough to pay interest on the bonds they held, pass tariff acts to promote their trade and their shipping, and, especially, through the judicial branch, declare unconstitutional all State laws that were hostile to their property rights. Also, that new national government must possess military strength sufficient to step hard on recalcitrants like the poor devils led by Daniel Shays in Western Massachusetts, in case they should get rambunctious again. Above all, it must be officered by, and run in the interests of the Haves, and by that same token, to the detriment of the Have-Nots.

On the whole, the Fathers made a good

job of it. The leaders in the Convention were men of intelligence, and what is more, frequently of education, and some of them even of culture. Madison, for example, had made a complete study of federal governments, ancient as well as modern, and, as his notes and letters show, had read widely, drawing on his friend Jefferson, then in Paris, for European works. Gouverneur Morris was a polished man of the world, as he was to demonstrate to French society during his subsequent official residence in Paris. Hamilton had read widely in political philosophy. Others were, measured by late Eighteenth Century standards, very learned in the law,—Wilson of Pennsylvania, for example, and Wythe of Virginia. In short, political and economic hazards had forced the genuine leaders of the American aristocracy into this business of constitution making, and they accomplished their purposes with considerable skill and success. The Senate that they created was for a long time the stronghold of the wealthy classes of the new nation, and looked out for them assiduously, as it was intended to do. The national judiciary was, and still is, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to property rights and vested interests. The national government thus set up, weathering the storms of its infancy, waxed lusty, and ultimately reduced the States to the status of departments, as the conservative Fathers, in considerable part at least, planned that it should. But the executive department, organized only after great travail and as a result of compromise, was not and perhaps is not even today a shining success.

II

The problem of providing for a national executive was one of the most difficult that the Convention faced. As Hamilton, who was nothing if not a realist in politics, put it, a government was no better than its executive, and inasmuch as there had never been a good—that is, a strong—republican executive, the problem of setting up a

strong national government was all but insoluble. What was primarily needed, of course, was an executive that would be ready and willing to enforce not only the ordinary routine laws, but also such statutes as the tax laws and the later excise on whisky, which was as unpopular with the Western Pennsylvania decocter of corn liquor as the Volstead Act is popular with his heirs and assigns. The head of the state, in brief, must be safe—which is to say, he must be ready to exercise his powers for whatever ends were viewed with approval by his class. How was the office to be filled? Of how many men should it be composed? How long should be the term? Should the executive be eligible for reelection? What should be his powers? Especially, what should be his relations to the legislative branch?

The experience that the Fathers had already had with government, both State and national, determined the answers to several of these questions. In the first place, they had learned the lesson that "boards are screens," and that the surest way to get nothing done is to appoint a committee to do it. The masses, to be sure, having gone to war to the tune of "Hang King George!" were still convinced that a one-man executive was a tyranny, but the incompetence, wastefulness, and dishonesty of congressional committees during the war had disgusted every man of any brains with that way of doing business. A few of the Convention did interpose objections to executive unity, but they were either so old as to be impervious to any new idea, or else ambitious for political advancement in their respective States, and so quick to snuff Federal tyranny in every breeze. On the other hand, there were those who sighed frankly for the lost flesh-pots of Egypt, now that they were in the wilderness of popular rule. John Jay could ask quite calmly, "Shall we have a king?" And, *horribile dictu*, there is evidence that there was at least talk, if nothing more, among some certain members of calling over a German prince, in accord-

ance with the best English traditions. At any rate, the prevailing *clinché* in 1787 was that the more dispersed the executive power, the less "secrecy, energy and despatch" could be expected of those wielding it, and so, one being the smallest number of executives possible, only one would the Convention have.

State experience further dictated the adoption of the principle of the executive veto. Under most of the State constitutions, the legislature had had practically all power and the executive none, for those documents were made, for the most part, when King George was at the height of his unpopularity. In consequence, the legislatures had run amok. They had passed laws dangerous to the gentry, foolish laws, and merely useless laws. "A luxuriancy of legislation," Madison called it, and also "a nuisance, a nuisance of the most persistent kind." Constitutions, their "parchment barriers being readily overleaped on the spur of occasion," offered no restraint. But in New York a constitution had been made by a little group of conservatives, John Jay and Gouverneur Morris chief among them, who had wisely held up action until after the first delirious days of inalienable rights. It provided for a Council of Revision, composed of the governor and a few judges, who had the power to veto acts, and thereby trim the "luxuriancy" of legislation of its rankest offshoots. This had worked very well. The legislature had, on the whole, been kept within bounds. Many laws had been successfully vetoed. The whole New York constitution, and especially the veto idea, had thus risen in the esteem of the gentry throughout the land.

Similarly, experience proved that many other powers were best exercised by one man. Congress, during the Revolution, had meddled constantly with the management of what passed as the American army, with the worst possible results. The new President must consequently be commander-in-chief of the army and navy, with absolute powers. Congress' right to a say in

foreign affairs had been exercised with disgraceful incompetence, so the President must have control also over foreign relations—though, as the event proved, the small States had to be placated in the end with a provision for senatorial participation in treaty making. The possession by Congress of the power to make appointments had produced so much intrigue and peanut politics that, subject again to the necessity of satisfying the demands of the small States, it was decided that the President should exercise the whole power of appointment. "Such is the temper of mankind," it was argued, "that each man will be liable to introduce his own friends and connections into office, without regarding the public interest. . . . The smaller the number appointing, the more contracted their connections, and for that reason, there will be a greater probability of better officers, as the connections of one man or a very small number can fill but a very few of the offices." Again, the gentry argued that it would be a great deal better to give the chief executive control over the officers engaged in the national administration, subject only to a general congressional right of impeachment, than to have them subject to congressional supervision and interference, a situation which no self-respecting man would submit to, as experience had demonstrated.

Thus the ideas of the leaders concerning the national executive shaped themselves during the unhappy days of the Confederacy. But State and national experience afforded no answer to the all-important question, how shall the chief magistrate be chosen? Many undoubtedly wanted an hereditary chief magistrate, but that was, after all, not practicable. There seemed to be but two other methods available, choice by the voters, and choice by the national legislature. A method similar to the latter was the one in vogue in most of the States, but it had worked badly. It had helped to produce that executive weakness, that legislative omnipotence which was at the root of so many of the gentry's sorrows.

An executive chosen by the legislature could not stand outside it and check its follies. He could not exercise his powers without wondering what the legislature would think and do about it—not, at any rate, unless he were given a life tenure, or else made ineligible for reelection. But tenure for life would never be swallowed by the people, and a chief magistrate elected for a single term, and that a relatively brief one, would not command the necessary strength to dominate Congress and so serve as the national leader. On the other hand, election by the voters, practiced only in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, had not proved altogether satisfactory. It was only the two first named States, indeed, that furnished any real guidance. In New York, the governor was elected for three years and was indefinitely eligible for reelection. He had most of the powers subsequently given to the President. He had built up a good machine by patronage. He was independent of the legislature. But he belonged alas, to the wrong party. Every three years the moneyed gentlemen of New York worked manfully to defeat George Clinton, but he was always too much for them. He appealed directly to the masses, or to such of them as had the ballot, and so came back triumphantly into office, to remain the chief stumbling-block in the way of the conservatives' plans. In Massachusetts, where election by the voters was adopted in 1780, the lessons of experience were likewise mixed. Governor Bowdoin had proved himself of great value in putting down the "levellers" of the western part of the State, when they took up arms, but *hoi polloi* did not like governors who "called out the troops," and so Bowdoin was replaced by John Hancock, who by then was anathema to his brethren on the ground of his proven demagoguery.

Confronted by this dilemma, the Convention seemed for a long while utterly unable to come to an agreement. All variations of legislative choice were considered, with eligibility for reelection and without,

with long terms and short terms. The solution of direct election by the people was urged by only a few, notably by James Wilson of Pennsylvania. Mason of Virginia summed up the prevailing view when he stated that he would as soon put a blind man to sorting colors as to leave the election of the national executive to the general mass of the voters. The representatives of the small States were actuated, as usual, by a desire to retain as much influence as possible, and for the most part advocated choice by the national legislature. But the sponsors of an independent executive were very active. Wilson won over to his ideas two such influential delegates as Madison and Gouverneur Morris, and the three of them proved able to ward off the adoption of legislative choice. At the very close of the Convention's labors the whole issue remained unsolved.

The only thing to be done then was to turn the matter over to a committee and attempt to reach a compromise. The result is well known. An Electoral College was created, whose members were to be chosen as each State should determine. Each State was to have as many electors as it had Senators and Representatives. The members of the college were to meet in their respective States and cast their ballots for two candidates. A majority of electoral votes was required for election. Whoever got the highest number of votes was to be President, the second man was to be Vice-President. In the event that no candidate received a majority, the names of the five highest candidates were to be submitted to the House, which was to make the final choice, voting by States. In case two candidates received an equal number of votes, both being a majority, choice was limited to the two. The compromise character of these provisions is patent enough. Those interested in an independent executive got a choice by an organ of government not under legislative control. Those who disliked popular choice were pleased with the provision giving each State the right to choose its electors as it wished. The

small States were bribed to the support of the Electoral College idea by the possibility that elections would often go to the House, where they would have as much influence as the large States. All in all, this organization of the executive was the product of shrewd political trading, but as is often the case with compromises, it actually failed to settle the chief question at issue.

In its simplest form, this question was: Should the chief magistrate be, as Wilson wanted, "the dignified but accountable magistrate of a free and great nation," the active, personal wielder of the executive power, responsible to the nation, and capable of being returned to office indefinitely? Or was he to be the creature of local political leaders, who would also frequently be members of the national legislature? Only time could furnish an answer, and when it came, as we now know, it was not a decisive one. Nor was this the only inherent weakness in the scheme. The whole Electoral College system, regarded with great complacency by its originators, proceeded to break down immediately. Party was anathema to the dominant Whig theory of government of the late Eighteenth Century. Ostrich-like, the Fathers undertook to get rid of the menace by ignoring it. Naturally, they did not succeed. Parties came into existence at once, and proceeded to put tickets of electors into the field who were pledged in advance to vote for the party nominees. This resulted in depriving the electors of any discretion and reduced them to the position of rubber stamps. By 1800 this development was completed, all the Republican electors voting for both Jefferson and Burr. The disgraceful intrigues that ensued for the purpose of putting in Burr instead of Jefferson produced the Twelfth Amendment, which provided that the electors should vote separately for President and Vice-President, and that, in case no candidate for the presidency received a majority, the House, voting by States, should elect from the three, instead of the five, highest

candidates. This amendment did not, of course, improve the condition of the electors. Its only results were to avoid the kind of deadlock that had occurred in 1800, and, incidentally, to make certain that the Vice-President should be named for purely political purposes, and so should be an utter nobody.

Still another development helped to change the character of the executive organization: the gradual democratization of the national Constitution by reason of the democratization of the State constitutions. The national Constitution left the whole question of how the electors should be chosen to the States, and at the outset there was a great diversity of practice. In some cases the State legislatures did the choosing; in others the voting was by districts, not by the whole State as a unit. Property requirements for the exercise of the suffrage were the rule, though differing from State to State. As time went on, however, a uniform system of choice was adopted—choice of the electors by direct vote of an electorate determined on the principle of universal manhood suffrage, the State being the electoral unit. In short, the election of the President came to be made by the male population of the United States, voting by States, the results being determined, however, by the electoral, not the popular vote. It is under these conditions that the office has developed.

III

At first sight, it would seem that the modifications produced by the actual operation of the executive article brought it into substantial accord with the original Wilson-Morris idea, and consequently should have given the country a succession of real national leaders. It is common knowledge, however, that this has not been the case. The reason is not difficult to discover. On the failure of the Electoral College to function, the politicians centred their attention on controlling the nomination of the candidates. For the formal Electoral

College an informal and extra-constitutional one has been substituted. At the outset, it had, indeed, a certain definiteness of form. The members of Congress belonging to each party or each group would meet in caucus and name the party or group candidate. But the voters, confronted by the necessity of choosing between individuals submitted to their approbation in this fashion, were obviously deprived of any real choice. Their function was almost as formal as that of the Electoral College, and the more so as, during practically the whole of the caucus period, there was only one active party, the Republican, as it was then called—the Democratic party of today.

By 1824, however, the day of the caucus was done. It was universally distrusted and disliked, to such an extent, in fact, that caucus approval became more of a liability than an asset. For a while there was uncertainty, gropings for a solution. Informal mass-meetings and nominations by State legislatures became the rule. But in 1830 the nominating convention of today emerged—in theory, a gathering of representatives of the rank and file of the party to choose their standard bearer; in reality, a gathering of rubber-stamps who record the result of the dickerings of the politicians behind the scene. The real electoral colleges have thus become the party organizations. Nobody knows just who composes them. They meet in hotel rooms in the early hours of the morning. Henry Cabot Lodge, the late Jacob Hamon, George Harvey, Harry Daugherty—such men as these are glimpsed, pulling the wires that determine the convention's choice. A various group, a shifting group, not to say a shifty group. Generally these politicians are successful, but not always. From time to time there has risen to the top the super-politician who negotiated directly with the people. Him we call the popular type, Jefferson, for example, Jackson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Wilson, during his second term, at least. Not that the popular type disregards the politician.

The difference is that, instead of allowing the politician to use him, he uses the politician. Particularly, he dominates Congress, the *fester Burg* of the politicians, instead of taking his orders from it. He does so because he has caught the popular imagination, has popular support. Your politician is a timorous animal. He will not fight back. He recognizes his master, even though he is given to biting his hand on occasion. The popular President is easily recognizable.

But do these popular Presidents fulfill James Wilson's ideal? Are they the dignified but accountable representatives of a free and great people, returned to office as long as they give satisfaction? Certainly the last condition has not been met. On that point, the original plan broke down at once. There is no doubt that Wilson showed himself a good practical psychologist when he planned to utilize the natural loyalty of the masses to the titular head of the State. In the absence of a native royalty, the American people have had to avail themselves as best they could of visiting Princes of Wales to give vent to their natural human belief that there is a divinity that doth hedge a king. The inaugural parade, the turning out of the population of Podunk Corners when the President passes through, the plaintive pleas that the President should not be criticized, that his telegrams to Ned McLean are sacrosanct, show that the people of these States would like to believe that their President is really a sort of king himself, and can do no wrong. But the Constitution itself makes it impossible for this emotional support of the people to keep a national leader in office indefinitely. Even Washington, with the tremendous prestige he possessed when he took office, could not overcome the difficulties that beset him. He was sniped at and slandered and chivied past the endurance possible to a gentleman of dignity. Eight years of it were more than enough, whereupon he quit in disgust.

The reason is apparent. The hard knocks,

the denunciation of disaffected politicians the vague discontents of the masses were visited upon him, rather than the heads of departments, because he, not they, was the political executive. Our British cousins have managed better. They put up a figure-head before which the mob can bow down and worship. His Majesty's servants are fired from office, but the Golden Calf remains, and so the authority of the State is not impaired, nor the allegiance of the masses weakened. A national executive of any degree of power and permanence is really impossible under democracy. This fact, rather than any force of precedent, has set a limit of eight years to the President's term of office. Washington and Jefferson had had punishment enough when they declined to try it again. Jackson and Roosevelt preferred to name their successors rather than to hang on. Wilson, running amok with his powers, not only destroyed his own chances, but also those of his party. If he were not ready to retire at the end of eight years, the President would be forced to. The politicians are always busy. They may not fight openly, but they are always working to take advantage of the resentments caused by a President's positive actions. When the time is ripe, they act. Thus a popular President has been always followed by a succession of weaklings, with but a single exception, and that an accident.

But what manner of men have these popular choices been? Above all, military heroes, real or bogus, have been popular with the people, unless they have been riding one of their rare and unaccountable waves of pacifism. The Revolution furnished Washington; the War of 1812, Jackson; killing Tecumseh, the first Harrison; the Mexican War, Taylor, to say nothing of the candidates of 1852, Scott and Pierce; the Civil War, Grant; the Spanish skirmish, Roosevelt. Only the late crusade for democracy failed to give the people a man on horseback for its veneration. But that it could have caused such men as Pershing and Leonard Wood

to be mentioned as candidates is a remarkable proof of the tendency. To be sure, of the whole number, only Washington, Jackson and Roosevelt were popular choices, and the later was a manifest fraud as a military man. But the fact that politicians have, whenever possible, chosen to give the people military heroes to vote for shows that they comprehend the popular mind and always try to meet it. Perhaps an even stronger proof of the popular tendency to follow military idols lies in the demonstrated willingness of the people to allow a war President to play hob with the Constitution. Lincoln and Wilson governed as they pleased, the former perhaps more autocratically than the latter. Backed by the hatred that only a family quarrel can engender, Lincoln defied the Supreme Court, resorted to military trials, exiled citizens, meddled disastrously with the conduct of the army, and destroyed an untold amount of property by a stroke of the pen. Of the wretched doings of the years 1917-20 there is no need to speak. Yet both Lincoln and Wilson were really popular, really had the support of the masses only when they were engaged in dictatorship. At the outset, both were minority Presidents. Wilson, to be sure, squeezed through on a pacifist programme for his second term. But it was only when he became the advocate of "force to the utmost" that he was canonized.

Lacking a military hero, the people turn, when not controlled by the politicians, to a leader who has the courage to defy these, their natural masters, and the ingenuity to frame some catch-word which will, although perhaps really meaningless, give the appearance of formulating some high moral doctrine or of holding out some hope of bettering the well-being of the masses. That they like courage in a leader is undeniable. It may be only the courage to talk foolishness, to advocate unsound measures, but they do not like pussy-footers. They are easily fooled, to be sure. They do not always recognize a pussy-

footer when they see one. But once convinced on this score, they will follow far. Witness Andrew Jackson. Witness Roosevelt. Both lambasted Congress. Both played havoc with the politicians. Both had the courage, really or apparently, to stand positively for something. Jackson's determination to turn the rascals out was his strongest card. To be sure, he put other and worse rascals in, but what did that matter? Roosevelt flourished his Big Stick, to no particular end, of course, but he gave the impression of fighting something. That sort of thing cannot, as has been seen, be carried on indefinitely. But for the time being it works. Even Mr. Bryan's character as a hardy perennial is due primarily to the fact that he has the courage to be a persistent and consistent ass.

But courage is not enough. The popular leader must also have Vision. That is to say, he must have a talent for the sort of clap-trap that catches and holds the popular ear. In the case of Jackson, this talent came naturally. He was sincerely possessed of the beliefs that the rest of the inhabitants of the back country farm belt entertained. But, in general, the thing is artificial rather than natural. The popular leader, e.g., Jefferson or Roosevelt, stands outside the masses and furnishes them with a catch-word, makes them believe that he has seen the true Vision. This requires keenness of imagination. It also, unfortunately, requires either an almost pathological ability for self-hypnosis or a complete unscrupulousness. But the first requirement for a successful popular appeal is, as has been often pointed out, the discovery of a Great Danger. Jefferson found it in a threatened conversion of the American government into a monarchy. Until his dying day he insisted that he had snatched the infant American democracy from the jaws of the raging monarchs. There were other, and no doubt perfectly valid grounds for attacking the ruling gentry of his time. They had made rather a mess of things, proved themselves stupid,

selfish, given to petty bickering. They had, under press of an unintelligent fear that the people were going to turn into Jacobins, that is Bolsheviks, passed laws striking at freedom of the press and freedom of opinion. Jefferson knew these things, utilized them in his campaigns. But they were rather abstract; what was needed was a visible, even if non-existent, bugaboo. An imminent monarchy filled the bill successfully.

Consider, too, Jackson. In 1828, the people were in dire danger of losing their government to the aristocrats of the East. John Quincy Adams was a scion of the noble House of Adams. He had been connected with the autocrats of the Court of Saint Petersburg. He had, consequently, been procurer of a beautiful American girl for a licentious Czar. Let the dictator, with such men about, see to it that the State suffered no harm! In 1832, the opposition was so shortsighted as to furnish the necessary bugaboo themselves: the Bank of the United States. Immediately the country was in grave peril. What Wall Street is to the cotton farmer of Alabama, the Bank was to his prototype of the thirties. St. George to the rescue! What could considerations of sound currency do to withstand the necessity of slaying a monster? Next to nothing. And so it has always been. Lincoln discovered that the future of the country was imperiled by the possibility of an extension of the plantation system to the vast plains of Kansas and Nebraska. His Southern opponents wrought, by their account, to save their section from a servile war incited by the North. Roosevelt saved the nation from the trusts. Wilson saved the world from autocracy. The danger must be one to affright the small farmers. There must be an economic bugaboo, a moral bugaboo, best of all, one which is both economic and moral. Hamilton's corrupt squadron, the monarchists of the East, the Bank of the United States, the Slave Interest, the Trusts, Foreign Entanglements, and now Wall Street, the Rum Evil and Lawlessness,

—the fundamental similarity is striking. Always a great peril, and always one of substantially the same sort.

Having found the danger, the popular hero must sum it up in a slogan, one that will catch the ear, that will sound well and mean anything. Jefferson merely called his opponents monarchists, which meant everything or nothing. Jackson declaimed, "Let the people rule," and "Turn the rascals out!" Lincoln discovered that the Union could not continue to be half slave and half free, and thereby made it impossible that it should. But did he mean gradual abolition with remuneration, or unconditional abolition, or, as he said, no interference with slavery where it existed, which, of course, was in flat contradiction to his major tenet? Later, he discovered that government of, by, and for the people would perish from the earth if the North lost. Roosevelt was responsible for the reëmergence of the term Interests. Wilson furbished up the second Lincoln slogan, and saved the world for democracy. The next great Visionary will, in all probability, be a combination of Bryan, Vardaman, Magnus Johnson and Purley Baker. His slogan has been forecast. It will be that man is *not* descended from the monkey, or that the Pope's navy *is* descending upon the coast of Texas.

IV

But, generally, the politicians manage to sidetrack such messiahs and to put in safe men. They are more intelligent than the masses, and know the game far better. They are on the job day in and day out. Their organizations are permanent. They know their own minds. They lay their plans long in advance. Consequently they give us most of our Presidents. The chief magistrates we have got from them have an even stronger family resemblance than do the men of Vision, for one cipher differs no whit from another. And the politicians want ciphers, for a man of ability, of personality, of a mind and will of his

own, will, on occasion, substitute his ideas for those of his creators, and this is subversive of the purposes for which he was put into office. It is intolerable. The politicians' President must think what the politicians think, want what the politicians or their backers want, be, in short, their agent. Since many of the most active of the politicians sit in Congress, this means that the President must not attempt active leadership in the field of legislation. The result often is that Congress has no policy at all, and that the national business is allowed to drift. But no matter. Out of the confusion the politicians fish favors all the more easily.

The cipher President, then, stands for nothing. His chief characteristic is ductility, malleability. Like Harding, he may use many words to say nothing. Like Coolidge, he may say nothing in the hope that the people will believe that he is like the wise old owl of the nursery rhyme. He knows, and the politicians know, that he must be able to assume whatever color is necessary at any given time. To do this successfully, he must be colorless. Particularly must he be able to balance between conflicting views on moot questions, committing himself to neither. The reader's attention is called to the analysis made in Walter Lippmann's "Public Opinion," of the speech delivered by Mr. Hughes at Carnegie Hall on July 31, 1916, during his campaign for the presidency. The skill with which Charles the Baptist evaded any pronouncement on the European War is thus pointed out by Mr. Lippmann:

Concerning the War Mr. Hughes employed an ingenious formula:

"I stand for the unflinching maintenance of *all* American rights on land and sea."

In order to understand the force of that statement at the time it was spoken, we must remember how each faction during the period of neutrality believed that the nations it opposed in

Europe were alone violating American rights. Mr. Hughes seemed to say to the pro-Allies: I would have coerced Germany. But the pro-Germans had been insisting that British sea power was violating most of our rights. The formula covered two diametrically opposed purposes by the symbolic phrase "American rights."

This, of course, is the essence of dishonesty. It is also the essence of cowardice. But the politicians' President must, above all else, be dishonest and cowardly, where "dangerous" issues are concerned. Otherwise the other party's cipher may get into office. When the Democrats nominated Polk for the presidency, Clay, his Whig opponent, scornfully asked, "Who is Polk?" But it was Polk, not Clay, who became President. Clay had been in public life for many years. He had had views on public issues. Consequently he had made enemies. More than that, he now tried to wriggle out of his previously expressed opinion on the matter of annexing Texas. He only made more people angry. Polk was given a slogan, "Fifty-four forty or fight!", and came into office on it. He did not get that boundary line for Oregon, nor did he fight. But that did not matter. He was unknown, and he had a good slogan. He defeated the known man, and the slogan then went into the waste basket. Who, indeed, was Polk? The most recent historian of the Mexican War has described him well. He was, we are told, the kind of prominent citizen who squeaks into a local meeting after everyone else has arrived, and, before taking the front seat reserved for him, surveys the audience with a complacent smile on his face. From such material cipher Presidents are made. Rutherford B. Hayes, William Henry Harrison, Benjamin Harrison,—who remembers which was which?—Franklin Pierce, James A. Garfield, Warren Gamaliel Harding, Calvin Coolidge. Seven times zero makes zero.

CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

BY R. F. DIBBLE

ONE evening in 1877 a Boston theatre was the scene of a decidedly uncommon episode. First, one Scannell, a pugilist of local fame, strode across the stage and glared contemptuously at his opponent—a massive, stocky, swarthy young Hercules, unknown to anyone in the theatre. Then, suddenly, the contemptuous glare faded from his face, his jaw sagged in dismay, and he turned and fled abruptly to the nearest saloon, to drown his discomfiture in a most inglorious spree. Meanwhile, the chagrined manager was delivering a stuttering apology to the audience, which naturally began to hiss. At once the unknown rose, stalked to the footlights, scowled ferociously about him, and bellowed in a throaty bass voice: "My name's John L. Sullivan, and I can lick any son of a ——— alive. If any of 'em here doubts it, come on!" One of them, who was foolish enough to doubt it, did come on—over the footlights—but one colossal blow from Sullivan returned him to the audience. Everyone then scrambled and fought for the exit, emulating the commendable example of Scannell. Thus John Lawrence Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston, came into his own. And thus Boston herself, the Hub of the Universe, the source of everything excellent in the American tradition, the originator of all good endeavors—thus Boston, unwittingly, but most appropriately, became the cradle of American pugilism.

John Lawrence Sullivan, born in Boston on October 15, 1858, was the son of an Irish mother who stood five feet, nine and one-half inches in her stockings and weighed 168 pounds, and of an Irish father

who measured only five feet two and weighed 124 pounds. The doting parents had early decided that little Johnny must go into the priesthood; but Johnny himself, at the age of sixteen, showed such unusual proficiency in lifting heavy weights, in juggling full beer kegs before draining them, in tilting pianos in a most reckless fashion, in playing hookey, in swearing and general carousing, that they began to have some doubts. No; it was becoming clear that Johnny was not destined to adorn the cloth; as a matter of fact, he served as plumber's apprentice, as plumber's assistant, and finally as full plumber. Then came the Scannell affair. After that, it was perfectly plain to everybody, including even his parents, that he was far better fitted to be a pugilist than a priest—or even a plumber.

He spent the next few years in developing the craft and puissance that won him immortal renown as the gladiator *par excellence* of the Nineteenth Century—the great, hulking hero whose achievements elevated pugilism into the realm of epic poetry. His art was simplicity itself: he kept hammering with ruthless, atavistic ferocity at his opponent until the opponent became insensible. It never seemed to occur to him that he could be beaten; indeed, he often had his rival whipped before a blow was struck. The rival, looking across the ring, would see a burly, menacing figure out of the childhood of the race: the muscles bulging and swelling under the tawny skin; the black hair bristling all over the great head; the broad face, the square jaw, and the ominous droop at the corners of the mouth, all blended into a terrifying

grin; the stony gray eyes plainly showing that he wondered why anybody in the world was fool enough to climb into a ring with him. Then time would be called, and the lithe body leaped into flaming action. He "fought like a man with a personal grievance" and utterly disdained to defend himself. There was no fancy footwork, no dancing, no sidestepping; there was only a wicked rush, a stupendous swing or two—and all was over.

From 1882 until 1892 Sullivan completely dominated the American prize ring. On February 7, 1882, he won the American championship by defeating Paddy Ryan at Memphis in a fight that, under the London rules then in vogue, was a combined hitting, wrestling, biting and scratching match. In the second round "they wrestled for a fall, Ryan winning and falling heavily on his opponent"; again, in round six, Ryan "closed and, getting Sullivan across the buttock, downed him." But in round eight Ryan himself was downed—and stayed down. The epoch-making news was received in New York at a barroom, once famous, conducted for pugilists and thieves. Before the battle, everybody had been praising Ryan and damning the young upstart who actually seemed to think that he could defeat the great Paddy. But when the news came there was a chorus of delighted "I told you so's," and everyone drank to the long reign and health of the new champion.

II

That new champion proved to be a real champion, ready to fight anyone, anywhere, at any time, for little money or even none. For in his day men still fought because they liked it; the commercializing of sport in America had barely begun. In 1883 Sullivan toured the country under contract to whip any man alive in four rounds or forfeit fifty dollars. Within nine months he had slaughtered over fifty challengers, and it had become necessary

to raise the price to \$1,000 to tempt anyone to face him. His very name now turned iron jaws to glass. Only one challenger caused him any real trouble—Charlie Mitchell, the diminutive English champion, who actually knocked him down in the first round of a fight in New York City in May, 1883. But in the second round Sullivan knocked Mitchell clear across the ring, and the police then stopped the bout. There were no seats at the ringside during this historic affair; the whole crowd stood. Among those present was Roscoe Conkling. When the long black coat and the silk top hat announced his coming, a seat was hastily built for him by stretching a plank across two beer kegs; and from this place of honor he surveyed the proceedings with all his accustomed Senatorial dignity. It was, indeed, a motley audience: bankers, pickpockets, lawyers, thieves, broken, eating-house bouncers, merchants, Bowery pimps, coachmen, dudes, men-about-town, millionaires—everyone from Fifth Avenue to the underworld elbowed and shoved to get near the ring. There were rumors, even at that early date, that the champion was drinking too much; in what other way could one account for the fact that he had been knocked down? But after the fight, when quizzed by reporters as to the truth of these rumors, he angrily replied, "I ain't touched a drop today and that report's all damned nonsense." He then proceeded to Bentley's Saloon, to pass the rest of the evening as a champion should.

But when, in 1884, he met Mitchell again, there was no possible doubt as to his condition. Instead of wearing his usual costume—a pair of green trunks encircled by an American flag—he was in full evening dress: diamond rings flashed on his fingers, and diamond studs as big as nutmegs blazed on his shirt. Yet, as he came reeling across the ring, no one could fail to see how disreputably disheveled he was; his face was unshaven, his eyes were bloodshot. Hundreds of voices chimed together, "Sullivan's full as a goat!" As

he swayed, lurched and leered above the ropes, his trainer announced: "Gentlemen, Mr. Sullivan's doctor won't let him spar. He isn't well and can't fight." The champion's thick, husky voice hiccupped: "Gen'l'men, thish the firs' time I ever come to New York to fight and wasn't able to do it. But I been sick and I ain't in no condition to fight." Then Mitchell announced that he, too, had "been a 'avin' a bad time of it with malaria, and maybe it would be just as well not to fight." A man, primed for the act, rose and sheepishly threw a bouquet at Sullivan's feet; he picked it up and staggered away as fast as he could. Several unimportant bouts followed and the admission money was not returned. The commercialism of sport and the downfall of Sullivan had begun.

The time was rapidly approaching, in fact, when he would no longer be able to prove the truth of the two boasts he was so fond of making: that he could whip any man born of woman, and could consume any amount of liquor, in any combination, and still walk straight. In his drunken moments he was philosophical, sentimental, and generous—or vicious. When philosophical, he preferred long words; he would use all that he knew and then look up others in a dictionary. A friend once tested him with "discriminate"; Sullivan glowered reproachfully and countered with, "I've got a pretty good nut on me"—but the word remained undefined. When sentimental, he would roar out "Oh, White, White Moon," always from the corners of his mouth, till the surrounding walls shook. When generous, he would whirl through the streets, throwing handfuls of small change right and left. When vicious, everybody gave him as wide a berth as possible. Stories—apocryphal, perhaps—are still told, illustrating his behavior on such dreadful occasions. He would come swaggering and swirling into a favorite saloon and bellow: "I'll lick any man in the house right here now—them's my sentiments! John L.

Sullivan, that's mel!" Then he would proceed to break every bit of glassware in the place, and afterward grandly pay for it; or he would offer to drink twice as much liquor, of any sort, as anyone present, and roar with joy when his challenge was accepted.

III

Yet the marvelous physique withstood the strain for some years more. Until his final defeat, indeed, John was knocked down but once and fought only two draws; he won scores of fights by knockouts. His most famous draw occurred in 1888, at Chantilly, in France, where his old rival, Mitchell, again faced him and crushed his hope of winning the world's championship. At the beginning, John was even more arrogant and cocksure than usual. Upon entering the ring, he pulled out and flourished a £500 note, daring Mitchell to cover it. For three hours and ten minutes the bare-knuckled affair went on, Mitchell always retreating and thus baffling his rival. Rain fell from the tenth round on, and Sullivan was seized with a chill and shook as with ague, while they splashed around in the mud. When a draw was finally declared, he cried like a baby. There was consternation among his friends in America when the unbelievable news came, for his popularity was still enormous. Only a year previously, at a Boston testimonial to the champion, an "eminently respectable gathering" had presented him with a diamond-and-gold belt. Boston's Mayor, her Aldermen, the members of her Common Council, were all there, in boxes and on the platform. One Councilman, who had already achieved distinction by the gallantry he had shown Queen Kapiolani during her recent visit in Boston, had the high honor of clasp ing the \$10,000 belt around the heroic torso; and the champion then "made quite a creditable speech." Historical truth, however, demands the fact to be recorded that, some years later, poor John was compelled to

turn the glorious belt over to his creditors.

Although he was steadily becoming older, fatter, slower and more drunken, his greatest fight was still to come; the candle burned most brilliantly as it neared the socket. On July 8, 1889, the last bare-knuckle combat in America took place between the champion and Jake Kilrain at Richberg, Mississippi. At the beginning, the county sheriff appeared and commanded, in the name of the State of Mississippi, that there be peace; but he then hastily retired and the fight was on. Kilrain, who early discovered that he could not possibly win by facing his man, resorted to all sorts of irregular tactics: he hit below the belt, he spiked Sullivan's left foot, he ran and ducked. Finally, when Sullivan began to knock him down with monotonous regularity, he rolled around in order to avoid punishment. In the forty-fourth round John became ill, and Kilrain asked him to call the fight a draw; John replied by knocking him down again. In the next round, Sullivan, who was now becoming somewhat irritated, first knocked Kilrain down and then stamped on him, but the claim of a foul was not allowed. For thirty rounds more the champion chased Kilrain and kept begging him to stand up and fight; but Kilrain merely continued to run and tumble about. At the end neither was much hurt; but Sullivan was completely winded, and so was Kilrain, though he still had enough breath to dictate this telegram to his hopefully waiting wife: "Nature gave out. Not hurt, though licked. Your husband."

The New England hegemony suffered a severe and double setback on September 7, 1892. On that day John Greenleaf Whittier died and John L. Sullivan was knocked out by Gentleman Jim Corbett, of California. When told that a youngster named Corbett had challenged him, Sullivan merely sneered, "All the training I need is a haircut and a shave to knock his block off in one round." But he found that the youngster was far more elusive than

either Mitchell or Kilrain. For twenty rounds Corbett waltzed, two-stepped and schottisched around the ring. "Is this a sprinting match? Fight, you coward!" the crowd yelled at him. Sullivan was amused, amazed, and then in a white heat as he tried to hit that veritable Irish jig in flesh and blood. Completely desperate at last, he glared like a wild beast as he lumbered awkwardly after his opponent; he swung his fists and then swung again, only to miss. It was all to no avail; he simply could not touch that skipping, fleeting, graceful phantom. In the twenty-first round, for the first time, Corbett really began to hit. He struck Sullivan on the jaw. Sullivan merely twisted his head, shook some of the blood out of his eyes, and snarled "Come on!" Corbett came on, swinging another terrific right to the jaw. Then the champion of champions fell, "as falls an oak tree, slowly, majestically," as a contemporary journalistic artist phrased it; anyhow, he fell. Three times he rolled and twisted his gorilla muscles in an attempt to rise, while blood poured from his broken nose. Then he pitched forward on his face and was counted out. Gallant Steve Brodie, who, in betting his last dollar on Sullivan, had taken a chance that was desperate even for him, teetered back and forth in his seat, a picture of apoplectic woe.

One week later a benefit was given for the fallen gladiator at Madison Square Garden. He and Corbett, who were simultaneously introduced, solemnly shook hands. Sullivan then read a speech, composed by one of his intellectual friends, in which this sentiment was expressed: "Since I had to be defeated, I am glad to have suffered defeat at the hands of an American." Theodore Roosevelt later paid a high compliment to him for the staunch Americanism manifested in this heroic remark. With a wisdom greater than that shown by some of his successors, he took his defeat sensibly and made no attempt to come back. Only once again did he appear in a ring. In 1896 he and Tom

Sharkey boxed several exhibition rounds for purely sentimental and financial reasons. At the end, in his customary speech, Sullivan said, "I've had my day and am now almost too fat to box."

Nevertheless, there were still plenty of opportunities open to him. It is, indeed, a sweetly solemn thought that our expugilists and ex-prostitutes have, all things considered, many more social and financial opportunities than our ex-Presidents. In the heyday of his popularity, Sullivan had toured America, England and Australia in a melodrama about which nothing is known now except the title, "Honest Hands and Willing Hearts"; and he had failed miserably as the hero of "The Two Orphans" and as Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But now, being able to devote all his time to the art of acting, he started a tour under his own management. Again, however, he failed, though he traveled for some years. As a hero on the boards he could not register the proper emotion when the heroine told him she could not be his. He was told by eminent counsel that the most artistic way to perform in this scene was to clap his hands over his eyes and take three steps backward, as if stunned; but, in spite of this excellent advice, he persisted in looking around as if for ropes to cling to and a man with a pail, a bottle and a sponge. He showed his deficiencies as an artist in other ways. At Taunton, Massachusetts, he fell while drunk through a plate glass window two stories up. Instead of being decently killed, he was merely a bit shaken and went at once to the theatre, where his leading man berated him for his disreputable appearance. Too drunk to strike the fellow, John tried to kick him in the rear; the actor employed the simple but wholly effective device of making off. Sullivan's kick, therefore, landed on thin air, and he wrenched his leg so badly that he was unable to appear at the ensuing performance. He then decided finally that the art of the mime was not for him.

IV

But politics, or its twin, the saloon business, might be. When John was still champion, in fact, he had decided to run for Congress on this self-announced platform: "There isn't a self-respecting American, no matter what tomfool ideas he has about boxing in general, who doesn't feel patriotic pride in the thought that a native-born American can lick any man on the face of the earth." Unfortunately, however, he made this announcement just before the affair with Mitchell at Chantilly. As his various schemes failed, he gravitated more and more naturally toward saloon-keeping.

For a while his success as a saloon-keeper somewhat mitigated his sorrow, but in a few years he was drinking so much that the residue left for his customers was not sufficient to make the business pay; obviously, it was time to make another change. And it would be a complete change this time. He would not merely *stop* drinking; he would become a temperance lecturer.

It was in 1905, while he was staying at a hotel, "flat broke and feeling rotten," as he phrased it, that he decided it was time to mend his ways. "I says to myself, 'John, you're the champion damn fool of the world.'" Descending to the bar, he asked for a glass of wine, which he raised as if to drink a health to the onlookers. They stood waiting for the speech that he was accustomed to deliver on such occasions—a speech that was habitually given in an ironically penitent voice: "If I ever take another drink I hope to choke, so help me God!" The words were spoken as usual, but this time their tone was entirely serious, and after he had uttered them John poured the wine into a spittoon, adding, as he did so, "I'll live to be a million years an angel before I touch another!" Everybody guffawed—what else could such low persons have been expected to do?—but John kept his word.

Ten years later, when he had grown

tired of acting the part of a country squire on his Massachusetts farm, which had run him into debt, he entered the employ of the Anti-Saloon League. In the treble character of a reformed pugilist, a reformed drunkard, and a muscular Christian—an irresistible combination—he traversed the country, recounting the gaudy sins of his youth as a warning to the younger generation. The burden of his addresses was this: "I was a boozier for twenty-five years, and John Barleycorn it was who knocked me out as a fighter. The only way you can beat old John is to climb out of the ring." Occasionally he would discuss other matters beside temperance. He would refer with complete disgust to the "tango, rag-chewing pugilists" of the time; he would point his finger at some hapless youth and say, "Young man, don't you know that cigarette-smoking will take twenty years off your life?" and, during the early years of the war, he would remark, "Colonel Roosevelt is the only man in America the Kaiser is afraid of." His vast bulk, his gray hair and moustache, his huge, round, expressionless face, his expansive wing collar and black, flowing tie, his conventional black suit, and—most impressive of all—his enormously protruding paunch: all these combined to make him look marvelously respectable. He might have been a Bishop, a Senator, or even a President. Only once did he experience any trouble in his labors for righteousness. General Nelson A. Miles refused to address a temperance convention at Atlantic City when he heard that Sullivan was to be one of the speakers; and for an instant the unrepentant John L. of old lived again. He sent the chairman a telegram in which he called Miles "an arrogant, prejudiced, self-centred, strutting old peacock." He continued: "I have never been jealous of any fighter. Why should Miles be jealous of me? Yours for temperance, John L. Sullivan."

Miles was an exception; all his life long John had numbered the world's greatest

among his friends and admirers. Years before, in 1887, he had called on President Cleveland at the White House. While waiting in the East Room, he chanced to see a life-sized picture of Martha Washington. He inquired who she was, and commented to the effect that "she was a daisy, but there are lots of better-looking girls in Boston." Upon being introduced, he shook Cleveland's hand so hard that the latter winced; observing this, Sullivan said, "You're a little soft and need half a dozen Turkish baths to put you in condition." The President then doubled up his arm and asked Sullivan to feel his biceps; and the champion, after complying, said: "I'm afraid you'd hardly last four rounds. You ought to have a little go with me every morning for a month or so. That would put you in condition to handle them political guys that travel up here every day to bother you."

He was a frequent caller upon Roosevelt. Once he came with a particularly urgent message; he told the White House staff that "it was personal." "I saw him at once," said Roosevelt afterward. Putting one of his favorite black cigars on the President's desk, he said, "Have a cigar, Mr. President." When Roosevelt replied that he didn't smoke, Sullivan laid down another cigar with the remark, "Have another, and give 'em to a friend," and then stated the object of his call. He had come to plead the cause of a nephew who had been discharged from the navy. "What sort of a chap is he?" asked Roosevelt. "Mr. President," Sullivan replied, laying a huge hairy paw on Roosevelt's knee, "the boy's all right except he's got a few low tastes. He's fond of music and them things." Nor was John abashed in the presence of royalty. Upon being introduced to the Prince of Wales, he remarked: "I'm proud to meet you. If you come to Boston be sure and look me up; I'll see that you're treated right." As the Prince departed, Sullivan commented, "Anyone can see he's a gentlemen," and then added as an afterthought, "I'm a

friend of his." He was also reported to have remarked that the Prince was "the kind of many you'd like to introduce to your family."

The first Mrs. John L. Sullivan, however, might have doubted the wisdom of this judgment. At any rate, she had already learned the truth of her husband's dictum on marriage: "It's a scrap for life, no rounds without a knockdown, and a fight to a finish." Another comment seems to indicate that he had tried to curtail her social activities: "Women don't want to see too much of the world. There's too much bad stuff going on in it." She left him after a comparatively short married life. But when, after many years of dubious bachelorhood, and after encroaching old age had limited the scope of his activities, he pleased the members of the Anti-Saloon League by marrying again—this time his youthful sweetheart—his family life seems to have been all that could be wished.

For old age did come at length, even to that phenomenal frame. Cirrhosis of the liver appeared, and in 1915 heart trouble followed. At the beginning of February, 1918, he began to have fainting spells. He refused to call a doctor, but insisted that he must take a bath. Before it was ready he gradually became unconscious, saying over and over, in anticipation of M. Coué, "I'm all right—I'm getting better right along." He died at midday of February 2. A wake was observed with all due solemnity, and during its progress his musically inclined nephew passed cigars around. A requiem high mass was celebrated in one of the Boston basilicas on February 6. The body, clothed in full dress, lay in a magnificent mahogany coffin, which had been procured from New York, since one large enough could not be found in Boston; the mighty right hand, clasping a string of black beads, rested upon the broad bosom. Jake Kilrain, now much crippled by rheumatism, served as usher at the funeral, but Roosevelt and Corbett were unable to be present. There was some compensation for this, however, in the fact that the Hon. Calvin Coolidge, then

Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, attended as official representative of the fallen hero's native State. At the grave the priest made an appropriate reference to the victory of the deceased over his greatest enemy, alcohol, and then all that was mortal of John L. Sullivan was hid forever from human view. But—

V

At high noon, on February 2, 1918, chance brought it about that some of the most renowned heroes of antiquity were gathered together in a congenial nook, located—one cannot be too sure in such matters—perhaps in Elysium, in Paradise, in Valhalla, in Hades, or even maybe in Purgatory. For, tiring of the restrictions imposed upon them in the various parts of the Unknown to which they happened to be transported after death, they had wandered to this private spot in order to brag once more about the valiant deeds they had performed in the flesh. Goliath, Polyphemus, Siegfried, Hercules, Beowulf, Fafnir—these were a few of the vast throng of mighty giants on hand; while, aloft on a safe perch, Jack the Giant-Killer thumbed his nose most indecorously at the whole gathering. The talk, at first friendly, waxed more and more boisterous and raucous; vainglorious boasting and sarcastic gabbling steadily increased; louder and louder grew the rumbling threats and accusations; it seemed that a terrible and titanic combat was inevitable. Suddenly a low, muttering, awful sound broke on the air; it came nearer, ever increasing in volume; the rude talk hushed and the heroic faces grew pale. Then, as the enormous portals yawned asunder, those ancient heroes turned and fled in precipitate dismay; for through the cavernous opening there rushed a monstrous shade, moving swift as a whirlwind, brandishing a ponderous fist, and hoarsely bellowing these words into the palpable obscure: "My name's John L. Sullivan, and I can lick any son of a — in hell!"

M'LISS AND LOUIE

By CARL SANDBURG

*WHEN M'Liss went away from the old home
with its purple lilacs in front and white
fence pickets and green grass—*

*Where the slow black covers of evening and
night came dropping softly before the gold
moon came on the yellow roses—*

*Louie, the lonesome, spoke his thoughts to himself,
sitting in that same moonlight coming on the lilacs,
the roses:—*

*Let her win her own thoughts; let her be
M'Liss always; let her sit alone after
whatever happens and see some of the outs
and ins of it;*

*Let her know the feel of the bones of
one of her hands resting on the other;*

*Let her lose love, gold,
names, promises, savings;*

*Let her know hot lips, crazy love letters,
cool heels, good wings, birds crossing big
windows of blue skies, time, oh God, time to
think things over; let her be M'Liss;*

*Let her be easy with all meanings of quiet
new sunsets, quiet fresh mornings, and long
sleeps in the old still moonlight;*

Let her be M'Liss always.

*Well . . well . . it was growing late in the evening of
that day when M'Liss went away, late, late into the
night, as Louie, the lonesome, sat sleepy in the gold
of that same moon coming on the fence pickets and
the green grass, the purple lilacs, the yellow roses.*

He was sleepy. Yet he could not sleep.

THE DEVIL BORN IN THEM

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

IN our community people often spoke of Rose and Violet English. They said, "Those two girls have got the Devil born in them." Having read the Scriptures, that sounded quite natural to me. Only I wondered why someone didn't cast him out. According to all I knew on the subject, characters with devils were introduced into the story in order that the devils might be cast out. I hoped I'd be present with my target rifle when the event took place.

The first time I ever saw Rose and Violet they were standing in the bright sunshine, with a background of rich green ferns that covered a giant boulder, and both of them were stark naked. A little stream of water not more than a quarter of an inch in diameter spouted over the top of the boulder into a pool eight feet below; the pool was a mere basin of pebbles and white sand, surrounded by a carpet of grass. Rose, who was about fourteen years old, was standing with one foot on each side of the little pool, her head tipped back and her bare, marble-white arms gracefully extended upward while she caught the stream of water in her open mouth. Violet, who was less than a year younger, stood beside Rose with her arms extended like a bird's wings and her body gently tipped forward. So delicately was she poised that it seemed a zephyr might cause her to fall. She was sipping the spring water as it trickled from the chalice of Violet's lips.

Only Rodin could have appreciated the scene adequately. My acquaintance with Art at the time was limited to circus posters of beautiful women in fluffy

skirts poised on one toe on magnificent white horses. However, I did not miss the beauty of it entirely. No one could. It was too perfect. If I had ever heard of Art I might have known the full wonder of it, but my sensation at the time was that of a new-born and instinctive sense of beauty struggling feebly with an overpowering accusation of guilt. I had seen something I had no right to see. The thought didn't occur to me that the girls ought not to have been twenty yards from the house without clothing. I felt guilty of something and I didn't know what.

For perhaps ten seconds I stood transfixed, not knowing whether the agony of guilt or the glory of such beauty held me. Then Rose and Violet flew away. Their dainty feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Three steps placed them on the far side of the boulder. I do not know whether they saw me or sensed my presence or were merely continuing their usual play. But at the time it seemed as though they knew I was there and intended that I should pursue them. It was as though I should also have been naked. They were nymphs. My rôle was faun.

But I had come to see their brother Harvey and deliver to him the usual notice about work on the county roads. In our part of Western Texas, it was the custom to work five days on the county roads. In other parts of the State, where people had more money, they paid a certain sum into the county treasury in lieu of the five days of labor. But money was scarce, yes, it was rare, among us. Therefore, we watched for these notices in order that we might work instead of finding our-

selves sunk miserably into overwhelming debt. The cash equivalent of five days of work was five dollars. Think of it! Naturally everyone in our community preferred to work. We were rich in cattle, horses, mules, lands, chickens, game, cotton and wool, but we seldom had money. And, while telling of that community, I must explain that we used the word community inaccurately. We were in no sense a community, for the population surely could not have been more than one person to the square mile. The nearest community was a little cross-roads town of two hundred persons some eight miles away.

Harvey English and his two sisters had gone to our community school and graduated. That meant they had completed the course up to and including the third grade of primary school. The term each year was of two months' duration. Usually two teachers were required to complete a term. One month of such isolation and its consequent lonesomeness was about all the city girls could stand. By city girls we meant the teachers from metropolitan centers with populations up to five thousand. It was very lonesome country in those days. Any peddler who came through, carrying a pack or driving a one-horse cart, would not only be invited to remain for the next meal but would have difficulty in escaping. We thirsted for human contact, and news of the world. Often one would learn with astonishing promptness about world events by talking to a peddler. For instance, our family was fortunate enough to hear about Admiral Dewey's great victory at Manila Bay only ten days after it occurred.

In such an environment the probability of Rose and Violet being seen at all was remote, one would think. I doubt if more than one person a month visited the English farm. But people who live under such conditions acquire sharp eyes—and long memories. They put two and two together. For instance, there was Old Man Hodge who lived in a rude shack on a

hillside six miles from the nearest neighbor. The shack, however, could be seen, and smoke issued from its chimney every morning at six o'clock. One morning no smoke appeared. A neighbor drove over and found Old Man Hodge dead. The body was still warm. There is distance, but there is also contact.

People knew that Rose and Violet giggled outrageously in church and Sunday school; moreover that they wouldn't have been there at all except for their elder brother, who sometimes reinforced his influence with violence. They knew that Rose and Violet behaved frivolously in school and spent a considerable portion of their time standing in the corner wearing dunce caps of paper rolled into a funnel shape. They had never done anything vicious but everyone agreed that "Those two girls have got the Devil born in them."

They were never serious. The moment opportunity presented they took off their shoes and stockings. After graduating from school they developed a passion for going about naked. Probably not more than two or three persons had surprised them clothesless, beside myself, but their habits and nature were none the less known to the community. The neighbors predicted that they would come to some bad end. This forecast was scarcely debatable in view of the fact that they were careless housekeepers. Girls in that community frequently were married at the age of fourteen. It was time for Rose and Violet to be settling down. Instead of that they were growing worse.

II

Everyone respected Harvey. He was eighteen years old and had bravely undertaken his responsibilities as head of the family when his father and mother died of typhoid fever. Mr. and Mrs. English had been dead a year when this story begins. Harvey had already made one crop. In fact he had the best yield in the com-

munity but cotton went low that year—very bountiful crops are about as disastrous as drouth or boll weevil. Harvey worked so hard that he killed one of his mules. He was a tireless boy. Every morning at five o'clock he would be in the field or in his blacksmith shop. Every farm, then, had its own blacksmith shop. The day ended only with darkness. Then Harvey would eat his evening meal and, after the dishes were removed, read his Bible. An hour later he would go to bed. That's all he ever did, except go to church on Sunday. The trip to church consumed two hours, however, and constituted a fair measure of activity for the day of rest.

Four or five times a year it would be necessary to go to town for supplies. Harvey deplored these interruptions, but Rose and Violet looked forward to them eagerly. I remember having seen the three of them in town on such a trip and the recollection is vivid. Harvey would have to remain so long in the bank or the hardware store or in the general store that the girls would wander away. They had bizarre ideas about dress; and no doubt Harvey didn't know how to make constructive suggestions, though I think he disapproved. The red stripes in their white cotton dresses were always conspicuously wide and bright. At that time the last word in clownish attire was white stockings with black shoes but that was what Violet and Rose always wore. They had an instinctive aversion to somber colors. Their sun-bonnets would tilt themselves at a frivolous angle as though endeavoring of their own accord to remain *en rapport* with the ensemble. Harvey and his two sisters were pronounced blondes but Harvey's hair was slicked down with water. The girls' hair had a wave in it that wouldn't behave. Nowadays everyone would suppose that they used something from a drug-store to make their hair the way it was and to give it such unnatural brilliance. The shade was impossible to describe: some-

where between silver and gold. Their cheeks would be burning red with excitement.

The moment Harvey was left at a safe distance, all the boys and young men who were loafing about the streets would begin to whistle at Rose and Violet. Not that they didn't lavish similar attentions upon other young women who walked along the streets alone, but they were particularly aggressive and vociferous toward Violet and Rose. They seemed to say, "Welcome! Now, you two are the very sort we've been waiting for!"

The orthodox gesture was for the women, thus insulted, to stare blankly at the sidewalk and hasten along. But Violet and Rose liked this attention. Verily, they reveled in it. They didn't know what to say or do but they looked frankly at the boys and young men, delighted with the compliment. A day in town was a triumph. They strutted like two very young swans swimming. Both girls had a natural grace when walking that I have since observed only once. There remains in my memory the picture of an Indian girl following a mountain trail in Mexico, and carrying balanced on her head a large earthen vessel. She was the poetry of motion. Only those who have seldom worn shoes can acquire it. Thus Violet and Rose walked in their clownish over-colorful attire, winning insults and jeers that they mistook for tribute. They were so happy that sometimes they laughed aloud for the sheer joy that welled up into their throats.

My mother saw them, on this occasion, and there was an elfish glow of mischief and understanding in her eyes when she said, "Those two girls have got the Devil born in them." Women often had this look in their eyes—like stars that glisten merrily—when they made the usual comment on Rose and Violet. But the men were serious. The Devil they were talking about had a spiked tail and cloven hoofs. They were thinking of Harvey, who worked so hard and was so respectable, being saddled

with these giggling simpletons who were obviously destined to be the ruin of the poor fellow's life.

As soon as Harvey appeared the fun ended for Violet and Rose. All the whistling and cat-calls ceased abruptly. People were afraid of Harvey. In a matter of physical combat they might well have been, for it was known he could load a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton onto a wagon without help.

In spite of his enormous strength, however, that wasn't what they were afraid of. They couldn't face his moral force. Harvey's distinguishing physical characteristic was his forehead. It was a nearly perfect rectangle. I mean the line of his hair was straight and the line of his eye-brows was straight. These two parallel lines were closed on both ends by the perpendicular line of hair that grew down in front of his ears. That vast expanse of forehead glowered over two deep-set blue eyes that told eloquently of a suffering soul. You could look at Harvey and know that Rose and Violet were his sisters and at the same time understand that there was an impassable gulf between them, spiritually.

Moreover, Harvey was always so intent on business and work that he had an heroic though entirely unconscious pose. As he walked from the bank to the hardware store, with no more desperate enterprise in mind than the purchase of nails, I looked at him, expecting him to say the thrilling words that trembled on his sensitive lips. What words? I don't know. But my impression at the moment was that they should be about as follows: "Don't give up the ship! Put none but Americans on guard tonight! Forty centuries look down upon you! I have not yet begun to fight! Give me liberty or give me death! England expects every man to do his duty!" Something like that. Nor is this a record only of my own impression. People in our community not only honored and trusted and admired Harvey, but they stood in awe of him.

For one thing, he was such a consistent reader of the Bible. Nearly all of us had tried it, since the Bible was about the only book we had. But the Bible is not particularly thrilling reading to people with a third-grade education. Whole chapters of it seem mere jumbles of words. Harvey didn't mind this. He took the jumbles along with the beautiful, sonorous, resounding phrases of the King James version, and seemed to get something uplifting not only from chapters that have inspired whole generations of people, but from mere genealogy as well. I suspect that his veneration for the Book was so great that he received spiritual benefit from the mere touch of its leather binding. In other words he had achieved the ideal grace so often held up before us by our pastor.

III

Many of the farmers, after purchasing their supplies, remained in the town all day, trying to find entertainment. Usually they ended by supplying it themselves in the pleasant company of others similarly situated. But Harvey never did. As soon as his business in town was satisfactorily dispatched he returned home, whether the girls had accompanied him or were waiting at home for him. Harvey hated idle amusement. That was one of the few firm expressions of opinion on general topics I ever heard him utter. What little time he had for social conversation he usually tried to put to service by gently leading up to the soul's salvation.

I honored him for his devotion to and faith in religion but his aversion to fun left me unimpressed, for I knew full well the explanation of it without the aid of a textbook on psychology. Harvey, or any other man, who cuts himself off from sport and laughter and the joys of life for a sufficient length of time will cease to yearn for them. On the contrary, he will become fanatical on the subject and insist with ferocity that everyone else should do the same. Even as a boy I had known that

feeling. Instead of rushing pellmell to the circus or crying because I couldn't go, I felt homicidal impulses toward those who were going. Harvey had cut himself off from youthful pleasures for so long a time that he could no longer realize how urgent was the need. A darkness and despair had settled down upon his life, bringing what he regarded as spiritual exaltation in resignation to his fate. It was very sad, but nothing that I knew at the time could have helped him. Moreover, he was being encouraged in his course by everyone with whom he came in contact. If he knew anything about the general opinion with regard to his sisters—which is open to doubt—he also would have known that people said they were spared because of his saintliness. Some called it special grace.

He was very good to the girls—that is when he gave them any attention at all. Nor did he play the tyrant beyond dragging them to church. They held him in the same awe that others felt. Out of respect for his views they were as quiet as possible when he was about and tried not to giggle or play the clown. I feel sure that they were always clothed in his presence; consequently it is more than possible that he knew nothing of the scandal about them.

Their social position was peculiar, but easily explained. Community opinion was firm that no young man would call upon Rose and Violet with matrimony in mind. Therefore, if any had been inclined to do so they wouldn't have dared. And if a less laudable intention had brought young men to the English farm the community would have taken summary action. By that I mean simply that the offenders would have been murdered. It wouldn't have been even a sensational event. The murder would have been handled quietly and expeditiously—out of respect for Harvey. Under these circumstances, it is not difficult to understand that Violet and Rose were not subjected to temptation.

What might have been their eventual fate in the ordinary course of lives thus circumscribed, I have often wondered, but

youth cries out to youth and since they couldn't have boys to play with they managed to attract girls. On second thought it may very well be that girl playmates delighted them fully as much as boys. They wanted playmates, action, laughter, running feet, shrieks, and aimless play. They were under the great dome of heaven with a grass carpeted fairyland tickling their toes, and the impulse to enjoy it brought them companionship beyond all the power of parental supervision to prevent. Theirs was a strange, instinctive sophistication growing out of their very nearness to nature. They were eager to love and to be loved—to flaunt their charms, even to join in the admiration of them, since possession was still joyously new. When the community guessed what would happen if opportunity served, they were not wrong, unless they imputed conscious will and foreknowledge to the girls. I feel sure of this because the sisters seemed entirely satisfied when other girls came to frolic with them. The events which swiftly follow in this record of the brief lives of Violet and Rose have been reviewed so many times that there can be no doubt someone would remember it if ever they had sought men or boys.

First one, and later five other girls, some older than Violet and Rose, others about their own age, joined in their Garden of Eden sports. They would swing to perilous heights on a wild grapevine and plunge into the swimming hole. They chased each other in noisy games of tag. They gathered in the shade of the fern-covered boulder where I first saw Violet and Rose, and admired each other's budding charms.

One day, in their noisy enthusiasm, they played longer than they should and Harvey surprised the seven of them. He was shocked speechless and pained as probably few boys have ever been. The situation was as bad as it could be, of course, when he came upon them, so there was not much possibility of making it worse. Moreover, they were in a reckless

mood, so they simply paraded by him, laughing, and thus disappeared into the house, where they donned their clothes.

Harvey waited outside until the visiting girls had slipped away, then he went in and read his Bible until Rose and Violet had prepared his evening meal. They expected him to say something to them and were prepared to express repentance; they knew he wouldn't be cruel because that was foreign to his nature, except in the matter of church attendance, and he insisted upon that for their own good. But Harvey didn't mention the subject. During the course of the evening it gradually dawned upon them that the gay party never would be mentioned. It was simply too awful to talk about. They were to enter—or already had entered—into a tacit agreement that the party never had happened. If it never happened again that would be sufficient. This is what the girls understood, and they deeply appreciated his method of gentle reproof.

But they were entirely mistaken, and I don't think they ever learned the truth. Harvey's clouded, suffering face became more and more grave as the days passed; the change was not slow but rapid. All of the few persons who saw him commented upon his tragic appearance. They said he was working himself to death. Others said he "was going into a decline."

The next time I saw Harvey we rode together, part of the way, to church. When I spoke to him he failed to answer more than half the time. When he spoke to me he would break off in the middle of a sentence and later resume on an entirely different subject. During the long intervals he mumbled. His lips moved continually. Once I heard the words. He was repeating the psalms in a sing-song, senseless voice, and staring at the haunches of the mule he was driving. Rose and Violet sat, as usual, on a board laid across

the sides of the wagon. They looked frightened when their eyes didn't meet each other's but the moment communion between them was established mischief flashed. It was rather startling, however, to see them serious even for a few seconds.

Our pastor told me afterward that Harvey sought him out when services were concluded and made inquiry about "the unpardonable sin." Harvey was afraid he had committed it. He said "terrible and new feelings, too horrible to describe," had overpowered him a short time before. He asked the pastor for a theological definition of lust, and wanted to know if that was the unpardonable sin. The pastor made light of his self-torture and said he wished more men were like him.

As far as I accompanied Harvey on the way home from church he continued to mumble.

IV

On the following day Harvey committed suicide. He left a little note, more or less suggestive of insanity, in which he expressed the conviction that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He wrote that he had struggled with all his strength but the devil had him in a grip he could not shake off. Rather than surrender, he wrote, he would die and thus avoid doing the things evil impulse dinned into his ears night and day, even while he repeated the psalms during every waking moment.

After his death, the horde of young men who had been held at bay by Harvey's stern countenance closed in upon the girls and were greeted with joyous welcome. Violet and Rose did not live long, but to this day their names and memories are a hissing and a by-word in that community. The most charitable thing ever said of them is, "Those two girls had the Devil born in them."

EDITORIAL

"GOVERNMENT," said William Godwin in that "Enquiry Concerning Political Justice" which got Shelley two wives and lost him £6,000 a year, "can have no more than two legitimate purposes: the suppression of injustice against individuals within the community, and the common defense against external invasion." The dictum, after a hundred and thirty-one years, remains unimproved and perhaps unimprovable. Today, to be sure, with Darwin behind us, we'd make some change in its terms: what Godwin was trying to say, obviously, was that the central aim of government was to ameliorate the struggle for existence—to cherish and protect the dignity of man in the midst of the brutal strife of *Homo sapiens*. But that change would be simply substituting a *cliebt* of the Nineteenth Century for one of the Eighteenth. All the furious discussion of the subject that has gone on in the intervening time has not changed the basic idea in the slightest. To the plain man of today, as to the most fanatical Liberal or Socialist, government appears primarily as a device for compensating his weakness, a machine for protecting him in rights that he could not make secure with his own arm. Even the Tory holds the same view of it: its essential function, to him, is to safeguard his property against the lascivious desires of those who, if they were not policed, would be tempted to grab it. "Government," said George Washington, "is not reason, it is not eloquence—it is force." Bad government is that which is weak, irresolute and lacking in constabulary enterprise; when one has defined it, one has also defined a bad bishop, cavalry captain or policeman. Good government is that which delivers the citizen from the risk of being done out

of his life and property too arbitrarily and violently—one that relieves him sufficiently from the barbaric business of guarding them to enable him to engage in gentler, more dignified and more agreeable undertakings, to his own content and profit and the advantage of the commonweal.

Unfortunately, this function is performed only imperfectly by any of the forms of government now visible in Christendom, and Dr. Johnson was perhaps justified in dismissing them all as but various aspects of the same fraud. The citizen of today, even in the most civilized states, is not only secured but defectively against other citizens who aspire to exploit and injure him—for example, highwaymen, bankers, quack doctors, the rev. clergy, sellers of oil stock and contaminated liquor, and so-called reformers of all sorts—and against external foes, military, commercial and philosophical; he is also exploited and injured almost without measure by the government itself—in other words, by the very agency which professes to protect him. It becomes, indeed, one of the most dangerous and insatiable of the inimical forces present in his everyday environment. He finds it more difficult and costly to survive in the face of it than it is to survive in the face of any other enemy. He may, if he has prudence, guard himself effectively against all the known varieties of private criminals, from stockbrokers to pickpockets, and from lawyers to kidnapers, and he may, if he has been burnt enough, learn to guard himself also against the rogues who seek to rob him by the subtler device of playing upon his sentimentalities and superstitions: charity mongers, idealists, soul-savers, and others after their kind. But he can no more escape

the tax-gatherer and the policemen, in all their protean and multitudinous guises, than he can escape the ultimate mortician. They beset him constantly, day in and day out, in ever increasing numbers and in ever more disarming masks and attitudes. They invade his liberty, affront his dignity and greatly incommode his search for happiness, and every year they demand and wrest from him a larger and larger share of his worldly goods. The average American of today works more than a full day in every week to support his government. It already costs him more than his pleasures and almost as much as his vices, and in another half century, no doubt, it will begin to cost as much as his necessities.

These gross extortions and tyrannies, of course, are all practised on the theory that they are not only unavoidable, but also laudable—that government oppresses its victims in order to confer upon them the great boons mentioned by Godwin. But that theory, I believe, begins to be quite as dishonest as the chiropractor's pretense that he pummels his patient's spine in order to cure his cancer: the actual object, obviously, is simply to cure his solvency. What keeps such notions in full credit, and safeguards them against destructive analysis, is chiefly, no doubt, the survival into our enlightened age of a concept hatched in the black days of absolutism—the concept, to wit, that government is something that is superior to and quite distinct from all other human institutions—that it is, in its essence, not a mere organization of ordinary men, like the Ku Klux Klan, the United States Steel Corporation or Columbia University, but a transcendental organism composed of aloof and impersonal powers, devoid wholly of self interest and not to be measured by merely human standards. One hears it spoken of, not uncommonly, as one hears the law of gravitation and the grace of God spoken of—as if its acts had no human motive in them and stood clearly above human fallibility. This concept, I need not argue, is full of error. The gov-

ernment at Washington is no more impersonal than the cloak and suit business is impersonal. It is operated by precisely the same sort of men, and to almost the same ends. When we say that it has decided to do this or that, that it proposes or aspires to do this or that—usually to the great cost and inconvenience of nine-tenths of us—we simply say that a definite man or group of men has decided to do it, or proposes or aspires to do it; and when we examine this group of men realistically we almost invariably find that it is composed of individuals who are not only not superior to the general, but plainly and depressingly inferior, both in common sense and in common decency—that the act of government we are called upon to ratify and submit to is, in its essence, no more than an act of self-interest by men who, if no mystical authority stood behind them, would have a hard time of it in the struggle for existence.

II

These men, in point of fact, are seldom if ever moved by anything rationally describable as public spirit; there is actually no more public spirit among them than among so many burglars or street-walkers. Their purpose, first, last and all the time, is to promote their private advantage, and to that end, and that end alone, they exercise all the vast powers that are in their hands. Sometimes the thing they want is mere security in their jobs; sometimes they want gaudier and more lucrative jobs; sometimes they are content with their jobs and their pay but yearn for more power. Whatever it is they seek, whether security, greater ease, more money or more power, it has to come out of the common stock, and so it diminishes the shares of all other men. Putting a new jobholder to work decreases the wages of every wage-earner in the land—not enough to be noticed, perhaps, but enough to leave its mark. Giving a jobholder more power takes something away from the

liberty of all of us: we are less free than we were in proportion as he has more authority. Theoretically, we get something for what we thus give up, but actually we usually get absolutely nothing. Suppose two-thirds of the members of the House of Representatives were thrown into the Potomac tomorrow, what would we lose to offset our gain of their salaries and the salaries of their parasites? It may be plausibly argued, of course, that the House itself is necessary to our happiness and salvation—that we need it as we need garbage men, trolley conductors, chiropractors and the men who bite off puppy's tails. But even if that be granted—and I, for one, am by no means disposed to grant it—the plain fact remains that all the useful work the House does might be done just as well by fifty men, and that the rest are of no more utility to the commonwealth, in any rational sense, than so many pretzel-varnishers or teachers of mah jong.

The Fathers, when they launched the Republic, were under no illusions as to the nature of government. Washington's view of its inner nature I have already quoted; Jefferson it was who said sagely that "that government is best which governs least." The Constitution in its first form, perhaps, was designed chiefly to check the rising pretensions of the lower orders, drunk with democratic fustian, but when the Bill of Rights was added to it its guns began to point more especially to the government itself, *i. e.*, to the class of jobholders, ever bent upon oppressing the citizen to the limit of his endurance. It is, perhaps, a fact provocative of sour mirth that the Bill of Rights was designed to prohibit forever two of the favorite crimes of all known governments: the seizure of private property without adequate compensation and the invasion of the citizen's liberty without justifiable cause and due process of law. It is a fact provocative of mirth yet more sour that the execution of these prohibitions was put into the hands of courts, which is to

say, into the hands of lawyers, which is to say, into the hands of men specifically educated to discover legal and logical excuses for dishonest, dishonorable and anti-social acts. The actual history of the Constitution, as everyone knows, has been a history of the gradual abandonment of all such impediments to governmental tyranny. Today we live frankly under a government of men, not of laws. What is the Bill of Rights to a Wilson, a Palmer, a Daugherty, a Burns? Under such tin-horn Caesars the essential enmity between government and citizen becomes only too plain, and one gets all the proof that is needed of the eternal impossibility of protecting the latter against the former. The government can not only evoke fear in its victims; it can also evoke a sort of superstitious reverence. It is thus both an army and a church, and with weapons in both hands it is virtually irresistible. Its personnel, true enough, may be changed, and so may the external forms of the fraud it practises, but its inner nature is immutable.

Politics, as hopeful men practise it in the world, consists mainly of the delusion that a change in form is a change in substance. The American colonists, when they got rid of the Potsdam tyrant, George III, believed fondly that they were getting rid of oppressive taxes forever and setting up complete liberty. They found almost instantly that taxes were higher than ever, and before many years they were writhing under the Alien and Sedition Acts. The French, when they threw off the monarchy at last, looked forward to a Golden Age of peace, plenty and freedom. They are now wrecked by war, bankrupted beyond any chance of recovery, and hag-ridden by an apparently unbreakable combination of the most corrupt and cynical politicians ever seen in the world. The experience of the Russians and Germans is even more eloquent. The former have been ruined by their saviors, and in so far as they have any power of reflection left, long for the

restoration of the tyranny they once ascribed to the devil. The latter, delivered from the Hohenzollerns, now find the Schmidts and Krauses ten times as expensive and oppressive. Six months after the republic was set up a German cabinet minister, for the first time in the history of the nation, was in flight over the border, his loot under his arm. In the first flush of surprise and indignation the people took to assassinating politicians, but before long they gave it up as hopeless: Schmidt fell but Kraus still lived, and so government kept its vitality and its character. Many Germans, reduced to despair, now advocate a complete abolition of political government; if Stinnes had lived they would have tried to make him dictator of the country. But political government, *i. e.*, government by professional jobholders, would have remained in fact, despite its theoretical abolition, and its nature would have been unchanged.

If downright revolution is thus incapable of curing the disease, the ordinary reforms that men believe in sink to the level of bald quackeries. Consider, for example, the history of so-called Civil Service Reform in the United States. It came in on a wave of intense public indignation against the whole governmental imposture; it represented a violent and romantic effort to substitute an ideal of public service for the familiar harsh reality of public exploitation. For fifty years the American people had sweated and suffered under the spoils system, that lovely legacy of the "reforms" of the Jackson era. By the opening of the eighties they were ready to dispose of it by fair means or foul. The jobholder, once theoretically a freeman discharged a lofty and necessary duty, was seen clearly to be no more than a rat devouring the communal corn; his public position was indistinguishable from that of a child-stealer, a well-poisoner or a Sunday-school superintendent, and that of his brother, the government contractor and purveyor, was even lower. Many men of both classes, including some very im-

portant ones, were clapped into jail, and many others had to depart for Canada between days, along with the nightly squad of amorous clergymen and absconding bank cashiers. Seers and prophets thereupon arose to lead the people out of the wilderness. A few wild ones proposed, in effect, that government be abolished altogether, but the notion outraged democratic sentiment and so most of them followed the jobholders into jail; some, in fact, were put to death by more or less due process of law. The majority of soothsayers were less revolutionary: they proposed only that the race of jobholders be reformed by force, that government be denaturalized.

This was undertaken by what came to be called Civil Service Reform. The essence of Civil Service Reform was the notion that the jobholder, in return for his high prerogatives and immunities, should be compelled to do an honest day's work—that he should fit himself for it by hard effort, as a barber fits himself for cutting hair. Let by such men of Vision as E. L. Godkin, Charles J. Bonaparte and Theodore Roosevelt (that, of course, was before Roosevelt deserted the flag and became himself the archetypical jobholder), the reformers proceeded grimly toward the dreadful purpose of making the jobholder a mere slave, like a bookkeeper in a wholesale house. His pay and emoluments were cut down and his labors were increased. Once the proudest and most envied citizen of the Republic, free to oppress all other citizens to the limit of their endurance, he became at one stroke a serf groaning in a pen, with a pistol pointed at his head. If, despite the bars and artillery surrounding him, his thrift enabled him to make a show of decent prosperity, he was clapped into prison *ipso facto*, and almost without a trial. A few short years saw his fall from the dizziest height of ease to the lowest abyss of misery.

This, of course, could not go on, else politics would have descended to chaos and government would have lost its basic

character; nay, its very life. What is more, it did *not* go on, for human ingenuity, despite the troubles of the time, was still functioning, and presently it found a remedy for the disease—a remedy so perfect, indeed, that the patient did not know he was taking it. That remedy was achieved by the simple process of making two slight changes in the ideal of Civil Service Reform itself. First the word Reform was lopped off, and then the word Civil. There remained, then, only Service. This Service saved the day for the jobholder; it gave him a new lease upon his job; it diverted public suspicion from him; it converted him from a criminal into a sort of philanthropist. It remains with us to day, the heir and assign of the old spoils system, as the bootlegger is the heir and assign of the saloonkeeper.

III

The chief achievement of Service is that it has sucked reform into the governmental orbit, and so made it official and impeccable—more, highly profitable. The old-time reformer was one who got nothing for his psychic corn-cures and shin-plasters—who gave them away freely to all comers, seeking only righteousness himself—who often, indeed, took a beating into the bargain. The new reformer, safe in a government job, with a drastic and complex law behind him, is one who is paid in legal tender, unfailingly proffered, for his passionate but usually unintelligible services to humanity—a prophet of the new enlightenment, a priest at a glittering and immense shrine. He is the fellow who enforces the Volstead Act, the Mann Act, all the endless laws for putting down sin. He is the bright evangelist who tours the country teaching mothers how to have babies, spreading the latest inventions in pedagogy, road-making, the export trade, hog-raising and vegetable-canning, waging an eternal war upon illiteracy, hookworm, the white slave trade, patent medicines, the foot and mouth disease, cholera

infantum, adultery, rum. He is, quite as often as not, female; he is a lady Ph.D., cocksure, bellicose, very well paid. Male or female, he represents the new governmental tyranny; he is Vision, vice the spoils system, retired. The old time jobholder, penned in the cage of the Civil Service, is now only a peon. He has to work quite as hard as if he labored for Judge Gary or Henry Ford, and he is very much worse paid. The high prerogatives and usufructs of government have slipped out of his hands. They are exercised and enjoyed today by the apostles of Service, a horde growing daily, vastly and irresistibly, in numbers, impudence, power and pay.

Few of the groaning taxpayers of These States, indeed, realize how far this public merchandising of buncombe has displaced the old spoils system, or how much it is costing them every year. During the Civil War an army contractor who went to Washington looking for loot announced frankly what he was after; as a result, he was constantly under suspicion, and was lucky if he got away with as much as \$100,000; only a few Vanderbilts and Morgans actually stole more. During the late war he called himself a dollar-a-year-man, put on a major's uniform, took oath to die if need be for the cause of democracy—and went home with a million, at least. The jobholder has undergone a similar metamorphosis; maybe apotheosis would be a better aimed word. In the days of the spoils system he was, at best, an amateurish and inept performer. The only reason he ever offered for demanding a place at the public trough was that he deserved it—that he had done his share to elect the ticket. The easy answer to him was that he was an obvious loafer and scoundrel, and deserved nothing. But what answer is to be made to his heir and assign, the evangelist of Service, the prophet of Vision? He doesn't start off with a bald demand for a job; he starts off with a Message. He has discovered the long-sought sure cure for all the sorrows

of the world; he has the infallible scheme for putting down injustice, misery, ignorance, suffering, sin; his appeal is not to the rules of a sinister and discreditable game, but to the bursting heart of humanity, the noblest and loftiest sentiments of *Homo boobiens*. His job is never in the foreground; it is concealed in his Vision. To get at the former one must first dispose of the latter. Well, who is to do it? What true-born American will volunteer for the cynical office? Half are too idiotic and the rest are too cowardly. It takes courage to flaunt and make a mock of Vision—and where is courage?

Certainly not in this imperial commonwealth of natural kneebenders and marchers in parades. Nowhere else in Christendom, save perhaps in France, is government more extravagant, nonsensical, unintelligent and corrupt than here, and nowhere else is it so secure. It becomes a sort of crime even to protest against its villainies; all the recent investigations of waste and corruption in Washington were attacked and brought to wreck in the name of duty, decorum, patriotism! The citizen objecting to felony by the agents of the sovereign state, acting in its name, found himself posted as an anarchist! There was, of course, some logic, in this imbecility, as there is in everything insane. It was felt that too violent an onslaught upon the disease might do gross damage to the patient, that the attempt to extirpate what was foul and excrescent might imperil what was useful and necessary. Is government, then, useful and necessary? So is a doctor. But suppose the dear fellow claimed the right, every time he was called in to prescribe for a bellyache or a ringing in the ears, to raid the family silver, use the family tooth-brushes, and execute the *droit de seigneur* upon the house-maid? Is it simply a coincidence that the only necessary functionaries who actually perform any comparable brigandage are the lawyers—the very men who,

under democracy, chiefly determine the form, policies and acts of the government?

This great pox of civilization, alas, I believe to be incurable, and so I propose no new quackery for its treatment. I am against dosing it, and I am against killing it. All I presume to argue is that something would be accomplished by viewing it more realistically—by ceasing to let its necessary and perhaps useful functions blind us to its ever increasing crimes against the ordinary rights of the free citizen and the common decencies of the world. The fact that it is generally respected—that it possesses effective machinery for propagating and safeguarding that respect—is the main shield of the rogues and vagabonds who use it to exploit the great masses of diligent and credulous men. Whenever you hear anyone bawling for more respect for the laws, whether it be a Coolidge on his imperial throne or an humble county judge in his hedge court, you have before you one who is trying to use them to his private advantage; whenever you hear of new legislation for putting down dissent and rebellion you may be sure that it is promoted by scoundrels. The extortions and oppressions of government will go on so long as such bare fraudulence deceives and disarms the victims—so long as they are ready to swallow the immemorial official theory that protesting against the stealings of the archbishop's secretary's nephew's mistress's illegitimate son is a sin against the Holy Ghost. They will come to an end when the victims begin to differentiate clearly between government as a necessary device for maintaining order in the world and government as a device for maintaining the authority and prosperity of predatory rascals and swindlers. In other words, they will come to an end on the Tuesday following the first Monday of November preceding the Resurrection Morn.

H. L. M.

STANLEY HALL: A MEMORY

BY A. E. HAMILTON

AFTER re-reading once more, slowly, carefully, delightedly, the five hundred and ninety-five pages of that amazing romance of intellectual wanderlust which the late G. Stanley Hall called "The Life and Confessions of a Psychologist," I somehow feel that I know less about my guide, philosopher and friend than I knew before. The Stanley Hall that the world was aware of, to be sure, is in it—the strange Yankee who came back from Wundt's lecture-room to found the science of experimental psychology in America—the father of Clark University, now, alas, no more, and for years the main source of its vigorous life—the chief agent, after Eliot and Gilman, in the revolutionizing of the higher education among us. This Hall is in the book, and between its red covers he has unfolded an awe-inspiring panorama of the universe, sketched the evolution of mind from moneron to man, psychoanalyzed the idea of God, surveyed every educational problem of the modern world, and painted, incidentally, some charming pictures of boy-life in New England seventy years ago. But where is his smoky workshop? Where are his cigars? Where is his famous spirometer? Where is his delight in breaking pedantic and idiotic laws—in jay-walking on crowded streets, in swimming where swimming was forbidden, in forever playing Peck's Bad Boy? The university president is there, and the author of "Adolescence," but not the Stanley Hall that I knew and worked with. Now he is dead, and I shall try to recall him. . . .

It was down in the beautiful old city of

Mexico that I discovered "Adolescence"—in a second-hand book shop. I took the two weighty volumes home, and they precipitated such a bewildering revolution within me that I became possessed instantly by the idea that I must leave my job to study at the feet of a man who, I concluded, must be the very wisest person who ever lived. In his "Life and Confessions," Dr. Hall says that "with, I think, three exceptions, we have never received into the institution [Clark University] any who had not graduated from a reputable college." A timely shipwreck off the coast of Virginia was largely responsible for my becoming one of those fortunate exceptions. My job in Mexico was that of selling stock for a building and loan association, and it gave me much time for reading while my heels cooled in the ante-rooms of offices. I decided to finish Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," re-read "Adolescence," and then take a college course somewhere in America as a preliminary to asking admission to Clark under Hall. But Madero moved southward, Porfirio Diaz evaporated, and my exit from Mexico was endangered before I had completed my self-imposed discipline. So I packed my books, ran the revolutionary gauntlet to Vera Cruz, and embarked for New York on the ill-fated steamship *Merida*, which adventurous divers are still trying to find for its cargo of gold and silver ingots.

The "Synthetic Philosophy," together with "Adolescence" and a boxful of lesser but still precious books, went down with the ship at about midnight, and as I watched the mastlight dip and sway and

then disappear, I had almost the feeling of losing a friend, a home, or a beloved dog. Landed in Norfolk with nothing in the world to my name but the bedraggled clothes on my back and a few soaking bills in my pocket, I started immediately for Philadelphia, where I heard there was a college which might take me in. No such luck. Very courteously and even kindly, but with all firmness and finality, I was assured that a high-school diploma or its equivalent was essential for my admission. Columbia, the College of the City of New York, New York University and Boston University were equally kind and sympathetic and equally adamant. I decided to move on to Worcester. There President Sanford, of Clark College, while doubting my technical preparation for college, unaccountably, astoundingly suggested that I go and have a chat with President Hall himself!

I had dreamed of meeting Hall with a rolled and ribboned bachelor's degree in my hand, and the story of long years of persistent effort in college on my tongue. It was then, and then only, I had decided, that I should ask to be allowed to sit in his lecture-room. Now I must come to him empty handed, and with only a tale of failure on my lips—to ask merely for advice as to what to do with myself. It was with a dismal medley of fear, chagrin, disappointment and awe in my heart that I crossed Woodland street and walked up the narrow concrete path across the lawn to the big brown door of number 156. But I believe a faint wisp of hope played flittingly within me, too—an uncertain, bashful little hope that something impossible might happen. It did.

An old Negro let me in, and trotted up stairs to tell Dr. Hall I had come. The Negro had asked me to sit down, but I walked about nervously in the hall. I even picked up a soft felt hat from the rack and tried it on. It covered my ears and eyes with enough spare room to allow my finger to run around inside the rim easily. I was sure it was President Hall's. Just the sort

of head such a man would carry on his shoulders! My sense of forlorn littleness shrank even smaller as I put the hat back on its peg and wondered how differently God made men and skulls.

But soon I was chatting amicably, freely, comfortably with one of the cheeriest, most sympathetic and at-homey gentlemen I had ever met or will ever meet again. All my fears and discouragements vanished like a puff of cigar smoke in a breeze. My diffidence was changed swiftly, electrically, into a feeling of downright, simple, unaffected human fellowship. An age seemed to pass in a few rapid minutes, and I left the house conscious only of a hearty handshake and a rosy haze of bewilderment and wonder at the possibility of miracles in the life of man today.

II

The rest of that afternoon and all that night I walked the streets of Worcester, gazing abstractedly at store windows, dropping into arm-chair lunch-rooms for a few minutes' rest over a cup of coffee, wondering in the early morning hours if some suspicious cop would run me in. Dawnlight frightened me with the thought that I must write out my self-made credentials of reading and study to present at Dr. Hall's office at ten o'clock. I hurried to my hotel, asked the clerk for lots of paper and one envelope, then sat me down to write a list of every book I had ever read, and some brief notes about my life. These were to be my diploma and credentials!

I was admitted to the University! On trial, to be sure, but none the less admitted with every privilege and every responsibility. For the University itself I cared but little at first. I had been admitted to President Hall, to a personality, to an ideal, a demi-god. The institution, the students, the professors were mere necessary adjuncts, cloudy fringes on the numbra of one supreme individual. I accepted them, however, with all due

deference, assumed the right academic demeanor, filled out cards and blanks, and began to follow the prescribed routine assiduously.

At the close of my second visit to Dr. Hall at his home, he picked up that great hat of his, seized a cane and asked me to come out for a walk.

"Let's stop at the library a minute," he said as we crossed the campus, "I want to introduce you to Freud. You don't know Freud, do you?"

I did not know Freud; I had never heard of him. He sounded German, and I hoped that I should be introduced to him in translation, and not in the original. Fortunately the first volume we found on the shelf was an English version of the studies in hysteria. This was good enough, said Dr. Hall, to give me an introductory insight into psychoanalysis.

Psychoanalysis! Wonderful word! It buzzed in my head like a strange and colorful beetle as we ran down the steps, two at a time, and out into the street. What was it? How did it work? Who invented the term? Was it practical or theoretical? These questions, and a flock of others struggled to get out into words, but I was still partly under the semi-paralyzing fear that one feels in the presence of the chieftain, the general, the king. However, I did not need to reveal my ignorance in order to obtain the enlightenment I was so eager for. Dr. Hall talked. He talked simply, humanly, effervescently, and by the time we had returned to his house I believe I knew more about the history of psychoanalysis, its possibilities, applications, shortcomings and importance to psychology, than I could have discovered by weeks of reading or note-taking in lecture rooms. That first walk of ours revealed to me the fascinating possibilities of intellectual parasitism!

Next day a patronizing student told me not to bother the professors. He said they were hard pressed for time, did not like to be disturbed except by appointment, and were willing to talk only on the most

important of academic subjects. It was well, this student said, to make notes beforehand of questions one wanted to ask, and to take them up, one by one, at an appointed conference, saving time and professorial patience. I listened agreeably enough, and thanked him, but I had already taken a walk with Doctor Hall,—and almost the first thing I did under that admonition was to walk up to Professor Chamberlain as he started for home and ask him if I might come along for a way. I learned, on that walk, all that it was essential for a student to know about the measurement of the cephalic index in man, its origin in anthropometry, its usefulness and its technique. I had asked no idiotic questions, I had simply tapped an interest with no premeditation, and the rest was a matter of walking rapidly along the sidewalk and listening to a man's spontaneous eloquence.

So it was with the other professors. President Hall had gathered about him men in his own image and likeness, at least as to fundamentally human and friendly characteristics, whatever their intellectual differences might be. I got more intellectual growth, more viewpoints on life, and even more actual cut and dried lumber of knowledge from my walks and informal chats with him and his colleagues than I did from all the lecture work, seminars and reading that I put myself through while at the University. I believe this was also true of all the others who had the courage or the impudence to step in where orthodoxly academic students feared to tread.

III

A large mill-pond near Worcester was posted here and there along its shore with signs declaring that no swimming was allowed. We passed by these warnings often, our pockets bulging with swimming trunks and our lips perhaps smacking a bit in anticipation of forbidden fruit.

"Can you read the language on this sign-board?" asked Dr. Hall one day. "It

seems dimly familiar to me, as though I might have known it in my boyhood days. I wonder what those words mean? Perhaps my ancestors, in ages long ago, used that tongue. It seems to call up vague, rudimentary memories from down inside me somewhere. Let us take a swim!"

Thus, so often, his philosophy of psychogenesis, which I believe will crown him as the Darwin of psychology, mixed itself with his bubbling humor and sparkled forth in boyish fun. In our surreptitious swims off the beach of a little island in the forbidden pond, he would catch "atavistic echoes of our pelagic days"; he would declare himself to be positively littorotropic, like some of Jacques Loeb's snails, when he grew tired of swimming and lay basking in the sunshine on the pebbly sand. His most abstruse lectures, and the least comprehensible polysyllables of his printed works would suddenly become luminously clear and almost comically simple through some chance spontaneity thrown off in the sheer gusto of living a few natural minutes in the open air. In that inspiringly optimistic book, "Senescence," he declares: "Old age is called second childhood. That is all wrong, for there is nothing rejuvenative about it. Childhood is the most active, healthful, buoyant, and intuitive stage of life; age, the least so." Perhaps true enough for most men, but he, at least, carried the child with him through all his long and useful years.

"Let's catty" he would say when we were to cross a street. Then we jay-walked, as triangularly as possible, taking the shortest distance between two points and as forgetful of traffic mores as we had been of *verboden* signs. "There, that's a new experience!" he would laugh when we walked a railroad track, or ducked under some culvert or bridge on our rambles. He was ever seeking new trails, down side-streets and sometimes over fences and across back lots. One day, on Newton Hill, his favorite climb, he suddenly sat down upon a boulder and took off his

shoes and stockings. "Let's feel the green grass and the real earth under our feet! I've been lecturing about getting back to nature today. Let's go back as far as we can. The police might object if we went any farther than feet and ankles, but they'll hardly arrest us for that much. I'll bet Anetus never wore shoes!" At the White City, a diminutive Coney Island, near Worcester, we were boys again. We rode the grotesque little horses, threw rings over canes, punched slot-machine bags, stamped out aluminum name-plates, pounded pegs with hammers, ate popcorn and peanuts, and sometimes won horrible cigars.

In his "Confessions," Dr. Hall has shown us how much of his delightful New England boyhood he carried with him into the midst of his presidential perplexities and responsibilities and his other herculean labors, but he has not mentioned that little sled of his which, after dark and most folks' bedtime, he would haul out of the red brick barn behind his house. Then he would go sledding down Worcester hills. He has confessed to taking secret lessons in dancing in his last late years, but he has left no account of those horrific rag-time records for his Victrola to which he would clog and jig in the solitude of his workshop.

The famous spirometer stood for a long time on the book-piled table of his study and almost every visitor was commanded to blow his hardest and record his score. President Eliot, of Harvard, blew the arrow up to the line of 210 one day, and Dr. Hall, whose record was then somewhere between 170 and 200, began to breathe more deeply on his walks, hoping to reach, at least, his colleague's achievement. We tried the spirometer almost daily, watching for possible developments of vital capacity. We blew before our walks and after, just as we weighed before starting and upon our return, to see how many ounces of our bodies we must give in return for the fun of a walk. The lung machine was a toy, a jolly toy.

Dr. Hall, indeed, did more than study childhood; he kept living some of its happiest and best moments, so that we sophisticated students sometimes felt old and fossilized in his buoyant presence.

But, his work, of course, was his favorite play. People said that he overdid, that he attempted too much, that he never relaxed, that he burned his candle, not only at both ends, but in the middle beside. Yet it was glorious to watch him at his work—glorious and yet a bit dispiriting, for I used to compare my own sputtering efforts with his great swinging strides, and felt ever so small and sluggish. It was my privilege to work with him, for a time, in his den. I wrote out his dictation on a typewriter. The only salvation for me was the fact that he wrote his own notes so hurriedly that he had to stop now and then to decipher a word, and I had time to catch up. Every evening he fairly plunged from supper into his beloved work. Always he ate hurriedly, and many a time after an evening meal he asked me what it was we had had to eat! His bottle of tonic, left him by a friendly physician, remained almost always untouched. "There," he would exclaim, "what will the doctor think of me? I've forgotten that medicine again, but I can't take time for it now." And he would pick up a scribbled sheet and set me to hammering the keys for an hour at a stretch. "Thank the Lord there's mail," he would exclaim, and away we went.

Yet he gave himself generously, inexhaustibly, to students, visitors and friends, whenever they chanced to call. Perhaps this was his relaxation, and yet for every minute thus given he seemed to feel that he must work harder and longer on his own job to make up for it. Of his mornings he was particularly jealous. "Best fellow in the world, that, but it does hurt a lot to have him take such a grab out of my morning work-time!" I do not believe, however, that anyone was ever turned away from his door, and his welcome to

everyone was like Spring sunshine, or an open flower.

IV

Nor did his relation with students end with their sojourn at the University. He says in his autobiography that he was not a great writer of letters, but if my own sheaf is a sample his letter-writing must have been actually prodigious. His pupils and friends were scattered far and wide in the world. If each one of them was stirred to feeling and moved to action as I was by even some of his briefest of notes, then his influence was colossal indeed. He wrote freely, spontaneously, just as he would talk if we were out for a tramp, or sitting on the sand after a swim. In reply to a note about my days at Clark he wrote:

Your recollections show that you not only have a wonderful memory, because a few of these things I cannot possibly recall, but, I must believe, a very vivid and sprightly imagination. . . . I don't know what the dickens it was that so delightfully led me to draw aside a reserve which is always an obsession (though it ought not to be) with professors, and a perfect curse to college presidents. . . . I had no idea, however, that I was being subjected to such observation, and when you see me hereafter (which I hope will be often) you will probably find me very reserved, self-conscious, etc., realizing that I am being noted . . . I have always preached euphoria, but you incarnate it.

One of these recollections, which Hall declared he had no memory of, was of a day when he visited me in my attic-room in May street and lunched off a newspaper table-cloth on my writing desk. I fed him an orange, some shredded-wheat with butter, a few figs, some raisins and a glass of milk. These he said he enjoyed immensely, but I would not be surprised if he visited his own ice-box as soon as he got home. The thing he had forgotten, however, was his dance. My landlady had prohibited my inviting undergraduates to my room. Only graduate students were to be allowed. Undergraduates were too noisy and too destructive of furniture and curtains. On the day I speak of President Hall, after his vegetarian lunch, proceeded to demonstrate to me a phase of his motor

mindfulness. He said that, in order to learn the names of Shadrach, Meshac and Abednego, he had evolved a little dance to the rhythm of the words. He not only said this; he danced it out on my floor. His dancing shook the ceiling of the room below, rattled the chandelier, and brought my landlady scurrying up the stairs with the fire of accusation in her eye. Why had I broken my promise regarding college boys? When I introduced her to the president of the University, she was naturally much abashed and profoundly apologetic; but I feel quite sure that she still believes I had hidden a collegian in my closet before she opened my door.

In his autobiography Dr. Hall said: "I do believe that I have encouraged many, especially young writers and investigators, and possibly sometimes shown undue appreciation of really rather crude productions, especially if I thought they gave promise of better things." His appreciation, in truth, was sometimes a trifle exaggerated, and altogether too complimentary, but it remained none the less encouraging. It was exceedingly cheering to receive such cordial good words as the following from so tonic and energizing a source:

But don't you know you should not write this way to a stogy old grind as I have to be? For it fills me with a kind of wild Spring fever, makes me infinitely discontented with my own life and everything about me, and makes me feel that I, too, ought to get off in the woods and rusticate for a season. . . . This note gives me a new sense of inferiority, a sort of looking up to you.

Such chords in his letters show, in their undoubted frankness, and spontaneity, something of the exquisite modesty and self effacement of the man. He seemed to take a warm delight in the possibility that some of his own pupils might some day see farther than he did himself because he had helped them to stand on his shoulders.

As a lecturer he was much less his truly human self, save on those rare occasions when he spoke without manuscript, and from the heart. Lecturing, he read clearly and not too fast; but he poured forth such

tremendous avalanches of facts, figures, citations, technicalities and bewildering neologisms that only an identical twin brother could possibly have kept pace with his speed and distance of travel. Those of us were fortunate who carried away even a few assimilable fragments from the whole, and did not succumb to the temptation to try to get down everything in our notes. Personally, I made very few notes, and these only of things which I at least partly understood. I would then carry them to my room and elaborate them into long letters to my fiancée, who, poor soul, had to take them as they came in cold type, without background of time or space! No wonder she returned all my letters later on with the assurance that I might have within me the makings of a professor, but hardly the elements of a good husband!

The boiling down and sugaring off (a favorite phrase of his) of lecture material into big, red-bound books was Dr. Hall's major job in life. Had he not been so much the artist, as well as the scientist and philosopher, those vast companies, regiments, corps and divisions of facts and figures would be hardly more than reservoirs from which to draw knowledge, as from an almanac or an encyclopedia. But I think no one who has read it will deny that his "Life and Confessions" is a great work of art, rough hewn, perhaps, like "Leaves of Grass," but none the less the product of a true artist's soul.

The daring courage of the man in attempting an artistic synthesis of the multitudinous and apparently utterly kaleidoscopic material gathered in by his omnivorous hunger for truth remains a marvel to me, and a wonder. But the greater miracle, to me, is the fact that his epochal books reflect not only the struggle of a great intellect with the world of fact; but that they also paint a strikingly beautiful picture of a successful experiment in the art of living a strenuously happy life!

AMERICANA

ALASKA

DREADFUL news brought out of the snow wastes by the Right Rev. Peter T. Rowe, Bishop of Alaska:

The church has won its fight, and Alaska today is as good as any other section of the country.

ARIZONA

SWEET, lovely and well-deserved words from the eminent Tucson *Citizen*:

There is nothing so responsive as an Elk's heart. In the social sense, he is the courtier, the gallant knight of modern times. There is more Christianity in the day-by-day practices of Elkdom than there is in many a monumental cathedral. There has been nothing spiritually finer since the day of the Christian crusaders than the Elks' financing the relief work of the Salvation Army during the World War.

ARKANSAS

PROGRESS of reform in Little Rock, as reported by the estimable *Arkansas Democrat*:

Warden Evans announced that all electrocutions conducted under his regime would be held strictly according to the law as regards witnesses. "People get the idea," he said, "that electrocutions are social gatherings, but none of this kind will be held while I am warden. An execution is a serious matter and should be considered as such."

COLORADO

AN advertisement in the Red Cliff *Holy Cross Trail*:

DR. W. F. O'GORMAN

Chiropractor

Of Leadville, Colorado.

Will have branch office in the Commercial Hotel on Wednesday and Sunday beginning March 23rd. If sick you need adjustments. Chiropractic has proven it's value in practically all acute and chronic ailments.

CONSULTATION FREE!

P. S. I will bring a selection of ladies and children's hats to display for Mrs. O'Gorman, milliner of Leadville. Prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$7.50.

CONNECTICUT

OBITER dictum of Maltbie, J., of the Superior Court of Hartford:

The man who buys liquor is an enemy of society . . . and a traitor to his country.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

PICTURE of democratic government in the one hundred and thirty-eighth year of the Republic, from a speech in the Senate by the Hon. James Thomas Heflin, of Alabama:

The Federal departments here are honeycombed with crooks and gorged with grafters.

FLORIDA

PROGRESS of Christian work on the Florida West Coast, as reported in a press dispatch from Tampa:

Eva Winchester, eighteen years old, arrested here for stamping to death her father, aged sixty-five, told Sheriff Spencer that she had killed him as a religious sacrifice. He and she had visited a religious gathering at St. Petersburg. He was a paralytic, and had been so much benefited by attendance that she and her mother had decided to sacrifice him as a thank offering to God.

ILLINOIS

EXEGETICAL discovery credited to Mrs. S. J. Bole, wife of the professor of biology at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., by the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*:

I disapprove of our co-eds bobbing their hair because it is against the teachings of the Bible.

IOWA

FROM a public harangue by one of the *ordentliche Professoren* at the Iowa State College:

Des Moines has the largest per capita ice cream consumption in America.

The second largest gold-fish farm in the world is located within seventy miles of Des Moines.

The best pair of overalls made on the American continent come from Iowa.

There is no group of two and a half million people in the world who worship God as Iowans do.

KANSAS

TRIUMPH of chivalry in Kansas by a narrow margin:

After a heated discussion at two meetings of Capitol Post of the American Legion, at Topeka, over the endorsement of the plan of the American committee for relief of German children, the post finally went on record, by a small majority, as endorsing the movement. The fight was hot from the start to the finish.

KENTUCKY

LITERARY news from the estimable Louisville *Courier-Journal*:

"I think, with all my optimism, that there is a falling away from the higher standards of forty years ago," said Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe" last night, talking about young people. "One cause of the lowering of standards has been the reading of such men as Frederick Nietzsche and Walt Whitman." The white-haired, white-bearded poet made these observations in his room at the Brown Hotel last night while changing his shirt. . . . He was getting ready to appear before the Methodist Students' Conference at Trinity Methodist Church.

LOUISIANA

CULTURAL item from the estimable Shreveport *Journal*:

A bid of \$1,000 has been received by Dr. M. E. Dodd, chairman of the general committee of the Billy Sunday campaign, for the chair used by Dr. Sunday during his evangelistic meetings in Shreveport. This chair will go to the highest bidder.

MARYLAND

SPECIMEN of elegiac verse from the obituary columns of the eminent Baltimore *Sun-paper*:

Two years have passed, our heart's still sore,
As time goes on we miss you more.
Both sad and sudden was his call,
His sudden death surprised us all.

MASSACHUSETTS

SWEET, lovely writing in an editorial in the celebrated Boston *Transcript*, the organ of the New England intelligentsia:

Dreamy May! Not so much of childhood as of adolescence do you savor. April's laughter and tears have given way to a wistful, listening mood that knows not itself. Powers are under way that can as yet scarce reveal themselves, yet which gently shake the being with the prescient touch of their spirit. Such is youth, leafing youth.

MICHIGAN

RISE of ritualism among Michigan Babbits, as reported by the *American Lumberman*:

At a rousing banquet of Hoo-Hoo held at Grand Rapids last week the rafters one moment were ringing with the strains of "Sweet Adeline" and "Lil' Liza Jane," and then—

Some one arose and said simply, "I think we should all stand a moment in memory of our former President, Woodrow Wilson." The two hundred or more men present arose as one. Then—a cry, "Face the Flag!" came from the rear of the room. All turned toward the large banner draped behind the speakers' table and, moved by a single impulse, joined in singing the national anthem.

MINNESOTA

THE Higher Learning at the University of Minnesota, as reported by a bulletin of the Trade News Service:

Work is under way at the University of Minnesota to establish definite buying standards by which the public may be able to choose and buy clothing wisely, with regard to general economy, fit and style, according to Marion Weller, Associate Professor of Textiles and Clothing in the Division of Home Economics. In a letter to Roy A. Cheney, Executive Secretary of the Associated Knit Underwear Manufacturers of America, at Utica, N. Y., Prof. Weller says in part:

"Have you any available information which will be of help in setting up for the consumer standards by which she may be able to choose and buy underwear wisely? Will it be possible for you to answer some of the questions that are constantly arising in regard to knit underwear?"

MISSISSIPPI

TRIBUTE to a talented technician from the *Cotton Farmer* of Scott, Miss.:

Miss Lizzie Young, the daughter of Mr. Henry Young, of Triumph Plantation, was happily married to Mr. Willie McCalib on Thursday in Greenville. Willie is the efficient hostler on McConnell Plantation, and has acted in that capacity from the time he was fifteen years old. He has proved a faithful young man in his job and up to the present is always on the job. He claims to have less sick mules than any of the other hostlers on the job, and loses less mules by death than any of the other hostlers. Really the job of hostler is an important one and every man or boy is not fitted for the job. It takes special qualifications to be a hostler worth while. The waste of mule power in the Cotton Belt is enormous and is a great drain on the resources of the Cotton Belt. A good deal of this waste could be avoided by a little care on the part of the hostler.

NEW JERSEY

How Fundamentalism helps Americanization, from the testimony of Sister Buysse, of Jersey City, in the *Apostolic Echo*:

Sixteen years ago, when I came to this country, I couldn't understand a word of English. I went to the Methodist church, and I couldn't understand one word the minister said, but I asked the Lord to help me understand the preaching, and fasted and prayed every Friday. I made it a special plan to fast, so that I could understand the preaching. As I looked at the preacher all I heard sounded like "bubble, bubble, bubble." Then, all at once, I could understand what he said, and I exclaimed "Glory!" and "Praise the Lord!" Those were the first English words I uttered.

NEW YORK

EXTENSION of modern business methods to the work of the Kingdom:

I promise to pay to the Swedish Immanuel Congregational Church of New York City, the sum of.....Dollars (\$.....) in cash on or before..... 192 , as part of a fund for the erection of its new Church Building at 181st Street and Bryant Avenue.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

Each \$100 contributed constitutes one share and when paid entitles the donor to an engraved certificate of investment in preferred capital stock in the Kingdom of God.

NORTH CAROLINA

RISE of a new bugaboo among the Tar Heel Baptists, as reported by the Winston-Salem *Journal*:

"With the present movement northward of Negroes," said the Rev. Dr. C. A. Owens in his sermon at the First Baptist Church last night, "and in the absence of a race prejudice that has protected the Southerners, there is the greatest possible danger of the mingling of the races, so that in the future it may come to pass that you will send your daughter to the North for culture and she will come back with a little Negro."

OHIO

THE process of training an Ohio literatus, as described by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*:

Mr. Jack Withrow, who has decided upon a literary career, for which his friends and associates predict a brilliant future, is now steeping himself in the beauty and romance of Southern France after some months in Paris, where he has been studying at the Sorbonne. He took

his M. A. at Harvard after graduating at Williams College, and that his field of self-expression is to be that of the short story is interesting in that this background of culture, as well as his inheritance of facile humor and apt craftsmanship, will bring to that literary genre a vivid comprehension of types that should be of moment in shaping his own prospects and in giving to the output of at least one of the younger generation of writers, with which he is now to be included, something more than a facility for the slang of the period, however amusingly portrayed and enormously capitalized. Mr. Withrow, who is the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Withrow, has been enjoying immensely the palmy shores of the Mediterranean, and, being ensconced in one of the quaint picture-book villages near Cannes, where he is in touch with the flowery paths of dalliance, as well as the native beauty of the famous Riviera, he has had ample opportunity to find himself. He was part of the Mardi Gras fete of flowers, always a moment of picturesque importance in European life, and his wanderings up and down the historic shell road that outlines the blue waters at this point have given him an insight into the great world of human nature that has made his impressions replete with vivid images.

OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA's contribution to the roster of new crimes, as reported in a news dispatch from Okmulgee:

Charged with "walking down the street with a questionable woman" T. H. Harvey, an oil-field worker, was arrested here and fined \$10. Harvey met the girl, whom he said was an old friend, outside a moving-picture house and was walking down the street with her when arrested.

PENNSYLVANIA

EFFECTS of the missionary work of Dr. Stokowsky and his orchestra in Philadelphia, as reported by the eminent *Inquirer*:

Mayor Kendrick was presented with a gold harmonica last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. . . . "Play something!" commanded a voice from the audience. The Mayor played "Barney Google" and an Irish reel. "With this beautiful harmonica I am going to practice all through the year," he said, "and next year I'll be able to do much better."

SOUTH CAROLINA

SHORT view of the rewards vouchsafed to consecrated men among the Tar Heel Fundamentalists:

Please give me space in your paper to thank my good people for their kind deeds. At Thanks-

giving. Crossroads and Thompson Creek churches gave us two good poundings, filling our pantry with all kinds of good things to eat, then Providence came in with a new leather valise and a Stetson hat. Then at Christmas Ruby dressed me up with a new suit of clothes and shoes. Then, better still, all four of these churches presented me with a new Ford car the night before Christmas. I want to thank every one who helped to do this and ask the prayers of all that I may be a faithful pastor and render such service as will honor God and be a blessing to my fellow man.

Ruby, S. C.

J. D. Purvis.

TENNESSEE

PRESS dispatch from Nashville, in the heart of Fundamentalism:

Claiming to own the stone with which David slew Goliath, R. M. Johnson, of Morristown, has asked Wilbur Nelson, State geologist, to inspect and value it. He said the stone had been in his family since Biblical times.

TEXAS

PROGRAM of the World's Fundamentalist Convention at Fort Worth, as reported to the *Christian Century* by the Rev. Dr. C. D. Meade:

1. The withdrawal of financial and moral support from all church schools that teach any theory of evolution whatsoever.
2. The immediate revision of all text-books that teach any theory of evolution whatsoever.
3. Compulsory measures to force all teachers to sign annually a statement of creed which affirms a firm and steadfast faith in the Genesis account of creation, the historical fact of all Bible miracles, the virgin birth, the bodily resurrection, the imminent second coming of Jesus, the existence of a personal devil and a literal hell.
4. Political and financial pressure brought to bear upon all tax-supported schools in order to eliminate both text-books and instructors teaching any form of evolution whatsoever.
5. The rejection of the uniform interdenominational Sunday-school lessons because of their evolutionary and post-millennial tendencies.

6. The compulsory resignation of all pastors, evangelists and Sunday-school teachers who hold to any theory of evolution whatsoever.

7. The organization of a Fundamentalist Society within each local church for the purpose of propaganda.

8. Wherever denominational church schools do not fall in line with the Fundamentalist demands on Bible interpretation and elimination of the teaching of evolutionary theories, the Fundamentalists will organize, finance and give moral support to Bible schools that will give instruction in Bible and science in harmony with Fundamentalists' beliefs.

UTAH

THE Higher Learning among the Latter Day Saints, as reported by the Salt Lake *Tribune*:

Dr. Levi Edgar Young, professor of Western history in the University of Utah, said that in H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" that eminent writer pictures the great epochs of world development, and tells of the coming of Moses, the rise of Greek philosophy, the dawn of intellectual liberty, the French revolution, and finally the modern age of invention. But Dr. Young held that the historian had neglected to set down the most important event in the history of the modern world. That was the organization of the Mormon church in 1830, and the consequent restoration of the true gospel to the world.

WEST VIRGINIA

SOCIAL relaxation in the mining regions, as described by the McDowell *Times*, an eminent public journal of those parts:

One night last week there was a very nice birthday party given by Mrs. Arthur Allen in honor of the thirty-sixth birthday of her mother, Mrs. Mitt Banks. A most elaborate outlay of everything imaginable good to eat was there at the disposal of everybody and believe me the people were there in numbers. Everybody seemed too, to have greatly enjoyed themselves immensely. There were games of an innocent nature participated in and not one ugly word was heard to be uttered during the entire evening.

MR. MUNSEY

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

I FIND difficulty in writing about Mr. Munsey's beginnings because it is so hard to think of him as anything but the completed Mr. Munsey. He must have crawled before he toddled, and toddled before he ran; his nose, like the noses of all normal infants, must sometimes have needed wiping; and there must have been aunts who poked jocose fingers into his youthful midriff and called him Ootsie-Tootsums and other absurd names; but the thought of these occurrences merely induces in a modern observer a shuddering sense of *lèse majesté*. I am not indulging in unseemly levity. Mr. Munsey is an artist in deportment. He plays so well the part of the present Mr. Munsey that one can hardly believe he ever played other parts.

Yet the records testify that he obeyed the laws of growth like the rest of mankind; he did not fall out of a star or spring full-panoplied from an ocean wave, but was formed slowly in the womb of New England Puritanism. His energy is the accumulation of three centuries of ferocious combat with stubborn elements; the guiding principles of his career have resulted from the simple transfer of old-fashioned piety from the religious to the economic sphere. Or one may think of him, not inconsistently, as one of those mountaineers, full of the simple virtues of camp and field, who at intervals in human history sweep down from the hills to fall upon the cities of the plain.

Thanks to Mr. Munsey's foresight in publishing "A Munsey-Hopkins Genealogy," by Dr. D. O. S. Lowell, of the Roxbury Latin School, even his more remote origins are now open to respectful scrutiny. The

Munsey family, according to Dr. Lowell, first came to notice in Normandy. Ancestral Munseys, appearing variously on the roll of Battle Abbey as Mounchesny, Monceus, Mouncey and Monceals, assisted William the Conqueror in combining the best features of the Norman and Anglo-Saxon civilizations. The first known Munsey in America was at Ipswich, Massachusetts, about 1659. Stephen Hopkins, an ancestor of Mr. Munsey's on the maternal side, "was one of the twelve *Mayflower* passengers who had a title (Mr.) prefixed" to their names. Mr. Munsey's mother could count four *Mayflower* passengers in one line of descent among her ancestors and eight in another.

But more important than colonial or Norman blood in determining Mr. Munsey's course in life were the circumstances of his childhood. His father, though a man of "strong qualities and rugged honesty," was a failure in worldly affairs; his mother, like many other women in a similar situation, transferred her ambitions from her husband to her children. "The greatest regret of my life, since my income began to mount," wrote Mr. Munsey, in a sincere and plainspoken preface to Dr. Lowell's book, "has been that my mother was not with me to make free use of it. It would have enabled her to do the things and have the things that her fine, true nature craved. . . . My father . . . came on the stage of young manhood when Maine was a semi-wilderness. There were few openings for advancement in the rural sections. Saving up money as capital with which to make a start in life was a slow business. How far my father had progressed in this

respect when he married I do not know, but I do know that marriage put an end to it."

When it came Mr. Munsey's turn to adventure into the world he traveled light: he never married.

II

Frank Andrew Munsey, one of six children, was born at Mercer, Maine, on August 21, 1854. Six months later the family moved to Gardiner, Maine, and three years later to a farm near Bowdoin. "Here," says Dr. Lowell, "Frank Andrew lived until he was fourteen years of age, doing real work on the farm, laying the foundations for the future, and forming the habits which have characterized his life." Later the family lived in Litchfield, Livermore Falls and Lisbon Falls. At Lisbon Falls Mr. Munsey worked in a grocery store, where he picked up local color which was to serve him in a later essay in juvenile fiction. He was, as a boyhood friend describes him, a staid, thoughtful boy, not brilliant but pretty good in mathematics. He was "a splendid penman," and "his habits were faultless; he didn't even smoke."

But the stored energy of the long line of frustrated Munseys and Hopkinses was at work in the boy; and joined to it was his principal characteristic, a will almost ferocious in its intensity. In the eyes of a country lad a telegraph operator was mysterious and romantic; Mr. Munsey therefore learned telegraphy and was sent to take charge of the Western Union office at Augusta, the State capital. But it was not long before the Augusta telegraph office, like the Lisbon Falls grocery store, was to him, in his own words, like "the cage to a tiger yearning for the boundless freedom of the jungle." He picked up an acquaintance with James G. Blaine and other prominent citizens, but this merely added to his discontent. "Their lives had scope," he said many years later, "mine had none. I chafed bitterly under the limited possibilities of my environment, where energy and ambition counted for so

little. My very soul cried out for an opportunity to carve out for myself a bigger life. . . . But the opening did not come my way. There were always sons or relatives, or people of political influence, who stood before me in line for the place. I was pretty nearly as good a business man, at that age even, as I am now, and the tantalizing part of it was I knew it."

Mr. Munsey went into the publishing business (and incidentally into the literary business) by accident. "Railroading, steel, manufacturing, shipping, banking, or any other of the great staple industries" would have suited him just as well. But Fate, with an ironic glint in her eye, shoved him into the ink pot. After his arrival in Augusta he had procured a position in a local publishing house for one of his boyhood friends. As time passed and this friend inconsiderately prospered and was offered a job in New York "at a handsome advance in salary," Mr. Munsey saw that he had made a mistake: he should have taken the position himself. The incident turned his thoughts toward publishing, of which he presently acquired just enough knowledge, as he has said, "to be dangerous."

He worked out plans for a boy's weekly magazine, which was to be called *Munsey's Golden Argosy*. He had saved \$500 out of his salary as a telegraph operator, an Augusta broker agreed to put in \$2500, and his friend in New York offered to go into partnership with \$1000 more. He landed in New York on September 23, 1882, with \$500 worth of manuscript and \$40 in cash. Benjamin Franklin entering Philadelphia with a bun under each arm was hardly a more modest figure.

III

When Mr. Munsey arrived in New York he was a tall, blond young man of twenty-eight, with eyes and features which, if his earlier photographs do not lie, were singularly and deceptively mild. He threw himself into a decade of appalling strug-

gles and toils, besieging a Troy more stoutly defended than Homer's and emerged at the end wealthy, successful, arrogant—in short, the Mr. Munsey now known to fame. I doubt that anyone can read the story of those ten years without thinking more charitably, or at least more philosophically, of him. For if he is inclined to be uppity in his old age he is merely giving back without excessive interest what was inflicted upon him in his youth.

He found that the publication he had planned, illustrated and printed on good paper was impossible. Next his broker friend in Augusta abandoned him. A New York publisher agreed to get out the magazine, making Mr. Munsey editor; three months later the publisher failed. Mr. Munsey offered to settle the debts by taking over the bankrupt enterprise. He borrowed \$300, and with that as his capital jumped into the maelstrom. He has written most appealingly of what followed. He lived through "four years of toil and disappointment, with never a vacation, never a day for play, and rarely a night at the theatre." "With a determination to keep the *Argosy* alive at all hazards, a determination that amounted almost to an insane passion," he says, "I went on and on." He undertook a circulation campaign "that in its intensity and ferocity crowded a life's work into a few months." He wrote "The Boy Broker,"—"6000 words a week dragged out of me, dragged out at night after the awful activities of the day, a complete switch from red-hot activities to the world of fancy, where by sheer will force I centred my thoughts on creative work and compelled myself to produce the copy. What a Winter, what awful chances and what a strain on human vitality and endurance!" Sometimes he couldn't go out to dinner unless the mail brought a subscription check to pay for it.

He was indefatigable. The possessing and dominating instincts grew stronger within him. Neither then or afterwards would he tolerate a partner or an equal in any enterprise of his. He was "editor,

advertising manager, office boy and chief contributor." He had twenty salesmen on the road east of the Mississippi before he had a stenographer or a bookkeeper in his New York office. He borrowed \$95,000 and spent every cent on advertising. He gave away eleven million, five hundred thousand copies. "The Boy Broker," written at night, added 20,000 to the circulation. "Five years of poverty," he says, "five years of awful struggle and now the earth was mine—rich at last, richer than I had ever dreamed of." But his expenses, alas, outran his mounting income. "Merciful Heavens! how the bills fell due, how the notes fell due! The cry from in town and out of town, from men on the road and from all the four corners of the earth, and in a thousand voices, was money, money, money! The whole world had gone money mad." In later years Mr. Munsey has had much to say about money; is perhaps even more conscious of money than most rich men; one begins to see why.

For six years longer the battle went on. At 115,000 circulation the *Golden Argosy* wavered and stuck. In 1889 Mr. Munsey started *Munsey's Weekly*, which "lasted two and a half years and lost over \$100,000." In 1891, he transformed the weekly into a monthly and ran it for two years at twenty-five cents a copy, losing money all the while. Why was it, he asked himself that "out of eighty millions of people there were not over 250,000 magazine buyers? Was the Sunday paper crushing the life out of the monthlies as well as the weeklies?" For two years, while the dollars drained out of his pockets and his credit stretched nearer and nearer the breaking point, he meditated. Finally he decided that "if a magazine should be published at ten cents and made light, bright and timely it might be a different story." Mr. Munsey arrived at this conclusion just as John Brisbane Walker and S. S. McClure arrived independently at a somewhat similar one. Neither Mr. Walker nor Mr. McClure, however, ventured upon ten cents. *McClure's* came out at fifteen cents in

May, 1893, and the *Cosmopolitan* at twelve and a half cents (it was later raised to fifteen) in July.

Mr. Munsey was assured that his scheme was impossible. The news company which had been handling his magazines refused to take the ten cent *Munsey's* at a price which would pay expenses. But the Munsey-Hopkins will power did not weaken. He persuaded a paper manufacturer, even in that year of hard times, to grant him credit. He advertised, also on credit. He called upon the ultimate consumer to come to his rescue. The response was instantaneous. No chewing gum or collar ever leaped to fame more swiftly than *Munsey's* new magazine. The circulation had been about 20,000; it went to 40,000 in October, 1893; to 60,000 in November; to 100,000 in December; to 150,000 in January, 1894; to 200,000 in February; to 250,000 in April. By March, 1895, it was 500,000; by December, 1899, it was 650,000; in 1903 it was 700,000; in 1908 it had reached 800,000. By this time Mr. Munsey was publishing not only *Munsey's* and the *Argosy* but also the *All-Story* and the *Scrap-Book*, with a combined circulation of more than two million copies, or, as he proudly put it, "a thousand tons of magazines." A thousand tons of magazines is not to be despised. And Mr. Munsey had really and truly achieved this miracle single-handed. "The magazine," he said, "came through because I came through, lived because I lived, was the vehicle merely of what I did."

At forty, twelve years after his arrival in New York, Mr. Munsey had turned the corner. He could now go out to lunch without waiting for the postman to bring a subscription check. He could and did mingle in the "great, big world." The Munsey-Hopkins lineage was vindicated; the blood of those farmers and craftsmen who had toiled so long and patiently and obscurely now flowed in the veins of one of the rulers of America. The poor boy had become rich and famous.

IV

The reader who will turn back to the files of *Munsey's Magazine* in the early nineties will not only find that publication considerably better than the *Munsey's* of today, but better than anything that Mr. Munsey is publishing today. The breath of life was in it as never in any Munsey newspaper. It was literally "light, bright and timely," but it was not trivial. Month after month it gave space to articles on modern art, with excellent accompanying illustrations. It had a literary department, which kept up in chatty fashion with the fiction of the day. It had a theatrical department, baited with photographs of stage beauties; it gave two or three pages monthly to well-chosen light verse; it made obeisance at the feet of the captains of industry, who had not then been taught their places; and it took up current events in a serious way. Its fiction sometimes reached a pretty high level. Indeed, Mr. Robert H. Davis, who took over the function of selection after Mr. Munsey turned his attention to more austere concerns, would have made *Munsey's* the best fiction magazine in the country if Mr. Munsey had been willing to pay what good fiction cost. As it was, Mr. Davis developed swarms of promising young writers, who were snapped up by more generous publishers as soon as their talents became known.

In the early days Mr. Munsey himself wrote a great deal. We find him, for example, expatiating on horsemanship, and later on the automobile, and hanging wreaths on successful business men and politicians. Even then he could hardly say too much in praise of "the intelligent and wealthy portion of the community, who as a rule do things well." Was he not practically one of them? Were not his magazines "earning more money than any other publishing proposition of any kind whatsoever in America?" But Mr. Munsey was not a mere article writer. He also wrote fiction. He wrote "Afloat in a Great City"; "The Boy Broker"; "A Tragedy

of Errors"; "Under Fire"; and "Derringforth." Of these the first two and the fourth were boys' stories, intended for publication in the originally juvenile *Argosy*; the others were for readers who were supposed to have grown up. Yet, as may easily be seen, the thread of a common philosophy and a common literary method ran through them all.

"In a good story," wrote Mr. Munsey, in his preface to "The Boy Broker" (that midnight tour de force), "plot and action are but the setting to the gem—the means of conveying a lesson in disguise in such a way that the reader will not suspect he is being taught." The hero of this narrative, Herbert Randolph, goes to New York as Mr. Munsey did, "to become what is known as a successful man, to make a name for himself—a name that would extend to his native State and make his parents proud of their brilliant son." Arrived in New York, he makes the acquaintance of a rough but honest newsboy, finds a job in a broker's office, falls in love with "the light-hearted merry daughter of the senior partner," and gets into a peck of trouble through the wicked machinations of a boy who had sought a position in Mr. Goldwin's office for the purpose of robbing it. He is kidnaped, rescued by his newsboy friend, and turned out on the streets to hunt a job. By dint of good fortune and energy he emerges from these disasters, is vindicated of the false charges against him, gets rich and marries the light-hearted merry daughter previously mentioned.

Fred Worthington's experiences in "Under Fire" are even more appalling and his ultimate triumph even more dramatic. Fred is the son of the village shoemaker and works in Mr. Rexford's grocery store. He aspires to the hand of the daughter of the village doctor, which naturally leads an unscrupulous rival, first to try to have him knocked on the head by a thug, then to lure him into a billiard den and get him drunk, next to spread lying stories about his alleged dishonesty, and finally to set

the grocery store on fire in the hope that Fred will be convicted of the crime. Mr. Munsey goes so far as to let Fred be tried for arson, but he comes out all right in the end, marries the girl and gets rich. All Mr. Munsey's heroes get rich.

Let us now turn to "Derringforth," a romance for adults, which represents the author's later period. "Derringforth" was published serially in *Munsey's Magazine* between March, 1893, and July, 1894, and was later issued in two volumes, cloth-bound and neatly boxed, for the small sum of a dollar and a half. It did not increase the magazine's circulation until Mr. Munsey lowered the price to ten cents; on the other hand, it did not prevent the magazine from going to 250,000 after Mr. Munsey had lowered the price. "It had been love since infancy. There is nothing sweeter than such love." What member of the younger generation would suspect Mr. Munsey of such sentiment? Yet it is his. "Derringforth" is a robust, well-tailored novel. Its hero is Phil Derringforth, "tall and straight, with soldierly bearing and fine presence"; its heroine Marion Kingsley, who was "tall and willowy" and "played the violin with considerable skill." "Her eyes," Mr. Munsey tells us, "were intelligent and pleasing. The lines of her face were good and her coloring was exquisite. . . . She showed the effect of careful training. She knew nothing of the lighter novels. Her reading had been confined to standard authors."

"Derringforth" has no less than four villains, all of them bent on destroying the hero's happiness if not his life. There is "J. Harrington Van Slump, a sleek old man of full three score, very bald but otherwise well preserved"; there is Martin Strum, a vicious money lender; there is a false friend, Burrock; there is a jealous rival, Stanley Vedder. But the tragedy, for it is a tragedy, turns less on the efforts of these undesirable characters than on the foolish ambition of Marion's mother, who wishes to expose her daughter to the perils and fascinations of a year in fashionable

society before allowing her to become engaged. There is also a missing letter, which causes an immense amount of havoc. Derringforth wins and loses fortunes against enormous odds in Wall Street (this at twenty-four), and wipes out his enemies, only, in the end, to marry the wrong girl and expire in the last chapter. All of Marion's admirers, in the meantime, have disposed of themselves by marrying some one else or breaking their necks by falling off horses. The reader drops a furtive tear as Derringforth, the Old Guide beside him, slips silently into eternity; while Marion, her lesson learned at last, faces the Dawn of Another Day.

Mr. Munsey's plots are put together like a Ford automobile. One may make fun of them if one likes, but they run. The indomitable Munsey-Hopkins will power exhibits itself in all of them. "I wrote and re-wrote the early chapters many times," he says of "Afloat in a Great City." "It was midnight toil—work done by candle light after long days at the office. I wrote that story with a special purpose. I wanted something to advertise and put my faith to the test by plunging on it to the extent of ten thousand dollars." Let the literary snob who sneers at Mr. Munsey's art ask himself whether he would have sufficient confidence in his own wares to do the same.

One thought may already have occurred to the reader, as it has occurred to me. When Mr. Munsey failed to go into the motion picture field he missed a gigantic opportunity. He had, when he wrote "Derringforth," the magic touch that makes kitchen and parlor one.

V

It would be unfair to Mr. Munsey and his art to leave this phase of our subject without touching upon his philosophy as revealed in his works of the imagination. A few excerpts, will, however, have to serve:

No true success can be obtained except by operating on the solid principles of truth and honesty.

In this country there is always a chance for an honest, ambitious and determined boy to succeed

by careful thought, patient endurance, and hard work.

Why do boys go to destruction by visiting iniquitous dens, by keeping low and vulgar company, by drinking, smoking and gambling . . . when they might be refined, respected and supremely happy?

Billiards is a fascinating game and from the very fact of its fascination it is extremely dangerous to boys.

A cruel world this seems sometimes when one reflects how unevenly the joys and sorrows, and luxuries and misery are distributed among brothers and sisters, neighbors and countrymen.

God's tender care for the human race is thoughtfully manifested in the faculty He has given women of finding relief in tears from an overburdened soul.

Happiness always follows a generous act.

He was wholly wrapped up in his business. He could not look beyond that and had no feeling for others. . . . I often pity such men, for though they may have wealth in abundance they know not how to enjoy it. . . . They have starved their nobler nature that is nourished on higher things, until it is dwarfed and shriveled, and the baleful results of such an unnatural mode of life are pictured in their countenances.

To these sentences from his earlier works may be added two or three of a later date:

The literary profession is a business like everything else.

The wages of labor will never come down until the supply exceeds the demand.

We must have a substratum of plain labor. Modern life and modern civilization cannot exist without it.

Nothing succeeds without ownership interest in the management.

Mr. Munsey went through the muckraking craze almost unmoved. "The people of this country," he wrote in 1913, taking a retrospective squint at the period then just past, "have come to realize that prosperity rests in upbuilding, not in destruction. That these muckraking articles, taking them as a whole, did some good as well as a lot of harm, there can be no question. But *Munsey's Magazine* never went in for them. Its whole attitude has been for constructive work, for upbuilding." Mr. Munsey would not bite the economic system that fed him.

Magazines whose editors were less tenderly solicitous passed *Munsey's* in the race for popular favor. Little by little the Munsey publications, although they continued prosperous, ceased to be significant.

cant. But by this time Mr. Munsey was tired of the magazine game, and scenting new battles and greater conquests, turned his attention to daily journalism.

VI

Like Jim Hill, Mr. Harriman, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the former emperor of Germany, Mr. Munsey had early been brought to believe in amalgamation. He arrived at this position logically—indeed, it is the only one at which a successful, large-scale business man logically can arrive. He was impressed by the folly of small-scale production. "We have passed by the period, and passed it forever," he said, in discussing the affairs of his magazine, "when small volume and big profits will rule in the business world." He reasoned exactly as Havemeyer did when he took a profit of one-eighth of a cent a pound on sugar; exactly as Ford did when he sold cars at less than cost, knowing that increased sales and the resulting economies of quantity production would repay the temporary losses many times over. He came to believe in amalgamating not only industries but also political parties. Finally he felt himself called upon to amalgamate newspapers, of which, he thought, there were "fully sixty per cent" more than there ought to be. He said:

Suppose the God-given genius of some of these really great men who now control a single great metropolitan journal were utilized to govern the policies of a hundred or of a thousand newspapers, what a tremendous power that would be! There is no form of industry that lends itself to combination more naturally and readily than newspaper building. . . . With a central ownership big enough and strong enough to encompass the whole country our newspapers can afford to be independent, fearless and honest. . . . A million dollars a year for the general editorial-department for a chain of a thousand newspapers will mean only a thousand dollars to each newspaper.

Inasmuch as at the time this remark was made there were not more than twenty-five hundred daily newspapers of all descriptions in the United States (there are fewer now, thanks partly to Mr. Munsey) this, conception was sufficiently grandiose. Com-

pared with Mr. Munsey, Messrs. Hearst and Scripps were men devoid of imagination, unable to see beyond their own noses. Such was the dream. What is the reality? The question was thus answered by Mr. Philip Schuyler in the *Editor and Publisher* a few months ago:

In 1920 Munsey said his investment in the New York *Herald*, the *Sun* and the *Telegram* amounted to \$11,500,000. His total investments in newspaper properties he then announced as more than \$16,000,000. Since that year he has paid the reported sum of \$2,000,000 for the *Globe* and well in excess of \$2,000,000 for the *Evening Mail*, bringing the total investment up to more than \$20,000,000. He bought the New York *Star* and the New York *Continental* in 1890 and sold them in the same year. He paid a half million for the New York *Daily News* in 1901 and sold it in 1904 for little more than junk. He paid \$600,000 for the Boston *Journal* in 1902 and put a million more in it before he sold it for a song. In 1908 he tossed a million into the Philadelphia *Times*, which he bought in 1901 for \$200,000 and sold sixteen years later for \$500,000.

Of sixteen newspapers (counting the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*) upon which at one time or another Mr. Munsey has laid hands, he has either killed or sold all but the *Evening Sun* and the *Evening Telegram*. At this moment both of these newspapers are probably earning him a handsome profit, for the circulation he has bought and jammed into them is considerable. But they have no general or permanent significance. They merely reflect Mr. Munsey, and when he is dead they will reflect some one else. He has acquired no following in daily journalism; he has created nothing. Indeed, he is not so much a force as a portent in journalism. He has demonstrated that newspapers are not institutions, like schools and churches, but commodities, like motor cars. He has legitimized journalistic murder. He has invented a new and effective method of doing away with free speech. Perhaps this consoles him for his inability to own and edit one thousand "independent, fearless and honest" American newspapers.

VII

Mr. Munsey sits at a desk near the centre of a large, oblong room. At one end of this

room is a huge fireplace wherein no fire ever burns; on the mantel are a large portrait of Theodore Roosevelt and a portrait, no whit smaller, of Mr. Munsey. The windows look out on City Hall Park. At this height of seven stories above the street the tumult of lower Manhattan is subdued. Everything is subdued. Even the sunlight, striking in across the great rug, creeping over the shining top of the great desk, tentatively illuminating the dusty volumes of *Munsey's Magazine* against the farther wall, loses some of its aggressiveness. In Mr. Munsey's room no one ever speaks in a tone of enthusiasm; no one ever laughs unguardedly; no one walks noisily. Sometimes Mr. Munsey is in a good humor and every employé, down to the obscurest in the bowels of the building, knows it; sometimes he is in a bad humor and that, too, is known.

Though chilly, Mr. Munsey is not without kindness. Toward those whose wills do not defy his own he may be even genial. In a business bargain he feels it his right to take the last penny. When an employé of long standing quit in a huff Mr. Munsey sent him next day a check for half a year's salary. He has no sympathy for the masses of people, but he has some for individuals. He works incessantly, for he has grocery stores, real estate holdings and other non-journalistic interests. He reads little, for his eyes trouble him; perhaps he used them too hard in those old, terrible days when he was putting the *Argosy* on its feet. He does not even read his own newspapers

carefully; he takes the day's news on the say-so of one of his editorial writers. But no editorial writer ventures to tell him what to think.

In his leisure moments he attends the opera or the theater, dines out, travels, and superintends operations at his estate at Manhasset. He has a taste for fancy book bindings and for bronzes. To be happy he must be active. Every Winter he fights off the order to safeguard his health by going South. He still takes an ingenuous delight in his money and his power; like a boy with a new jack knife he likes to haul them out and look at them once in a while; that is one reason why it is hard to hate him. He is still a little incredulous; one imagines that he wakes at night in his apartment at the Ritz, and pinches himself to make sure that he has not dreamed it all, sweating lest he find himself back in the grim offices of the old *Argosy*, or the Western Union's tiger cage at Augusta. And one imagines that, feeling sure all is as it is, he smiles to himself in the darkness: this friendless boy from Maine has made a stir in the big world, sits at the speaker's table at big dinners, is mentioned for ambassadorships, is feared, is flattered.

But he is surely a little sad, too. He will be seventy on August 21. One may do without a partner all one's life, but at seventy one cannot avoid thinking of that grim partner whom sooner or later all men must take. And what will then be left of Mr. Munsey's edifice?

WHERE THE LAW FAILS

BY HOMER H. COOPER

THE president of a corporation which conducts a large hotel in a mid-western city was stating its predicament to his lawyer.

"As you know," he began, "we have been operating for about thirty years in a twelve-story building on ground leased for ninety-nine years. Although the building was the best of its kind and perfectly adapted to our purposes when we erected it, it has become obsolete. For instance, the walls are solid, and in consequence the windows are so deep set and the openings are so small that insufficient light enters even our best outside rooms. The elevators are out of date and improperly distributed. Replacement by a modern type of elevator in sufficient numbers is impossible without virtually rebuilding. The ceilings are several feet higher than in modern hotels, and so we have fewer rooms in twelve stories than our newer competitors have in eight. We have no ample ball-room, no restaurant other than the main dining-room on the third floor, and no modern plumbing. The ornate woodwork and decorations of the early nineties now look cold, forbidding and unsanitary. People of means simply won't stay at such hotels.

"We are losing business steadily. Mere repairs and remodeling will not do. We must have a new building. Now, here is our ninety-nine-year lease. I want you to look it over and advise me if we have the right to tear down the existing building and replace it with a new, better and bigger one."

Before reading the lease the lawyer asked some questions. He ascertained that the hotel company, although now solvent,

faced ruin if it continued operations in the old building, but that plans had been arranged to finance a new building if investment bankers could be assured of the security of the lease on the site.

"The principal demand of the underwriters," explained the client, "is that we must prove to them that the landlord will not and cannot end our lease if we tear down the present building."

"Can't you get your landlord to agree to it?" asked the lawyer.

"I think not. Our original landlord has died. His will left the land to his grandchildren, who, as I understand it, are incapable of making any new contract because they are all minors."

"You are right about that," said the lawyer. "Leave the lease with me and in a few days I'll let you have an opinion."

Some time later, after the lawyer had taken down a hundred heavy books from the shelves of his library, he sent for the hotel president.

"I am afraid you are in a sad predicament," he began. "From my search of the authorities I am clear that the building, even though you erected it and paid for it, now belongs to your landlord. It is part of the realty. By your lease you have agreed to maintain it in good repair during the entire term of ninety-nine years and to deliver up possession of it at the end of that time. All you have and are entitled to is the use of the building so long as you pay rent and keep the other covenants. If you damage it materially without specific authority, or tear it down, you commit something the law calls waste—and waste is good ground for the forfeiture of a lease.

"However, if the new building you plan is authorized expressly or even by necessary implication from the terms of your lease, it would not be waste and you could proceed with it. I have examined your lease closely, seeking to find such authorization. No express covenant enables you to tear down the building, even to replace it with a bigger, better and more valuable one. In fact, nothing about rebuilding is mentioned at all. But I do find provisions from which I can clearly develop a strong implication sanctioning your proposal. In many of the covenants there is language more than merely consistent with the idea that you have the right to remove the present building, so long as the landlord is protected and gets as much or greater value at the end of the term. I can advance some mighty good arguments in favor of my construction of the lease—that there is a necessarily implied grant of all the power you need. But other lawyers may disagree with my construction and they can advance a number of arguments against my views. With minors involved, the only way the question can be settled, now and for all time, is by the judgment of a court of competent jurisdiction."

"Then, let's get that judgment right away!" exclaimed the client.

"Unfortunately," replied the lawyer, "I don't see just how that is to be done. Under the practice in this State you have no standing in any court. No one has done you any wrong or injury. As we put it, you have no cause of action. The courts of this State, as well as the courts of the United States, have no power to entertain or decide lawsuits filed simply for the purpose of construing leases and declaring the rights of parties to leases."

"Then what can we do? The situation is critical. To go on as we are means bankruptcy in a few years."

"So far as I can advise you, and I am confident my advice is correct, you have only one alternative," replied the lawyer. "You can actually commence rebuilding. Tear down a small portion of the hotel—

not too much, but enough to show you mean business. Then, if your landlords begin suit to forfeit the lease, as they are sure to do, for they can get from a new tenant a much bigger rent for the land than you are paying, you can defend yourself on the ground that your program is authorized by your lease. If my opinion as to its meaning is the proper one, you will win the suit and be secure."

"And if your opinion is not?"

"Then, I fear, you will lose your leasehold; you will have committed waste."

The client arose and paced the floor.

"Say, Mr. Lawyer, isn't there something in the Constitution declaring that every person ought to find 'a certain remedy' in the courts for all the injuries and wrongs he may suffer, and that he ought to obtain justice freely, completely, and without delay?"

"Quite true," assented the lawyer, "and our system is supposed to achieve that end. However, in your case, you are not seeking any certain remedy for any wrong or injury that you have received. None of your rights has been invaded. Listen while I read to you from a book called Pomeroy on Code Remedies, giving a very good exposition of the constituents of a lawsuit:

"Every judicial action must involve the following elements: a primary right possessed by the plaintiff and a correspondent primary duty devolving upon the defendant; a delict or wrong done by the defendant, which consisted in a breach of said primary right and duty; a remedial right in favor of the plaintiff and a remedial duty resting on the defendant springing from this delict; and, finally, the remedy or relief itself. Every action, however complicated or however simple, must contain these essential elements."

"Your trouble is that your landlords have not done or threatened to do to you any wrong or injury which affords to you a cause of action or burdens your landlords with any remedial duty."

"Simply because there is no delict, as you call it, we are helpless!"

"That's the size of it, unless you are willing to hazard your leasehold on my opinion," returned the lawyer, "and I

can't blame you if you don't want to do that."

"Well," said the hotel president as he turned to go, "I can only say that the law is 'way behind the times. My doctor tells me that much of his practice is given over to preventive operations and prophylactic treatments. You lawyers compel a man to suffer injury before you do anything for him. Why don't you wake up and design a system that enables a man to know with certainty what his rights are before it is too late? Why, sir, your courts are nothing more than repair shops. What I need is a service station!"

II

The predicament of the hotel man—a genuine one—is typical of many cases arising in the experience of every active American lawyer.

Until recent years, the American courts, both State and federal, have been very subservient to the old fetish of purely remedial justice. Their one ordinary function has been that of affording redress for injuries actually done and compensating the injured by punishing the guilty. Lawsuits among us have been simply hostile proceedings arising out of wrongs already committed; their one aim has been to detect the wrongdoer and force him to make restitution. No wrong; no lawsuit. Men honestly at odds, neither desiring to injure the other, have been utterly unable to get guidance from the courts; if they asked for advice they were told to go to lawyers, and if they went to lawyers they often got, like the hotel proprietor, counsel that left them still uncertain. If they desired a definitive judgment, binding on both and protecting both in all their rights, one had first to injure the other, and the other had then to sue him.

There is a better way than this, obviously. As commonly heard of, it takes form in what is called the declaratory judgment. A declaratory judgment proceeding differs from an ordinary civil suit in two characteristics. The first is that no

cause of action, as the phrase has been understood for hundreds of years in Anglo-American law, need exist. The second is that the suit terminates with no more than a finding or declaration by the court upon the rights and obligations of the plaintiff and the defendant, and that no process is issued to punish the defendant or to compensate the plaintiff. An outline of the procedure in an ordinary civil suit, contrasted with that in a declaratory judgment suit, makes the distinction plain.

Assume these facts: A owns a tract of land adjoining another tract of land owned by B. In good faith, B believes he has a right to cross over A's land. In equally good faith, A denies it. Under the ancient purely remedial system of legal procedure, B can make a test case only by going across A's land over A's protest. A thereupon sues B for trespass and claims damages. A, as plaintiff, must aver in his pleadings and prove at the trial that he owns his land free from such interference. B must defeat A's claims. If A prevails, B is punished by judgment of the court and must pay damages and court costs. If B prevails A must pay the costs. Thus the rights of A and B are determined. But until B commits an overt act of trespass, paving the way for a test case, and until A takes up the initiative by suing B, B has absolutely no means of learning whether he really has a right to cross over A's land or not. Two points stand out: first, that B must appear to invade A's rights in order to get the case before the court, and, second, that B must wait until A sues him before he can know positively whether he is right or wrong.

The declaratory judgment comes to B's relief. As soon as a genuine controversy develops between A and B, and before there is any invasion of A's land by B, B can go into court for a determination and declaration of his rights. He simply files a pleading setting forth the facts and concludes with the question: Has B the right to cross over A's land? A then files an answer setting forth his contentions, and

the issue is joined. Trial is had in the regular manner. A jury may be impaneled to hear the evidence and render a verdict, or the question may be left to the judge. After a decision has been reached, the court enters a declaratory judgment and it becomes a final adjudication of the rights and duties of A and B in the premises. The judgment ordinarily is very brief and explicit. In the above case, the court might well say simply, "Yes" or "No." But if it appears to be necessary or expedient the court may go further and, for instance, define the route B must take or the conditions he must observe while crossing A's land. Declaratory judgment practice thus provides the court with full and perfect power to ascertain whether there is a real dispute and what it is about, and to enter a judicial finding definitely advising the parties as to their rights and duties. All this the court can do without B committing any wrongful act or waiting for A to initiate litigation. The loser may appeal if he desires, but the appellate court acts in the same way, and the litigation eventually ends with a mere declaration.

The parties, being thus judicially advised, are expected to shape their conduct in obedience to the declaration of the court. This presumption is founded upon a realization that order is the prime requisite to the peaceful pursuits of mankind and that it can be obtained only by observing the law and its judicial interpretation. A good citizen, it is assumed, will always obey the rulings of the courts. The presumption is not a violent one. Most civil litigation is due simply to uncertainty. Few lawsuits originate in wilful violations of another's known rights. The early framers of declaratory judgment enabling acts were content to rest upon this presumption, and they provided no specific redress to the successful litigant if the unsuccessful one declined to be a good citizen. Later, teeth were put into the acts by providing for supplemental court action to compel, if needful, obedience to the declaratory judgment.

III

To the man on the street it would seem that no one, least of all the lawyer, should object to the immediate adoption of this beneficial scheme. He wonders, perhaps, that an act of Congress and a series of State statutes vesting the requisite jurisdiction in the federal and State courts have not been passed as matters of course. Nevertheless, there are and have been objectors. In the forefront come the reactionary disciples of things-as-they-are, the remnant of the old guard of Common Law antiquarians, who denounce the entire procedure as an unprecedented innovation, which, therefore, is *malum in se*. The answer to this objection, fortunately, is that it is not true. The declaratory judgment, under other names, is traceable to the Roman law of the days of the first Caesars. Mention of it is found in the Code of Justinian. It received considerable attention in the Roman Civil Law of the Middle Ages, whence Western Europe got it. The medieval French system knew it well. By the Sixteenth Century it had worked its way into Scotland, where it became the Action of Declarator. Scottish courts have been entering declaratory judgments for more than four hundred years, to the oft-expressed satisfaction of a bench and bar nowhere surpassed in exacting discrimination.

In 1846 the attention of the House of Lords of England was directed to the benefits derived from declaratory proceedings. Six years later the English Chancery Procedure Act set up the declaratory judgment in the courts of Westminster. Soon, by the judicial construction of the hide-bound judges then sitting, the act was shorn of its usefulness, but in 1873 the Judicature Act lifted the restrictions and in 1883 the Supreme Court rules were amended as follows:

No action or proceeding shall be open to objection on the ground that a merely declaratory judgment is sought thereby, and the court may make binding declarations of right whether any consequential relief is or could be claimed, or not.

The use of the declaratory judgment became increasingly frequent as the English lawyers realized its benefits. Now, for nearly thirty years, it has been tested and not found wanting. Today, almost two-thirds of all the chancery litigation in the English Supreme Court of Judicature involves declaratory actions. A recent volume of Court of Appeals opinions shows forty-three out of sixty-six cases of this nature. An examination of recent opinions reveals the entry of judgments answering questions such as these: Do certain letters constitute a contract? Has a tenant the future power to renew his lease or must he vacate? What are the plaintiff's rights under a party-wall agreement? Under a lease for ninety-nine years? Are plaintiff and defendant lawful husband and wife in view of a doubtful decree of divorce entered in Paris? Has an insurance company validly terminated a policy in advance of a loss? Was the plaintiff illegally excluded from membership in a stock exchange?

Take, for example, the case of the Rio Tinto Company, decided in 1918 by the House of Lords. This English corporation had entered into contracts before the World War to sell to German customers millions of tons of ore to be delivered over a period of years at various European ports. After the declaration of war, Great Britain passed a law forbidding trading with the enemy, and the question arose whether the Rio Tinto Company's contracts were abrogated by that law. Opinions of eminent English lawyers varied. To settle the controversy, the company applied to the courts for a declaratory judgment. A decision was rendered promptly that the law did abrogate the contracts, thus effectually releasing the company. Without that remedy, it would have faced the alternative of continuing deliveries, with the consequent risk of suffering severe penalties, or of stopping deliveries, with the risk of liability for heavy damages to the buyers.

From London the declaratory judgment has spread throughout the British Empire.

Canada, India and Australia use it. Germany adopted it in 1877 and reenacted it in 1898. Austria embraced it in its 1895 code. Spain, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Panama, Costa Rica, Mexico and other Civil Law states have had it for decades. Some of its close relatives, indeed, have been long known to American lawyers. Our courts daily entertain suits where the axiomatic cause of action is missing or doubtful, and where no coercive or punitive judgment is sought or enforced. Suits to construe wills or advise trustees are examples. Other instances more or less analogous include proceedings to register land titles under the Torrens Act, divorces, annulments of marriage, naturalization proceedings, suits to quit titles to land, proceedings to change a petitioner's name, and soon. These examples show that the adoption of the entire declaratory judgment would be no more than a broadening of functions already performed by the American courts—that it would be evolutionary, not revolutionary.

IV

Why, then, it may be asked, have not the leaders of judicial reform in the United States long since attempted to make this great benefit universally available to the American people? That question occurred to Professor Edson R. Sunderland, of the University of Michigan Law School, eight years ago. So he wrote what is believed to be the first monograph on the subject in the English language, published in the *Michigan Law Review* in 1917. The following year Professor Edwin M. Borchard, of Yale University Law School, published an exhaustive treatise in the *Yale Law Journal*. These authors recited the history and urged the advantages of the procedure in other lands. They pointed to somewhat similar devices existing, but little used, in the States of Connecticut, Florida, New Jersey, Wisconsin, California and Rhode Island. Finally, Professor Sunderland succeeded in interesting the Michigan State

Bar Association, and in 1919 he and it persuaded the legislature of Michigan to pass the first comprehensive declaratory judgment statute in the United States.

This Michigan law, unfortunately, was short-lived. Under it a strike-breaking street-car conductor filed a petition praying an answer to this question: "Does Act No. 361, of the Public Acts of 1919, make it unlawful for the defendant street railway company to allow its conductors, upon their own desire and special request, to work more than six days in any seven consecutive days?" From a judgment which, perhaps, never should have been entered in this purely moot case, appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Michigan. The parties intended that this appellate review should determine only the merits of the controversy. But of its own motion the Supreme Court questioned the constitutionality of the statute. Professor Sunderland, however, was requested to file a brief as friend of the court, and for the first time the declaratory judgment had its field day in an American court of law. The majority opinion of the court, delivered in 1920, held the statute unconstitutional upon the ground that the jurisdiction of Michigan courts did not extend to cases where no cause of action had accrued and where the tribunal was not empowered to command literal obedience to its judgment by summary process. The justices held that the labor imposed upon the judiciary by the statute was the rendering of legal advice, pure and simple—a nonjudicial function which the state Constitution did not allow the legislature to impose upon the courts.

But a dissenting opinion by one of the justices disagreed with this view. The dissenter said: "The test to be applied, in my opinion, is: Will the judgment or decree of the court settle for all time the rights of the parties in the matters presented?" It will, he concludes, for "the declaratory judgment is a final one, forever binding on the parties on the issues presented." A lawyer advises and his client may follow

his advice or not, as he chooses. But when the court declares, the declaration, whether it be termed advice or judgment, must be followed. Advocates of the procedure were disappointed but not deterred by the Michigan decision. A few weeks later they persuaded the Kansas legislature to pass a statute even broader. To their great delight the Supreme Court of Kansas held this act valid in 1921.

Thus encouraged, they are continuing their campaign, and other States are falling into line one by one. The Civil Practice Act of New York, effective April 13, 1921, is as wide in its scope as the English rule. Unfortunately, the notorious congestion of the trial dockets of the courts in New York City has so far prevented any real test of the declaratory judgment there. "We'd have to wait three or four years to get a declaration," said a New York attorney. "Our clients prefer to take a chance on our own advice, given now, rather than to wait so long. But if our courts ever catch up with their business, I believe the practice will be highly advantageous."

The objection of unconstitutionality is a troublesome one. The State of Illinois sought to overcome it summarily by including an enabling provision in a proposed constitution submitted to the voters in 1922, but it was defeated. Bills introduced into the Senate of the Sixty-fifth and the Sixty-Seventh Congresses to confer declaratory jurisdiction upon the federal courts failed to get out of the judiciary committee, largely because its members feared for the fate of the scheme in the Supreme Court. The American Bar Association considered the subject first in 1920. Committee reports filed in 1921, 1922 and 1923, notwithstanding the Michigan decision, endorsed the principle and authorized efforts for the passage of declaratory judgment acts by Congress and the state legislatures. The campaign continues with slow but certain progress.

In legislative committees frequent objection is made that the volume of litiga-

tion will be enlarged tremendously when all disputes can be settled in the courts. But the experience of the English courts shows that this is not true. Since 1893 the Chancery Division, which has jurisdiction of declaratory actions in England, has been able to dispose of its assignments promptly and with no unusual addition to the number of judges. As declaratory litigation increased in the Chancery Division, remedial litigation decreased in other divisions. Over one-half the run of ordinary civil cases has been got rid of. Because the American system of law is much like the English, it is a fair conjecture that a like consequence would follow the adoption of declaratory practice in the American courts. Business men could then obtain in advance decisions as to the meaning of doubtful contracts and thereby avoid suits for breaches. Most injunction suits would become unnecessary, and the inclusion of all interested parties in one declaratory action would enable the court to clear up intricacies affecting persons who now cannot be brought before the bar, thereby preventing repetitive actions in future.

V

Trial under the declaratory judgment requires less time than a remedial lawsuit requires. The pleadings must be simple and the issues easily ascertained. Technicalities and problems of practice are obviated. No breach or invasion of right has occurred and so fewer facts need be proven by long processions of witnesses and exhibitions of documents. Generally all the facts can be shown by a simple agreement of the parties, presenting only the issue of law to be heard. No damages have to be established or calculated. There are no levies on property, no executions, no burdens on the sheriff. Moreover, no trivial dispute need be entertained. The court is granted the broadest possible power to dismiss at the plaintiff's cost any trivial case. Moot or hypothetical questions are not answered. A genuine controversy, involving real and

substantial rights, must be presented. The judge can inquire into the matter if he suspects that the parties have cooked up a case merely to obtain a useful but unnecessary ruling, and stop the proceedings.

If, as its proponents argue, the declaratory judgment stabilizes the economic structure of society, prevents hostile and wasteful litigation, and renders service where service is due and now lacking, a possible slight growth in the volume of litigation ought not to be considered a fatal objection to its adoption. Only praise is heard for it in the lands where it is in use. In the United States, I believe, an unusual opportunity to make use of its benefits is presented. The testing of the constitutionality of statutes and the validity of municipal ordinances affords a fertile field. Such tests are difficult and circuitous now until there has been a violation of the law, and if the law be upheld, the violator, despite his good faith, is liable to a penalty. In most States a public officer is required, at his peril, to know whether a statute vitally concerning his office is or is not constitutional. By the weight of authority, such an officer, if he performs an act under color of a statute which he believes valid but which is subsequently declared to be unconstitutional, is not protected by it, and so he may suffer heavy damages for an act which he believed to be perfectly legal.

The declaratory judgment would protect this officer. And it would enable the citizen to obtain authoritative guidance without having to wait for an interested adversary to sue him. Above I have pointed out that without the declaratory procedure B must wait for A to proceed against him for trespass before he can know certainly whether he has a right to cross A's land. This suspense and uncertainty are as fatal to security as the friction of contention. The situation that has developed under American patent law presents an excellent example. An inventor now has no means of protecting his invention, even though a patent has been granted to him, until

someone has actually begun the manufacture or distribution of an apparent infringement, thus furnishing a cause of remedial action. On the other hand, an apparent infringer may believe that he has an invention which is not really an infringement, but he is unable to obtain an authoritative decision until he first manufactures and distributes his article. If it turns out to be an infringement, he is liable for damages and may have to abandon his whole enterprise at great loss. Under the declaratory judgment such questions could be answered before damage had been done. Promptness in the removal of uncertainty is as vital to a sound system of administering justice as is the removal itself. The few measures now in existence that are designed to create security, notably injunction suits, depend upon technical conditions precedent which frequently are missing, and not infrequently are not formed to meet worthy demands. The payment of damages in money never restores peace. The friction of a hostile lawsuit is not quickly forgotten.

Citizens are now denied the privilege of appearing in courts of justice except under conditions which inevitably make for belligerency. The very basis of jurisdiction is the theory that an illegal act has been

or is about to be committed, and that the assertion of power by the strong arm of the state is necessary. The plaintiff brings the defendant summarily before the bar of justice and calls him a lawbreaker—a bad citizen. That premise requires the assumption that relations between the litigants have been strained beyond the breaking point. They are already enemies. The ordinary remedial lawsuit is not calculated to calm their feelings. Animosity increases. Perjury, vituperation, severance of business and social relations, and oftentimes enduring hatred, flow from the situation. And the court endeavors to restore peace by compelling the loser to do an unwelcome act upon motion of the jubilant winner! Surely prevention would be better than such a cure!

A judicial proceeding should give a citizen an opportunity to say to his neighbor: "We are not agreed upon our rights. I want to do my duty and I believe that you do, too. Before either of us does the other any wrong, let us go into the court of preventive justice, obtain its declaration, and be bound by it hereafter."

When this can be done, a lawsuit becomes a friendly contest, and as has been said, "you treat your adversary like a gentleman."

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN

We, the People.—When, as seems likely very soon, the American people succumb to the powerful English propaganda that now besets them, and the United States enters the League of Nations as one of the self-governing dominions of the British *raj*, there will pass into history what is perhaps the most complete sovereignty ever seen on earth since God Himself ran the Garden of Eden. No monarch ever heard of was so completely sovereign as the people of this great, altruistic republic are today. Entirely within the forms of law, they may do almost anything imaginable, from making the eating of oysters a capital offense to deposing their President and setting up a king, or even a kaiser. There is absolutely no legal or other bar to the free functioning of their will, once it has been formulated and ascertained; they recognize absolutely no power that is above it, in law or in right; they have even kept themselves free so far, under the influence of a tradition as old as the nation itself, of all dealings with their neighbors which, by imposing inescapable contractual obligations upon them, would condition their autonomy in the slightest. True enough, their exercise of their sovereignty, as a practical matter, is restrained by constitutional checks, but that is a self-imposed limitation, put upon them by their own act, and they are free to throw it off whenever they please. No conceivable change in the laws they live under or in the character of their government is forbidden to them. No prince or potentate upon his purple throne was ever half so potent or half so free.

The freedom of potentates, in fact, has

always been greatly exaggerated by democratic chasers of bugaboos. There never lived an absolute monarch whose authority was actually absolute. In the midst of his most tyrannical acts he always had to bear in mind that the people, if oppressed too much, could always rise against him, and that he himself, though a king by God's grace, was also biologically a man, with but one skull to crack, one gullet to slit, one head to chop off. Even if the people were too craven to be feared, there was always some other anointed king to think of, or maybe the Pope, agent and bailiff of the King of Kings; and when these formidable powers, also, were quiescent, there were the despot's couriers, his ministers, his relatives, his soldiers and his women. The Merovingian kings were certainly absolute, if absolutism has ever existed in Western Europe; nevertheless, as every schoolboy knows, their sovereignty was gradually conditioned and undermined by the mayors of the palace, and finally taken away from them altogether. So with the Emperors of Japan, who succumbed to the Shoguns, who succumbed in turn to a combination of territorial nobles and capitalists, not unlike that which brought King John to bay at Runnymede—which combination, in its turn, is now menaced by a rising of the proletariat, in Japan as in England. But neither the people of Japan nor the people of England are, or seem likely to be in our time, so nearly absolutely sovereign as the people of the United States. Their constitutions still allow rights to the monarch that are beyond the reach of the ordinary law; worse, they allow such rights to various classes of lesser men. In the United

States no individual and no class has any such rights under the Constitution or by law. Even when they are exercised in fact, they are exercised unlawfully.

But the moment the nation enters the League of Nations, as it seems bound to do in a few years, the complete sovereignty of the people will be conditioned. No matter how many safeguards are thrown about it, no matter how adroit an effort is made to preserve it, it will be conditioned. There will be categories of things that the people of the United States are no longer competent to do—classes of acts that will be imposed upon them, not by their own free and undivided will, but by the will of external authority. They will submit themselves to compulsion, not in limited and well-defined areas, as by an ordinary treaty, but in general, as by marriage. They will pass beyond the bounds of contract, and make a definite change in their fundamental status. And so the most complete sovereignty ever seen in the world will go into a jar of alcohol, and stand upon a shelf in a museum,

Miracles.—The fact that certain of the miracles chronicled in the Bible can be explained away by a realistic application of logic is little against them as miracles. It has not been difficult for scientists to analyze the chemistry of flowers, yet for all that no scientist has ever been able to make even a simple white clover. It is the easiest thing in the world for even a corner druggist to tell precisely the composition of Pilsner beer, yet no one this side of the Paradise of Bohemia has ever been able to duplicate that greatest of modern miracles.

Thumbnail Impression of the Composite American Aristocracy after a Perusal of a Certain Society Journal.—Roger Stuyvesant Pingley, whose marriage to Hildegard Lucille Tomkins will take place next week, is one of the recognized leaders of the younger set of old guard society. He is of Flemish-English extraction, his father, the

late Ebenezer Augustus Pingley, born in New York in 1836, having descended from a family from Antwerp, long settled in the Mohawk Valley. His father, Elijah Pingley, married in 1820, Abigail, daughter of Eustace Frawley, of Middlesex, England. The mother of Roger Stuyvesant Pingley and of his brother Archibald, husband of Marie Sickle, was Harriet Peters, daughter of Lucius Dart. The Dart family traces origin to Duncan, who fought under William the Conqueror. Duncan's oldest son, Henry, was owner of a country seat at Millersboro, Essex, while his fourth son, Albert, was owner of a country seat at Fullersboro, Sussex. The Darts were established in New England early in the Seventeenth Century, being the first settlers at Martinsville, Vermont. Roger Stuyvesant Pingley is head of the shoe department at Gimbel's.

Putting Down Sin.—The colossal failure of Prohibition is apt, I fear, to divert attention from the equally vast failure of comstockery, a smaller matter, and hence not likely to get so much attention, but perhaps just as important. The Comstocks have had ample law in their armamentarium for more than fifty years, and until very recently no respectable American ever attacked them openly; nevertheless, the net result of all their dreadful snouting and snuffing is simply that more dirty books are sold in the country today than ever before. When I began to read the current novels attentively, thirty years ago, a downright smutty one was a rarity, and when it came out it never bore the imprint of a reputable publisher. Today at least half that reach me deal with sex in a bold and often scandalous manner, and some of the worst are published by the most respectable Barabbases in the business. Even our poetry has begun to loose its girdle. In 1895 a poem containing the word damn was enough to make a sensation; today there is a whole school of poetry devoted to praising carnality, and many of its principal practitioners are

eminent. Can you think of any book, however "lewd and lascivious" that the Comstocks have actually suppressed? As for me, I know of none. Whenever they proceed against one it instantly acquires an enormous surreptitious sale, and copies are passed from hand to hand until they are worn out. And nine times out of ten, when the case finally comes to trial, the Comstocks are beaten, and the book accused reappears in all the book-shops, with a colossal advertisement to help its sale.

Certainly there never was a time in American history when books of the sort attacked by these humorless Presbyterians sold more widely or were more generally read by the young. Every schoolboy knows where he can buy Rabelais in its red cover, and every flapper has tackled the Decameron and found it relatively dull. The Comstocks, in alarm, now try to have the laws made more stringent. But the more stringent they make them, the more difficult it will be to get convictions. The so-called Clean Books bill, which they tried to jockey through the New York legislature a year ago, is typical of their stupidity. The essence of that bill was a provision making it a practical impossibility for a man on trial for selling obscene books to introduce any evidence in his defense. The Comstocks obviously thought that this would make it easier for them to obtain convictions. But think of the effect on juries! Imagine the attorney for the defense solemnly calling his witnesses and the judge as solemnly refusing to let them be heard. And then imagine the attorney turning to the jury-box and saying, "Gentlemen, we are helpless! We have a defense, but the law won't let us make it!"

In their dealings with the newspapers, the magazines and the theatres the Comstocks have failed even more miserably than in their dealings with books. In the middle nineties, when a few of the small *Tendenz* magazines that sprang up in that day began to print reproductions of more or less nude paintings and statuary the

thing was a nine days' wonder. Today the news-stands are piled mountain high with magazines devoted frankly and exclusively to sex. Hundreds of writers make their livings producing this garbage; its merchandising has become one of the largest of American industries. Moreover, even the most pretentious magazines have swung in the same direction; I have seen things in the *Century* and the *Atlantic* during the past six months that would have caused a shock, twenty years ago, in the *Police Gazette*. And all the while that this change has been under weigh the Comstocks have been busy day and night, currycombing the national letters, protecting the young! Here, indeed, is comedy in the grand manner.

As for the newspapers, they have so far run amok that the Comstocks have apparently given them up as quite hopeless. Back in the last century, when the more venturesome of them began to report the Breckenridge-Pollard trial, there was a roar of indignation, and the scandal was denounced from ten thousand pulpits. Today there are not six newspapers in America that do not go further, day after day. The rotogravure supplement has made practically all of them "lewd and lascivious," within the meaning of the Comstock Postal Act. Some time ago I picked up the Sunday issue of one of the oldest and most respectable papers in New England, for years an ardent advocate of the Puritan *Kultur*. It had just put on a rotogravure section—and in eight pages I found no less than twenty photographs of more or less naked gals, many of them highly provocative. Shortly afterward I examined the Sunday issue of one of the chief gazettes of the South—a paper even more respectable, if possible, than the New England sheet. The principal place on the first page of its rotogravure section was given over to a large photograph of a strip-poker game. All of the players were damsels of an extremely aphrodisiacal variety. The most heavily dressed of them had on a gauzy under-

shirt, a very fragile pair of drawers, and one stocking!

For this poor Anthony struggled, sweated, died and went to hell! It would be hard to imagine a failure more overwhelming. The laws that he wrote and lobbied through Congress and the State legislatures are still on the books, and the harsh interpretative decisions that he wrung from scared judges are still in full force, and yet I can think of no form of printed pornography that is not on open sale in the Republic today, and none that is not heavily in demand. The book-shelf of the most innocent flapper now shows books that would have caused the mid-wife who brought her into the world to yell for the police; what she calls dull and pious books would have sent her grandmother into a swoon. Is there any relation of effect and cause between this fact and the half century of comstockian buffoonery? I leave the answer to the psychologists.

Young Critics and New Gods.—The enthusiasms of the young critic for new gods are ever found to be actually less for the new gods than for the young critic himself. The critics among the Younger Generation of the present or any other decade appreciate with proper sagacity that they cannot attract any attention by going over the already soundly covered field of the old gods of art, letters and drama, and that if they are to gain any notice at all that notice must be achieved by novel and startling means. No easier way lies open than the creation of a new god and the loud beating of a dishpan before his altar. The very noise, however essentially meaningless and idiotic, is bound to make passersby turn their heads and perhaps stop a moment to listen. Thus, we get a succession of Gertrude Steins, Tagores, Guillaume Apollinaires, Erik Saties, Ronald Firbanks, Arthur Machens and the like who, once they have done duty in giving the young critics their little

day in court, pass from the scene and are heard of never again.

Reflections of a Bachelor of Forty, After the Eighth Drink.—I should like to have a son—provided there were some way of his being born into the world at the age of fifteen. The thought of the previous years of my potential son has kept me from making my wish concrete, for up to the age of fifteen he would be of little interest to me: I can presently get the same comfort and amusement from a good dog. But if I could have a son of fifteen years, as other men have sons of fifteen seconds, I should call up the nearest bishop and have him marry me to the first pretty girl (white) who walked past the church. There must be considerable fun and satisfaction to be had from such a son. He is at fifteen just beginning to get on his legs, so to speak, and to comprehend in a relative manner and degree the world into which he has come. Before fifteen, the clay is still too soft and sticky: one cannot work with it. But the boy of fifteen is already taking form. His steps may be directed; his mind may be approached; his heart may be cultivated. His longing for all-day peppermint suckers, the making of mud-pies and the presidency of the United States has, with the first faint dawn of intelligence, left him, and he is ready for better things, for nobler and finer ambitions. He has ceased to be a mere living and breathing jumping-jack wherewith to divert one's self after the day's work is done and has become something approaching a man. I should like to have a son like that without the otherwise inevitable and nuisanceful preliminaries of diapers, wet nurses, christening ceremonies, chicken pox and breaking of the neighbors' windows. The conversation of a boy of fifteen is more amusing than that of the young women upon whom, under present conditions and circumstances, I rely for relaxation, and the inborn admiration of a son for his father—however idiotic the latter—would be eminently

satisfying to my ego. The most interesting period in a boy's life is from fifteen to twenty-one. I should, I repeat, steward, like to have a son in those years. Before fifteen, I'd rent him out to the movies. After twenty-one—if I have learned anything of the wisdom of the world—I'd shoot him.

Equality Before the Law.—Despite the massive accumulation of evidence to the contrary, demagogues continue to make capital of the ancient delusion that rich men, in America, enjoy a mysterious immunity to criminal prosecution—that any man of money, no matter what he does, can keep out of jail. The exact opposite comes nearer to the truth. The average American jury, when a millionaire appears as culprit before it, is so eager to prove that he has not bought it that it seldom gives him common justice. The Thaw case is in point. If Thaw had been a poor man, the defense that he made when he was tried for murdering Stanford White would have got him acquitted instantly and to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"; he would have become, indeed, a public hero. But because he was rich, prosecuting officers and newspapers combined to raise the rabble against him, and he very narrowly escaped the electric chair. Even so, he was clapped into a madhouse and kept there for years, apparently on the ground that he was an immoral fellow. But most barbers and chauffeurs are quite as immoral, yet no one hears of them being condemned as lunatics because of it. In the case of actors only the rich ones are punished for the torts of the whole fraternity. What Fatty Arbuckle did is done by every self-respecting movie actor at least once a week. But only the nabobs of the profession are ever prosecuted for it. Fatty had to stand trial three times, and a demagogic District Attorney actually tried to have him indicted for murder! Had he been a poor mime in an "Uncle Tom" company he would have been let off with a fine of \$5 or 10 days in jail.

But if rich men thus suffer severe pains and penalties in the courts of law they get plenty of compensation in the courts of equity. The cause thereof is not occult. In the courts of law, and particularly in the criminal courts, they have to face petit juries, which are composed, in the main, of poor men who envy and hate them. But in the courts of equity they are dealt with chiefly by judges, and most of those judges have either worked for them in the past or hope to work for them in the future. Equity's greatest remedy, the injunction, is thus theirs for the asking. Even when the law has seized their persons and confined them in jail, equity still suffices to protect their property, not only against envy but also against law. No law, in itself, is ever potent enough to separate Dives from his property; in order that that sinister business may be achieved there must be also a failure of equity. That is, some judge must prove recreant to his sacred trust—somewhere a legal mind must run amok. This happens, of course, very seldom. Our judges, perhaps, know very little law, but most of them understand equity. In fact, they not only understand it; they breathe, eat and sweat it.

The Dramatic Critic and Sex Appeal.—There has been some agitation in London recently on the part of the theatrical managers over the alleged influence of sex appeal upon certain of the local dramatic critics. It is claimed that so susceptible are the latter that they will frequently give a so-called good notice to a mediocre young actress with the appeal and will neglect in a proportionate degree a more talented actress who does not happen to possess it. One might perhaps sympathize with the London managers if it were not for one thing, to wit, that the mediocre young actress in question was originally, and quite rightly, given her job by the managers themselves for the very same reason that the critics give her the good notice.

Although it may have little to do with the art of acting, it is none the less regret-

tably true that an actress with sex appeal is four times in five a more effective actress than her sister who hasn't it. She may not know quite so much about the art of acting as her sister, but in her is born the somewhat more important quality of being able to influence an audience. It is not that the critics prevaricate pleasantly in her behalf; they are actually stimulated and swayed by her where the more talented actress leaves them cold. The whole object of the theatre is to hypnotize and captivate the spectator and auditor by various charming shifts and stratagems. Surely sex appeal may be said to be one of these. It has its sound place in the theatre, along with pretty scenery and lovely lights and incidental music. There is, to boot, a deal of nonsense in the agitation of our friends, the English managers. No one in all Christendom has ever accused a dramatic critic of being influenced by the sex appeal of an actress playing a great rôle in a great drama. In such a case, he is temporarily blind to sex appeal, whether the actress has it or hasn't it. It is then only the rôle and the play and the actress as actress that concern him. When a critic begins to feel the sex appeal of an actress, you may put it down for a certainty that there is nothing in the rôle she is playing that he deems worth concerning himself with.

The New Art Photography.—The new so-called art photography loses itself in a great deal of evasive and nonsensical hocus-pocus. The purpose and object of a photograph are, very simply, to make the sitter appear to his or her best advantage and look as handsome as possible. The new art photography, with its paraphernalia of shadows, lights, Chinese backgrounds and Greek urns with papier-mâché geraniums stuck into them, most often contrives to make the subject look like a cross between him or herself and a three days old corpse. The resulting photograph is neither a photograph of the subject nor an art study. It is a hybrid that

is half bad photography and half worse photography of bad painting.

National Letters.—The current assumption that living English men of letters lead those of all the other countries of the world is shattered against French rocks. There is no novelist in England today who can be compared with Anatole France. There is no dramatist who approaches Porto-Riche. And, on a lower level, there is no farceur half so amusing as Sacha Guitry and no feuilletoniste nearly so witty as Rip. There is no leader in France to compare, in his field, with Havelock Ellis; but for every other English leader there is a better one directly across the Channel.

Latin and Anglo-Saxon.—If I were asked to suggest in a single sentence the essential difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, I should perhaps put it this way: to the Latin, sex is an *hors d'oeuvre*; to the Anglo-Saxon, sex is a barbecue.

A Note.—Although it may prove nothing, there has never been an atheist who didn't secretly like his girl to believe in God.

Taines in the Egg.—Judging by the letters that come to me from young customers, male and female, in the seminaries of learning, there is a widespread aspiration in America to the sombre shroud of the critic. Never a week passes that I do not receive several such communications, each saying that the author has decided to consecrate his or her talents to the criticism of one or another of the fine arts, chiefly that of letters, and asking for advice as to the preliminary steps. What is to be said to such worthy fawns of the intellect? Is any useful advice, indeed, possible? Sometimes I think not, but more often I incline to suspect that it is. Well, then, what form should it take? After years of prayer and meditation my conclusion is that it is best precipitated into one somewhat lame

and banal apothegm, to wit: In criticism honesty is the best and only policy. But is this advice superfluous? I doubt it. Every year I see dozens of ambitious young critics wrecked at their launching by disregarding it. And every year I see a few neophytes get a foothold by observing it. What makes the majority of professorial critics so ineffective and lacking in influence is simply their neglect of it. They try to write, not what they honestly believe, but what they think is decorous and virtuous. The result is that no one reads them save their students, who can't help it, and other professors, who share their futility. Superficially, a few of them, more dexterous and plausible than the others, seem to drive a big trade and to have a lot of influence. But the truth is that most of their influence is exerted upon persons who are actually not interested at all in the matters they discuss. In brief, their audience is a sort of chautauqua audience, and what it is taught to think about the fine arts is of no more consequence than what it is taught to think about Darwinism.

Observation at 1:30 a.m.—I find that, in the case of the majority of American parties to which one is invited, the chief duty of the guests seems to be to try to amuse the host and hostess.

The Leisurely Americano.—The European notion that Americans are always in a hurry, that they think always and only of business and that they never permit themselves the leisure that an European permits himself goes quickly to pieces the moment one considers the evidence. More radio machines and phonographs are sold to the square head in America than in any other country. The daily crowds at baseball games in America are a thousand times larger than the crowds at any sporting spectacles in any other country and the moving picture audiences, the statistics prove, are seventeen hundred and thirty times as large. Individually, and more

accurately, the American male goes to a ball game four times to every once that an European goes to a relative sporting exhibition, and to a movie six times for every once that his foreign brother goes to a similar exhibition. The Ford pleasure car statistics show that eighty Americans use Fords for other than business purposes to every foreigner who uses one for the same purposes. And so it is down the statistical line. The average American lives a more leisurely life than the average European. He is in point of fact, with perhaps the Spaniard as the sole exception, the greatest waster of time in existence.

The Chauvinist.—Superficially, the idea of nationalism seems to be triumphant in the world, just as Puritanism seems to be triumphant in the United States. But both triumphs are probably mainly illusory. Such things as Prohibition do not actually indicate that the American people are growing more virtuous; they simply indicate that the Puritans, made frantic by a growing laxity in morals, are trying to stem the tide by force. In other words, they are trying to sweep back an ocean with brooms. Twenty years ago, with saloons on every corner, racing lawful and popular, and brothels wide open in every American town, the American people were unquestionably the most moral and even prudish in Christendom. Today, with almost every conceivable orgiastic act prohibited by drastic laws, they come near being the loosest. Think, for example, of the colossal failure of comstockery. When it was first heard of the average young American girl was as ignorant of the mysteries of sex as she was of the dialects of Old Coptic; to mention them, even gingerly, in her presence, was to affront her unspeakably; even when she married her husband avoided the dreadful subject, if, indeed, he knew anything about it himself. Today, after fifty years of heroic effort to protect her innocence, she knows quite as much about it as a midwife or a psychiatrist, and discusses it copiously and

without blushing. There were no police-women to inspect the public dance-halls in 1890—and their frequenters, clad in what would now seem to be chain armor, danced the two-step. Today there are hordes of harridans at large, sworn to put down sin—and the halls are full of half-naked flappers imitating Little Egypt.

Human nature, indeed, always responds to threats and duresses in the same way. The more the advocates of an arctic rectitude put on pressure, the more pertinaciously they are defied. And the more pertinaciously they are defied, the more violently they try to perfect and enforce their prohibitions, until in the end the whole combat peters out into farce. This is what happened to the Puritan effort to set up and safeguard a morgue Sunday in America; today, even in Kansas, it is only a joke. This is what is happening to comstockery today, and this is what will happen to Prohibition on some bright tomorrow. This is what will happen, too, I believe, to the frenzy for nationalism, and particularly to the effort to propagate it by force. After ten years of that effort in the United States we face this result: that any man who tries to make it appear publicly that he is a patriot is suspected by everyone, including all other patriots. In other words, nationalism has already begun to turn upon and devour itself. The 100 per cent American, when he was invented by the late Roosevelt, was greatly admired and respected; today he is dismissed as a fraud and a nuisance. Observe the fate of the American Legion. It started off with excellent prospects; there was great voting power in it, and it might have cut an important figure in American life. But when it succumbed to Ku Kluxery—in other words, to nationalism in its purest form—it began to go to pieces, and now it is puerile, impotent and disregarded. Save in a few of the cow States, where there is no intelligent public

opinion at all, even politicians view it with contempt.

The truth is that nationalism, in these days, stands opposed to human progress, and is bound to decay soon or late. As communications between nation and nation improve, and the exchange of commodities grows more general, and travel increases, the number of men of divided allegiance will be constantly augmented, and they will tend, on the whole, to be the best men of all countries—the most civilized and influential men. Their noses will be pointed toward Goethe, the citizen of the world, as the noses of morons are pointed toward, say, Coolidge, the eternal yokel. The morons will try to put them down by force, but the effort will inevitably fail. Bit by bit, the delusions at the heart of nationalism—mainly the delusions of ignoble men, eager to set up artificial superiorities to conceal their unescapable natural inferiority—will succumb to analysis and defiance. Bit by bit, the barriers between nations will break down, as the barriers between the separate states that make up all the great modern nations have broken down. But before that time comes nationalism will have its day, and before that day is ended many millions of poor morons will give their hides and their bones to the defense of it.

The Agnostic.—The agnostic can find much to support his philosophy in the nearest drug store. Countless beauty preparations to bring beauty where beauty is lacking, illimitable correctives against unseemly defects in the human body, inside and out, a thousand and one tonics to build up the weak and fragile and imperfect human machine, innumerable drugs and chemicals to keep the body temporarily safe from the threatenings of Fate—shelf upon shelf of criticisms and denials of an All-Merciful and an Almighty. Every druggist is *ipso facto* the propagandist of an infidel doctrine.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS

V. Babbitt Emeritus

BY PARKHURST WHITNEY

THE panoramic flashlight of the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce shows him not; neither is it profitable to look for him at the weekly luncheon of Rotary, nor at the jolly sing-songs of Kiwanis, nor among the faces, round and owlsh behind tortoise-shell glasses, that line the rail of the *Ella W. Mudge* as she steams down the lake to a fish and chicken dinner, nor in the subsequent rousing discussion of better business ethics which will take the curse off the outing, nor in the grand parade of the uniformed nobles of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Woodchucks, nor in the pages of the *Chronicle-Advertiser*, giving his views of Prohibition, bobbed hair, the Second Coming, the social evil, petting parties, the League of Nations, the Yellow Peril, why boys leave the farm and how to live to be a hundred.

All this is not his style. He may be found occasionally at the Whist Club, and very occasionally at the home of another such anachronism as himself, but mainly, in the evening, you will find him in his own house. . . . You can't miss it; it is the only house in the street that doesn't rush out to the curb and skin your hand in a grip of stucco. The white fence, evidence of another antique notion of privacy, also helps to identify it. On the Sabbath he sits in the third pew, left aisle, unless the opening of the trout fishing season falls on the first day of the week; in which case you may look for him along that little stream up in the hills. If, however, you would be absolutely sure of seeing him, go on any week-day to his office in the

wholesale district. For he still keeps a hand on business, though he will touch eighty if another birthday is granted him—a lean brown hand with liver spots on the back of it; nevertheless, a steady hand, with no spaces between the fingers for loose change to slip through.

The firm has persuaded him into a cage of frosted glass and imitation mahogany, and there he may be found from nine until five o'clock, surrounded by a steel filing cabinet, a water bottle, a cork rug, a brass ash tray, and a chart of the salesmen's territories. Sometimes Miss Marcus, the stenographer, brings in a small vase of the sweet peas that she wore at the J. Y. M. A. ball last night. The other items are all his own: the old roll-top desk with its neatly documented pigeon holes; a photograph, greatly enlarged, of John Gorman, late Republican city and county leader and not overlooked in the national councils; and a steel engraving, very black and austere, of William McKinley, last constitutional President of the United States. The cage is known unofficially as the Old Man's Room, and in a way the fact is vaguely irritating to him, for it has become detached if not exactly cut off from the hum and stir of the other departments.

It has become, indeed, a place of dreams and musings—for him whose reflections have always taken such a practical turn. And so many things seem nowadays to encourage this mood of reverie: the obituary column of the *Chronicle-Advertiser*; the notices of failures and assignments and firm changes on the financial page; the bell of old St. Mark's tolling the hours across

the rumble of street traffic—all serve to remind him that his times and his friends are passing. A year ago, come May, W. G. Stiles, editor and publisher of the *Daily Express*, was taken—and the heirs were dickering with that fellow Hearst before the funeral flowers had wilted. Hiram Wesley Warner, founder of the biggest department-store between New York and Chicago—dead since December! . . . A peculiar business, that! He was a great merchandiser and a good and pious man, yet he was called two nights before Christmas, and the store had to close its doors on the last spendthrift mob of shoppers. It does seem as if the faithful servants of the Lord were invariably tried to the last extremity. He can almost smile at the irony of it—almost. Then came John Gorman's hour on a bitter day in February. There was a man! The ablest of them all, and the most sincerely mourned.

Old friends gone and the world tumbling around the heads of the living. And that's the devil of it! How much easier to face the dissolution of one's body than the dissolution of one's world!

II

The Old Man's world was born at Appomattox, and came to an end on Armistice Day. Strange that his life should be spanned by two wars; for war—well, war was never his style. In the Spring of 1919, a demobilized soldier, on his way home, visited the Old Man in his cage and the following conversation took place:

"Well! So you were in it, hey?"

"Yes, I was in it."

"Well!" Business of looking for insignia of rank. "An officer?"

"Yes, I was a captain."

"Well! how much did a captain get?"

"Two hundred a month."

"H'm! Not much money in it, hey?"

No, there never was much money in it for the soldier; the Old Man was right there. So while his generation was slogging down the red roads of Virginia and getting

itself spitted on bayonets at Cold Harbor and in the Wilderness, he was sensibly laying the firm foundations of his business. Retailing wouldn't be his style, except maybe on a large scale, as Hiram Wesley Warner practiced it. Rather, it would be wholesale; something safe and sure, something that people had to have—drygoods, groceries, druggists' supplies, hardware. After Appomattox, what a time it was! Cities to build! Rails to lay! Mines to dig! Infant industries to nurse! Land for the asking! A great, rich virgin of a country to be taken, and a generation regimented by the war for the dirty work. America's Golden Age! There were giants in those days. . . . Lorenzo the Magnificent in a Prince Albert, a white lawn tie, and Morris K. Jesup whiskers.

The country's sides were fairly popping, and the Old Man's course, at its smallest view, was simply to cling to her bulging flanks. But that wasn't his style either. He was a worker. Certainly he took shrewd advantage of every opportunity to advance himself, but the habit of tireless industry was his solid underpinning. How he *did* work! Inspired by the lives of America's idols—Commodore Vanderbilt, Astor, Jay Gould, Daniel Drew, A. T. Stewart, Russell Sage—he toiled early and late, and he was almost the whole show. He carried the only key to the warehouse, and he took a hand at sweeping and dusting and filling the shelves. He rustled orders and helped to deliver them. He drove hard bargains, and he drove his help harder. He swallowed his apple pie whole, dropped a glass of milk on it, and returned from lunch in fifteen minutes. He bolted his supper, and came back to make out bills, post the books, and consider whether he was justified in putting on another traveling salesman. On his way home, late at night, he stopped at the canal dock to superintend the unloading of a barge of new goods, just in from New York. One day he found time to get married, and so got *that* business settled forever. When he was forty he had achieved two great

American ambitions: he had a sound and growing business, and a nervous breakdown. His pride in these was about equally balanced.

It was at this time—while he was recuperating at Saratoga, in fact—that he began to see the relation, the real relation of politics to life. He had always voted the straight Republican ticket, and worked a bit in his ward; but he now began to see that a full life required a deeper dive into the stream of government. He had been hearing of a wild and collarless race of Populists out in the West, crazy with God knows what quack nostrums. Socialists and Anarchists were creeping into the country, too; greasy, long-haired foreigners, preaching devilish doctrines against property, and tossing bombs into banks and prayer meetings. Into his own city these black plague carriers had not yet come, but the Democrats, with their ranks full of briefless lawyers and Irish malcontents, were always yapping and stirring up the populace. A few personal considerations, perhaps, went into his survey of the political situation. Those city and county institutions: always needing goods, and sure pay beside. Then there was his father's farm, now his own. The city was growing right up to the south pasture. Suppose the Common Council could be persuaded to run out pipes for water and gas and sewage. . . . Fifty building lots, anyway. . . . H'm! Well!

Hiram Wesley Warner and W. G. Stiles had been thinking like thoughts, he discovered when he returned home; and when the three of them became aware, a little later, of the inspiring spectacle of John Gorman shouldering his way through the turmoil of city politics, they knew exactly what they should do about it. Especially did the Old Man know, and one may deduce that he reasoned something like this:

"If by chance, by superior wits, or by industry, a man gets hold of something good, presently he will have to defend it against a horde of looters and imitators. Some men in such a situation will try to

parley. They're lost. The smart man will stand over his prize with a club. He knows that the bulk of the mob will turn tail before a blow is struck, if only it is threatened. They will be the common herd of slaves. Most of the others will go down at the first crack, and stay down. They will be the clerks, bookkeepers, minor officials, errand boys. But some heads will come up again and again, and these will have to be dealt with; not at once, to be sure; not until they have been licked into new and tractable shapes; but eventually. They will be the salesmen and department heads. One or two of the toughest won't be satisfied with any slimmer pickings than a partnership. You've got to get these fellows with you or they'll be against you. In any case, never let them forget that you're the boss."

Thus the Old Man in business. Thus John Gorman in politics. Then followed the gradual disintegration of the Democratic menace, what with the Irish taken care of in the Police and Fire Departments, and the lawyers given appointments at the City Hall that did not interfere with their practice, if and when it came. Thus the evolution of the machine which controlled first the city, and then the State, and finally, shortly before his death, pushed John Gorman into the select circle of national ticket makers. But this was bossism! The defeat of the democratic principle! The beginning of government by the interests! The negation of the rule of the people!

Possibly; but the Old Man held the same opinion of the common voter that Washington held, and John Adams, and Hamilton, and most of the other Fathers of the Republic. Things were happening which he simply couldn't stomach. Almost invariably, his keen ears told him, the voice of the people was raised in behalf of the windbag who could bellow louder than any of them; and in his crude and realistic way he saw that only by determined and not too nice methods could the tongues of such fellows be slit. The method that he

avored was the party system, with a small and powerful group to control the party. John Gorman was the man to do it. John and the Old Man gave the city good government because it was good business, and because, as highly competent men themselves, they would have been shamed by association with inefficiency. Graft? Not much. The Old Man and Hiram Wesley Warner got fair slices of the institutional business; W. G. Stiles turned off most of the political printing and John Gorman was quietly interested in a firm of contractors. The Common Council listened respectfully when they suggested this or that ordinance. The girls in the segregated district bought tickets for the Firemen's Ball, and contributed to the Policemen's Benevolent Fund; maybe they helped the captain of the precinct buy one of the Old Man's building lots. But what would you?

III

The rhythm of those years—the late eighties, the nineties, and the early part of the new century—is still soothing to the Old Man's ears. He listens for its echoes when a moment of silence descends upon him.

Good years, good years! Just enough trouble to give him an appetite. No labor difficulties to speak of. Wages fair and men aplenty; if he fired one at night, a dozen were at the door in the morning. A few losses, but he watched that part of the business like a hawk. Competitors sprang up, but the weak ones went down quickly, and the humming country took care of the others. Business increasing all the time. Money to put back into it. Money for investment—industrial bonds, public utilities, real estate, good sound stuff. Money to throw around if he wanted to, which he didn't. A trip here and there with his wife; a day's fishing or shooting now and then; the circuit races in the Autumn; delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention in Chicago. . . . Enough for any man. He and Hiram Wes-

ley Warner went abroad one Summer, but both were mighty glad to get back after a month of it.

Always glad to get back to business, though he had picked his lieutenants well and licked them into shapes that were his and ways that were his. But he liked to be around where he could watch them at work, and make them sweat as he had sweated, and perform tasks that they considered beneath their dignity. . . . Dignity! Where would *he* be if he had stood on his dignity in those early years? He liked to keep an eye on everything, and pounce on a man suddenly, and ask sharp questions; find out if the fellow could give a clear reason for what he was doing. . . . Few of 'em could, few of 'em could! He liked to sit at his desk and scheme for the business, and figure out the way the city was likely to jump, and then get in ahead of the demand for building lots. And he liked to join Hiram or W. G. for luncheon at the Whist Club, and eat and smoke and talk a little sound sense about business or politics, and maybe plan a day's fishing trip up the valley; and then back to the office.

Always glad to get back there, and talk with customers and salesmen, and look at samples, and buy some of this and some of that, and give a little credit here and shut down hard there, and take a run around the place and see if everything was going smoothly, and scheme some more . . . until all at once he looked out into the street, and it was dark and there was Charley the coachman waiting to drive him home. Good years, good years!—and what was better than driving down Main Street behind a bay gelding that could clip off his mile in less than three minutes any day; driving home through the crowds, with the lights coming on and the sky a kind of blue-black behind the roof tops; going home to supper in the comfortable white house behind the picket fence; and afterward a cigar and the evening paper or a stock prospectus, and maybe a little visit with his wife, and then to bed to

prepare for another day as pleasant as the one just ended? Or else maybe John Gorman would slip in during the evening, and then they would go into the library and shut the door and have a little nip of rye, and talk some sound sense about . . . But nobody will ever know what they talked about behind that library door.

Still, people may have noticed things; they may have noticed that the street car company continued to run its lines right past Hiram Wesley Warner's store, when everybody was complaining about the traffic congestion in Main Street; and they may have noticed that that reformer fellow who was fighting John found himself in a nasty mess one night and had to sneak off to other fields of endeavor; and they may have noticed that the Chamber of Commerce spent most of its time passing resolutions about floods on the Mississippi and crop failures in the West, and kept its nose out of local affairs; and they may have noticed other things. But the chances are that they never did, for they were not the noticing kind. They hardly even noticed, indeed, that they got a damn sight better administration than they deserved.

Good years, good days!—and none better than Saturday, with the salesmen coming in off the road to make a stir around the office, and bring in new business, and talk about conditions out in the country, and explain their expense accounts, and tell why more credit should be extended to this fellow, and why that one wasn't buying as big bills as he used to, and what the other houses were up to, and what the chances were of taking some of those big accounts away from them. . . . Good boys, those salesmen! The Old Man liked to see them around; they were the fellows who kept the wheels turning, and made money for him and work for the clerks and bookkeepers. . . . A scared, spineless lot, those clerks and bookkeepers. He liked to pester them, and lecture them, and tell them how to get on in the world. No harm telling *them* such things. Never have to club *them* off his property. They made him laugh to

himself, the way they gulped and stuttered when he spoke sharply to them. Shouldn't be surprised if that cashier fellow, the one that always needed a shave, were to faint some day, the way he jumped when you snapped at him.

But the salesmen—good, smart boys; his own boys, out selling goods, making money, spreading prosperity, making America the greatest country in the world. He liked to take them out to lunch, and lead them back to the office again, and keep them around him all the afternoon; talking, scheming, smoking, what not. They made him feel alive and happy, and he hated to let them go, though he could see they were all eager to get to their homes for the week-end. But they didn't get away while he wanted them. No Saturday half-holidays then! Not while *he* was boss!

Good years, good days!—and so soon ended! Little things at first, but mounting up and mounting up until finally the world came crashing down. One day things were all right, and the next day they were gone forever; that's the way it seemed, looking back. A man could hardly tell when things began to go to hell; but take Saturday half-holidays, and shorter working hours, and golf, and Winter vacations—good God!—and cheap automobiles, and wages getting higher and higher, and labor getting sassier and sassier, and laws against business, and talk of government ownership, and direct primaries, and the election of Senators, and the recall and referendum, and Bryan and that fellow Roosevelt. . . . That fellow Roosevelt! Never liked him from the start. Always stirring people up, and getting them dissatisfied; even fooling John Gorman for a while. And in the end a traitor to the Grand Old Party!

Well, take all those things, and pile them up and pile them up, and any country would be ready for the toboggan. Then Wilson, then the war, then . . . The Bolsheviks Are Coming! So is Christ! Japan Preparing to Attack U. S.! So Is Russia! So Is Everybody! U. S. Getting Drier, Says

Anti-Saloon Leaguer! Biggest Still Found in Kansas! Eighteen Dead From Wood Alcohol! Strikes Ruin Industry! Petting Parties Ruin Younger Generation! Minister Ruins Epworth League Girl! Chamber of Commerce Speaker Says Business Is Service! Oil Scandal Involves Cabinet Officials! Minister Flays Wealthy Violators of Dry Law! Rum Runner Seized With Half Million Cargo! Anglo-Saxon Supremacy Menaced By Inferior Races! Hooded Mob Burns Negro! Ku Klux Klan Gives Minister Envelope Containing Seven Dollars! Just One Of The Plain Folks, Says New Governor! Governor Indicted for Embezzlement! Rum Runner Seized With Million Cargo! U. S. Must Help Europe! Europe Must Help Itself! Minister Flays Obscene Literature! Minister Held On Statutory Charge! Rotary Speaker Says Business Is Service! Bryan Bans Evolution! Investigations! Investigations! Investi—

Enough! The state of the country passes before the Old Man in the frantic headlines of the *Chronicle-Advertiser*, and he shakes his head at the terrible spectacle. It isn't the noise that troubles him; jackasses have brayed around him all his days; he himself has smiled sardonically, watching John Gorman exploit the hysterical tendency of the normal, average American. It is the absence of strong men that pains and puzzles him; the fact that nowhere in this clamorous land are there any signs of the old hardy race of club swingers. John and Hiram and W. G. gone—and he himself too old to prick these windbags, and restore America to peace and prosperity!

IV

There is the tragedy and the final failure of the Old Man's life: he was able to break men to his immediate purposes, but he was not able to establish a royal line. Hiram Wesley Warner's children were all girls, and one of them married a man in investment securities, and the other a professor in a fresh-water college. W. G. Stiles was a bachelor. John Gorman's son is—John

Gorman's son. The Old Man himself is childless. How he has longed—still longs a little—for a son! When nature and his wife frustrated him, he tried to get one by the adoptive process. Sometimes he would discover a seemingly promising specimen among the youngsters in his business, and he would undertake the severe training necessary to an heir presumptive. Invariably he failed; neither by club nor by precept could he pass on to the candidate that passionately whole-hearted concentration on business which was his own most salient quality. Either the fellow broke in his hands and became just a clerk, or else he broke and became a rebel. The Old Man could make clerks; he could make rebels; but he couldn't make another like himself.

So the rebels sulked off and consorted with aliens, the clerks joined country clubs and booster societies, and now the land is given over to the Red, the bootlegger, the Methodist evangelist and his allies of the Ku Klux Klan. And no man in sight to beat them back into line! The Old Man, as he turns his keen eyes on his successors in the business, finds them committing the cardinal sin—fooling themselves. All right to fool others, but not yourself. When he fished he fished, and when he worked he worked. But these fellows—they play horse with themselves. Do they want to play golf of an afternoon? Then they must tell themselves that the Country Club is the best of all places to do business. Do they want to go South in February? Then they must visit the Chamber of Commerce at Augusta, Ga., and hear a lecture on the boll weevil. Would they break up the monotony of the week? Then they must form a luncheon band of good fellows, and call each other Fred and Skeeter and sing "Last Night On The Back Porch," and "America," and lay the ghost by listening to the report of a special committee on packing goods for the Guatemalan trade. Do they want to look at the cutie in the office across the court? Then they must count smokestacks with the other eye.

Would they jazz the sales a bit? Then they must begin their full page advertisements with the caption, "Business is Serv—"

"Just a minute," says the Old Man breaking into speech at last, "What you mean is that you've got to give your customer a fair shake if you want him to come again. Our success has been built on that for fifty years. . . . Of course, if its a one-time proposition, stocks or gold mines or something—"

A tough and cynical old party, and he will go to the end never suspecting that perhaps he insisted a little too violently on his ideas. But let it pass, for he will be going soon. Just where, he doesn't know; but he keeps his pew, and puts five dollars

in the plate, and so, if there really is anything in this heaven and hell business, he is reasonably certain of a fair hearing. Some morning, not far away, old Delia, the waitress, who has called him these twenty-nine years, will get no response to her knock. Then she will enter his chamber, and a moment later she will scream like the keening women of her native land, and bring up Mary, the cook, with her back hair flying. And then there will be rites, and obituaries, and last will and testament, and silence. . . .

His partners will remove the old roll-top desk and install a long oak table in his office. Thereafter it will be known as the Conference Room.

WHITMAN ON HIS CONTEMPORARIES

[From the Camden Diary of Horace Traubel¹]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WHITMAN said: "I received a letter from the *Critic* this morning—from Joe Gilder. He says they are to have a Lowell issue—invites me to some criticisms, some elucidations." Well; was he going to comply? He laughed outright. "On Lowell? I rather guess not! No indeed; I never reply to such requests." "Then you have no opinion of Lowell?" He said quickly: "Yes, I have; a very decided opinion, but not for print." "What is it, anyhow?" "My opinion is that I have no opinion! I recall a little matter that comes up with the end man of Christy's Minstrels. It seems to me very good—very fit, cute. A question is given him; what does he think of this or that? or, was this so? that so? and then the end man—oh! I have always thought it so funny, so deep, so like my own experiences, often—the end man exclaims, so helplessly, so niggerly: 'I'll not answer it; I'll not refuse to answer it; I'll not give it up; I'll have nothing to do with it!'" W. was most animated, gesticulating. "That's how I feel about Lowell; I'll not touch him!" He asked me: "Is it true that Lowell is to make some speech at the dedication of a statue to Marlowe?" Then, before I answered, said: "He is in great demand in all well-dressed literary circles. He turns up in all the moves on the board." . . .

Harned spoke of Lowell's visit to Philadelphia. Dinners are to be given him; Weir Mitchell is to give one, Doctor

Pepper another. W. said: "Lowell is one kind; I'm another. He'll not come here. Lowell is one of my real enemies. He has never relaxed in his opposition; Lowell never even tolerated me as a man. He not only objected to my book; he objected to me."

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

Whitman said: "Stoddard is not all bad. He has done some good work; has qualities that are almost lofty. But he is soured. He has grown gray; his sight is nearly gone; he stands in his high place, waves his hand superciliously across the multitude of literary fellows: 'God damn you all; what right have you, with your fripperies, poems, prosés, to catch the public eye, to play for applause; while I, Dick Stoddard, am disdained, forgotten!'" How did he account for Stoddard's vitriolic nature? "I don't account for it; I only see it. He has toiled, moiled, these forty years on a great variety of things; the result has been small; he has made no impression on his time. Maybe he's conscious of it; this may serve to explain him." . . .

Another time: "Stoddard is a curious combination. There seem to be two Stoddards. They puzzle me; yet both are genuine. We may well ask: Can this man have compassion for prostitutes—the common woman of the town, the low, the vile?—the man who on the other hand writes with such devilish venom? Certainly in this one poem, 'The Woman of the Town,' he is sympathetic, generous to the core. It is certain on the other hand that there is another Stoddard—the snaky, sneaky, poisonous, backbiting, venomous,

¹ These extracts are from the fourth volume of Mr. Traubel's diary, hitherto unpublished. The first three volumes have been published by Mitchell Kennerley; New York, 1906-08-14.

skunky Stoddard. Can both be genuine? Can such contradictory qualities inhere to the same personality?"

Yet another time: "Stoddard is not only weak, but malignant." I said: "Not only afraid to love, but given to hate." W. smiled. "Exactly. Look at that Poe thing of his; it's a fair example. It was a cowardly attack; it was dirty, indeed; but that's the man—the certain size, style, shape of the man; a false note in it all—though true for Stoddard, I suppose; more a picture of Dick himself than of poor Poe; an awful self-exposure, worthy of Billy Winter in his palmiest days; which is about as low as you can get."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

"I used to charge Emerson (it was the one single charge I ever had to make against him) with culture—submitting too many things to literary measurements; but nowadays I am not so sure my complaint was justified. I feel half inclined to retract it; it no longer satisfies my sense of justice." I put in: "And yet Emerson never let himself go. Wouldn't he have been quite different, larger, if he had let himself go?" W. said: "Maybe; but it would be useless to discuss it. The fact remains that he couldn't let himself go. Letting-go was not an element in his character." I suggested: "He let himself go in the 'Leaves of Grass' letter and he let himself go when they hung John Brown." W. nodded. "So he did; but those moments stand out as being exceptional." Then: "But we mustn't say anything that sounds like a criticism of Emerson; he is chambered in our holy of holies." . . .

I said: "Walt, there were no Rabelaisian passages in your relations with Emerson, I'll bet." He smiled. "I'll not bet," he said, "I know; Emerson couldn't say damn." Did he mean that literally? "Yes—literally; it amounts to that; it was a defect in his education." He exclaimed: "The sacred Emerson!" I said: "All sky—no earth; is that it?" W.: "You might say

it that way in general. I used to wish his perfect circle had a dent somewhere; but he was wonderful with all his excellence; he put on no sanctified airs."

He said again: "But even Emerson evinced a certain emphasis; extreme; not in his sentences, his speech, but in his attitude, his atmosphere." He instanced the case of Emerson's acceptance of John Brown. "When Emerson did come out it was with the power, the overwhelmingness, of an avalanche. I, for my part, could never see in Brown himself, merely of himself, the evidence of great human quality; yet Emerson said when they killed Brown: 'Now you have made the gallows as holy as the cross.' That was sublime, ultimate, everlasting." I said to W.: "You have a few very weak spots. John Brown is one of them; you never show that you understand Brown." "That's what William O'Connor used to say; he would sometimes say to me: 'Walt, you let off the God damndest drivel on some subjects! Brown was one of these subjects; I don't seem to like him any better now than I did then.'" I said: "Emerson and you are alike in one remarkable respect: you both resent argument; you simply take your positions and stay here." W. said: "That would be a great virtue were it so; *is* it so?" . . .

Another time: "I am always aware that Emerson's personality was the most nearly perfect I ever came in contact with—perhaps the most nearly ideal the world has ever known." I asked: "What about Jesus?" He shook his finger in my face. "There you are with your damned interrogation points again!"

JOHN BURROUGHS

"There's something about John," said W., "which I greatly like; his total lack of effusion; he never slops over. I have every reason for believing his love for me to be fundamental; yet he is calm, composed, equable, in his tempered fraternities. I am afraid of the *enthusiastikers*, as a German friend of mine in Washington called them;

I shrink from them. There is Mrs. Moulton—good woman as she is; it is her defect—to gush. Nothing so inevitably knocks me out. Some day you'll be saying things about me; say them—God bless you! But whatever you say or don't say, I want you to testify for me that I was never an *enthusiast*. Whatever I was, I never was that. Make that clear. Say it so that it can't be misunderstood. John knows it. He observes the mandates of reticence in himself, and he respects them in others."

W. went on talking about Burroughs. "In those early Washington days John had such a poor squeamish stomach he had to be physically on his guard all the time. He is hearty now; he was then a poor stick; no belly—sort of gutless. Why, my God, Horace, he seemed to have no grit at all!" W. first met B. in the early years of the War in Washington. Was B. then already a Whitmanite? "I think he had read 'Leaves of Grass'; it had been out some years then; yes, I guess he must have been friendly at the start." Stopped talking. Closed his eyes. Seemed to be trying to recall something. "I can't fix the details all accurately in my mind; I get a little rusty sometimes." Then asked: "You have John's book? his book on me? Yes; I remember you have one." Pause. "John published that against my persuasions—O'Connor's too; our strong objections. But now I know, we both know, we were mistaken. John was right. I can now see what I could not see then; why it should have been done; also why it should have been done in the way John did it."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

"John Burroughs will have it," said Whitman, "that I don't do Arnold justice; he thinks there's a place for Arnold—that I don't acknowledge it; that if we could in some way be brought together or if I could somehow read Arnold right the impossible might be achieved. I'm afraid I'm hopelessly heretical; there seems to be a temperamental reason why I can't know

Matthew, why he can't know me. I'm not disposed to exaggerate it; I don't force myself to or not to; it's simply there; I have to recognize it. Arnold is as inveterately one thing as I am another; we can't be remade; no doubt we both belong in the world; there's no use trying to make oil and water mix." W. also said: "Arnold is weak on the democratic side. He has some intellectual perception of democracy but he doesn't have the feel of the thing. All his antecedents, training, the schools he went to, were against it. He is first of all the superior, the leader, the teacher. He has a theory about the saving remnant. He is that salvation, that remnant. John describes Arnold in a way to make you wonder whether his life as he has lived it has not been inconsistent with his life as he has written of it. The long and short of it is that Arnold happens to be one sort of a man while I am another sort of a man; that we are opposites (though John may deny it); that a reconciliation would be out of the question."

JOHN HAY

Talking of Lincoln got him to Hay and Nicholay. "I never really knew Nicholay; I saw him; he was secretary there in Washington contemporaneously with Hay, but was more sedentary—an indoors man; less frank; more reticent. Hay I knew well; we met often. Hay was younger, I think, than Nicholay. He was a very handsome fellow; good body, open face, easy manners. Hay was made a colonel at a time Lincoln wished him to make advance negotiations with the South—needed to invest him with a show of authority, with credentials. Hay married a millionairess; a girl whose father was worth several millions. I don't know just who, where. He has, however, remained simple himself, untufted. I don't mean to say John didn't marry for love, didn't marry as other men marry; only, as we read of it in Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer,' the rest given, stocks, bonds, bank accounts, are no bar." "A

hell of a lot you care for the surpluses, Walt!" "Well—have it so; but I must be fair to John; a hell of a lot he cares for surpluses for themselves; but a surplus, while an incident, may have its pleasant sides, too." Amused. Laughed. "John went up to New York; by and by the father died; they came into several, many hundred thousands." I asked: "And you don't think John wrote that piece against you in the *Tribune*?" "Oh no! no! John is not treacherous; not a drop in his blood. On the contrary, he is punctiliously loyal. I have every right to call him my friend; not deep, not enthusiastic, but, in his average light, cordial, cheery, hospitable, unequivocal way. He doesn't see all, but what he takes in he holds on to. Hay is a hearty good fellow; sound all through; has ingratiating personal qualities; is manly; was much liked by all grades of people in Washington."

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I had said that Howells had not got on very far. W. quoted this with assent. "He hasn't; he's fine, subtle, but not revolutionary. He goes a certain distance—then hauls himself in with a shock. That's enough—quite enough, he is saying to himself." But I said: "Howells has certainly had humors, at least, in which he was outright. When he wrote the letter about the Chicago anarchists he certainly showed some grit; didn't you think so?" W. didn't deny it. But he thought that "on the whole" Howells having "so little virility" was "unable to follow up radically the lead of his rather remarkable intellect."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

"Aldrich is a good fellow. You have never met him? A delicate dainty man in his tastes; up in all the traditions, proprieties, of book making. A handsome fellow—one of the dressy men we see, observant of all the combing, stiff-shirt, ironing

business; all that—the whole code. But genuine. Strangely, too, always well affected towards me (I can't understand that); was that as a youngster of twenty-three."

J. G. HOLLAND*

He mentioned J. G. Holland. "I think the most offensive and abusive letter I ever received came from Holland in the old days. Did you never know of it?" First he said "it must have been in the Washington or Brooklyn days," but afterwards: "No—I remember more clearly now; it was after I came to Camden, was on Stevens Street."

He described a visit from John Swinton. "John urged me to send on some matter to Holland. He said the *Century* would take it, pay for it; he had reasons for knowing they would. I was poor then—poor in health, poor in money, poor in everything that was minus. At first I said no; but he stuck to it. I finally said: 'Well—I will; I promise you;' and sent them several poems; 'Eidolons' was one of them. In four or five days I got an answer; the poems came back. With them was a personal letter from Holland—impertinent, impudent, abusive, uncalled-for. As I said, I was sick at the time. It made me mad, angry—at least as near angry as anything of the sort ever did or could. When I had read the letter through—most likely before I had read it all—I poked it into the fire."

I asked: "Wasn't that a mistake?" He said: "Yes, it was a mistake; I know it; but it was done. It was a curious letter; long, quite long; it covered several pages. He started out by saying he had for some years intended writing something on the subject; about me; about my book; that he had been waiting for an opportunity to do it; that now the opportunity had come and he was going to let himself out—which he did. He put it, I should say, in almost those words." Dr. Bucke interrupted W.: "Well—I'll be damned! And what else did he say? Can you remember

*The first editor of the *Century*

any more of it?" W. said: "It was offensive, low, bitter, inexcusable—yet excusable, too, from that peculiar angle of thought."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Moulton's *Magazine of Poetry* turned up. It contained a number of portraits. W. said: "They are not celebrities; it's a great mixture." I pointed out a portrait of Boyle O'Reilly. Said W.: "That is very poor of Boyle; it gives no sort of suggestion as to what he looks like." I remarked the bullet head. W. assented. "Yes—that part of it is accurate enough; but the rest of it is away below par." He said he knew O'Reilly. "He is a handsome man; have you ever seen, pictured to yourself, one of the great Spanish noblemen—duke, gentleman, fine figure, dignified, lofty in port, autocratic, dark, close-cropped hair? That would be Boyle O'Reilly. It is a style, a character, that often fits to the high type of Irishman. The Irish blood is, of course, mixed with the Spanish; there was a sort of Spanish invasion at one time. The two strains seem to commingle amiably, but I do not attach final importance to this phenomenon. It seems to me a good deal like the case of the Bible in the hands of the preachers; nearly anything can be proved from it; there's no assumption so preposterous but that it can be bolstered by some text, some chapter, from somewhere in the book. When the verbalism does not seem to fit they force it without scruple this way or that till it looks to be right in shape and size. I would rather account for Boyle by some more natural appeal."

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

I wrote to Dr. Bucke today saying he must surely come by Tuesday, as I wished to have him go with me to hear Lawrence Barrett talk about Charlotte Cushman. Told W. "Oh! Cushman! She was a great fellow—a noble fellow!" Had he known

her personally? "No—never; but her acting—oh yes! well; everything probably that she ever did." I put in: "You should have liked her; she acted Scott." W.: "I see; you mean Meg Merrilies? But I didn't care much for that; it was too muchly much, as the boys say. Her Meg Merrilies made me think of Byron's rum they tell us of; he wanted rum like vitriol that would burn his throat on the way down—not the God damned French stuff for twenty-five dollars a gallon! This was the sort of horror reflected in Cushman's Meg Merrilies; it did not attract me—was not pleasant. But she was a great woman—always a great woman; a genius. Do not understand me as wishing to deny that."

HAMLIN GARLAND

I showed W. a poem by Hamlin Garland in the *Standard* called "A Word for the East Sea." He put on his glasses, glanced briefly over the poem and passed the paper back to me. "I see; Hamlin is deft—is a college man; has a hand in everything." Then he asked me: "Have you ever met him?" I had not. "Oh! then you should try to arrange to do so; he has been here twice"—stopped—"well—once, anyway." Did he feel amiably disposed towards Garland's work? "Yes; why not? He is versatile—can turn his hand to almost anything; yes, can accommodate himself to the inevitable even when it comes in unwelcome forms." I queried: "Do as Rome does?" W.: "No—not just in that sense; I mean, turn himself from theme to theme, from poetry to prose—making himself at home anywhere. He is a well-dressed man; has a manner which my word 'deft' describes; a manner which in the odious sense of that word would be oily, slippery, but there's none of that poison in Garland; he is very frank, outspoken—has the courage of his convictions; is never afraid to avow, assert himself—stand his ground." W. said Garland "is much better mettle than his polished exterior would indicate."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Entomology

INSECT VS. INSECT

By H. M. PARSHLEY

WITH the growth of urban populations and the correlated devotion of larger and larger areas of rural land to the cultivation of a few useful plants, the native fauna of North America has undergone extensive modifications. Not only have the bison and the passenger pigeon disappeared, but among the insects also there have been great changes, all of them little noticed but many of great economic importance. Certain aboriginal insects, their old food supplies cut off by the destruction of the native wild flora, have been driven toward extinction, and others, finding the farmers' crops to their taste, have been vastly prospered. The latter, indeed, tend to multiply so inordinately that they would soon settle the question of who shall inherit the earth, regardless of the progress of State Socialism in North Dakota or the babooneries of the Farm Bloc in Congress, if it were not that their onslaughts are subject to the modifying influence of certain repressive agencies.

These means for controlling them fall into two chief categories, the artificial and the biological. Those of the first type, such as spraying plants with poisons, burning nests, etc., are effective in everyday use, but they are commonly valuable only beyond the point where natural or biological processes fail. The latter are thus of primary importance. They are carried out largely through the activities of predaceous and parasitic insects, *i.e.*, those which pursue and devour their prey at once, and those which lay their eggs on the body of another insect wherein the larvae develop,

feeding on the substance of the host with ultimately fatal results. The parasitic process is even more destructive than the predaceous, for almost every herbivorous species has a whole train of such tormentors, so graduated in size and habits as to attack the host effectively throughout its life history, from egg to adult. Under natural, primitive conditions a given species is thus restrained from undue multiplication and the balance of nature is maintained. If the host happens to become overabundant in any season, the parasites increase in proportion and are ready for the next generation; if the parasites reduce the numbers of the host below a certain level, they themselves feel the pinch of want and die off in due measure. Even when the land is brought under cultivation the native injurious species continue to be attacked in this way, and all that remains for the farmer to do is to check by artificial processes the small percentage escaping the attentions of parasites and predators.

But the most devastating pests are not native, 100 per cent Americans; they are low-browed, non-Nordic foreigners, immigrants brought from abroad by accident or design and unaccompanied by their natural enemies. Once at large, each newcomer, if it turns out to be adapted to the climate, falls upon some suitable food-plant and does great execution, to the despair of the farmer and the public detriment. In this extremity the obvious remedial measure is to employ artificially the natural means of control—that is, to import, breed, and plant at strategic points colonies of predaceous and parasitic enemies from the motherland of the injurious species. This has been done in the United States on a large scale, and with varying

success. Let us consider a few examples, and then review briefly some of the difficulties and complications that have arisen in the course of the experiment.

The classical attempt to make such artificial use of biological control occurred 33 years ago, when the citrus groves of California were wilting under the mass attack of the small and sedentary but highly prolific white scale-insect. It was known that the invader had come from Australia originally, and so a collector was dispatched there to discover its native enemies and bring them back alive. Among these was a small predaceous beetle, *Novius cardinalis*, and when it was turned loose in the orchards it proved to be a most prolific and sanguinary opponent of the scales. In an incredibly brief period it destroyed them so thoroughly that fears were entertained for its own survival. Thus California was made safe for the sun-kist industry, "with great moral and financial benefit to the orange growers."

Under the stimulus of this initial success a similar procedure has been followed in later instances of like nature, such as the invasion of New England by the gipsy moth. This European insect was introduced as an accidental result of experiments in silk production. Once at large, it multiplied and spread exuberantly through the forests and orchards of Massachusetts, and the total destruction of the plants that it fed on was prevented only by vigorous artificial measures applied at great public expense, with the issue for long remaining doubtful. Latterly, however, the plan of importing from Europe such ancestral enemies as the predaceous ground-beetle, *Calosoma sycophanta*, and the parasitic fly, *Comptosilura concinnata*, has been put into practice on a large scale, and with considerable success. These insects have been bred and set at large throughout the infested area, and there they have become acclimated and are now engaged in the game of dog eat dog, with results that appear very promising.

Another extensive experiment of the

same sort is now being tried in the island of Mauritius, where an important industry, the raising of sugar cane, has been threatened by the activities of the larvae or white grubs of a large beetle. In other countries certain species of wasps (*Scoliids*) feed during their larval stages on such grubs and so the attempt is being made to bring in these species from Madagascar and elsewhere. This now promises to be accomplished, but only after recognition of the fact that not only the wasps but also the flowering plants favored by them as adults must be introduced and concentrated where the sugar cane beetles are most numerous and damaging.

One of the most grotesquely comic spectacles ever presented to the public eye is undoubtedly that of a dignified and respectable gentleman—say a President of Rotary or a holy man of the church—gnawing spirally and audibly along the length of an ear of green corn. The Aristophanic quality of the process is only heightened if the tidbit is maneuvered with aid of the pronged appliances affected by the cultured instead of in the frankly digital manner native to the herd. I call attention to this irrelevant matter not in a spirit of idle jest but by way of introducing the reader to the latest among undesirable newcomers—the corn borer, which, like the celebrated low I. Q.'s of recent immigrational history, has probably come to these shores from Italy or Hungary, no doubt in shipments of broom corn. Passing through the Eastern States this insect left a detachment to harass the growers of sweet corn, and is now reported to be deploying along the frontiers of the Western Corn Belt, ready for a grand offensive. If it succeeds in breaking through the line we may look for a shortage of conscripts for the Follies, of Hoosier novelists, of beef on the hoof and of other corn-fed products; but the embattled farmers will not yield without a gigantic effort. Not only are experts in artificial measures now circulating among them teaching them all the secrets of toxicology, but in

addition a parasite has been discovered to eat the borers, the *Exeristes roborator* of France, and it is being prepared for release in swarms upon the invader.

Unluckily, it is not to be deduced from these examples that biological control is a sure and simple specific against the insect enemies of the agriculturist; on the contrary, a large number of the attempts in this direction fail partially or completely, and for reasons which are often very curious. Aside from the common inability of the foreign species to become acclimatized, there is the frequently essential matter of "sequence of parasites" to be considered. Failure is scored unless a whole series of species is simultaneously introduced, including forms able to attack the host in the egg and in the larval and pupal stages—and no one of them is sufficient unless the earlier members of the train have done their work. Again, the introduced parasite may not be discriminatingly specific but may attack native caterpillars as well as the pest aimed at, thus offering unfair and weakening competition to the hereditary foes of the latter. Again, the

introduction of a predaceous species may interfere with the propagation of a parasite introduced at the same time, since the predatory form destroys its prey whether the individuals are nourishing internal parasitic larvae or not. This type of interference is said to have given rise to a bitter feud between two eminent Italian entomologists: Berlese introduced parasites to oppose the mulberry scale-insect, only to find that Silvestri was importing predaceous beetles with the unfortunate results described. Finally, the occurrence of hyperparasitism often nullifies otherwise promising efforts; for the parasites themselves always have smaller parasites to plague them, and it is very difficult to bring in living insects of this sort without overlooking the coincident ingress of such stowaways. Once set free among the sparse population of the scarcely established beneficial form, the secondary parasite with favoring Providence may often destroy it. But not always, for the train of natural relations is not yet exhausted and the destroyer may have to reckon with some foe of its own—a tertiary parasite!

Music

THE GODS OF MODERN MUSIC

By W. J. HENDERSON

THE modernist movement in music persists in moving. It advances as an army with banners. It has its generals, its captains, its corporals and its camp followers. Who are the generals? And what are they trying to do? In brief, they are searching for new sounds, new combinations of sounds, and new forms in which to present them. It is with the technical problems that grow out of that quest that the men of the movement are now struggling.

It began, I suppose, with Bach. But he has become of late the most protean of musical gods. Every composer announces him as his divinity and then proceeds to fall down before other idols. Debussy,

perhaps, actually launched the modernist movement when he universally advertised the whole-tone scale. Then began the search for other scales—and for melodies and harmonies that the world had never heard. Behind Debussy loomed the tall shadow of a whimsical personality known to France as Erik Satie, whose volatile mind produced, in 1887, certain "Sarabandes," followed by "Pieces in the Form of a Pear" and the "Bureaucratic Sonata." In this country M. Satie has been disclosed only as the author of two or three elegant trifles, couched in the new musical language, but using it with tenderness toward the unaccustomed hearer. In France the young adventurers have adopted him as their father, but their movement has fallen into the snare of Parisian urbanity and is slowly yielding to

the infection of pure politeness. The once famous Group of Six has been paralyzed by publicity. It was celebrated by press agent skill throughout the world till Paris rose up and said the whole thing was a joke, the prank of half a dozen irresponsible nonentities.

Now for two greater: Arnold Schönberg and Igor Stravinsky, the one representing the pure cerebration of Teutonism and the other the unbridled force and fancy of the Northern Slav. Let us begin with Schönberg. Thrilling things, indeed, have been written about this distant Betelgeuse of the new art. He dwells remote and shadowy in Vienna, whence flow through the impalpable ether of the world's aesthetic soul infrequent but quivering ecstasies. The sins of his youth are forgiven, but obstinately refuse to be forgotten. Misguided chamber music organizations still perform his sextet entitled "Verklärte Nacht," which reeks of the flesh pots of ancient melody and harmony. But the true Schönberg is he of the five orchestral pieces, and of the "Klavierstücke" op. 11 and 19. From these he has advanced, as the devil went through Athlone, "in standing leaps," to the "Pierrot Lunaire" and thence to the "Hertsgewächse." Mr. Rollo H. Myers has defined the faith of the Schönberg worshipers in an article in the *Chesterian*. He says candidly:

The baffling element in his music is not so much the harmonic audacities in the parts as the apparent incoherence of the whole. Not only is his language strange; we are at a loss to understand what feelings move him to employ it, and what kind of effect he hopes to produce upon our minds. In other words, *his aesthetic ideal is obscure*.

Mr. Myers points out that the French search for dissonances that shall have sonorous value, but that Schönberg seems to care for sonorities not a whit. The French seek to fashion their sonorities into a form: Schönberg treats form with contempt. "A piece of music finishes where it might equally well have begun: one dissonance succeeds another appar-

ently for no particular reason; the mood, even, of his music is frequently elusive and baffles definition. Add to these features a disconcerting lack of rhythmical interest . . ." And so on. But Mr. Myers is still for the defense. He says:

Schönberg cannot be dismissed in a few words either as a nonentity or as a crazy eccentric. There is something in his music which commands attention. It is so obviously serious, so carefully contrived, so technically accomplished that one instinctively feels that if only one had the key to the composer's intentions, it would all become as clear as day and that moreover one's curiosity would be richly rewarded.

This is the only direct and perspicuous critical account of Schönberg that has come under my notice. Of word fogs, of fantasy, of rhapsody and delusion, I have seen vast masses. These things need not be described, nor is it essential that we examine Schönberg's compositions in detail. It is enough to refer to the one which gave to Americans the latest demonstration of his method. The International Composer's Guild, which is doing all that can be done to advertise the music of the modernists, loosed his "Hertsgewächse" at a concert last December. The inner brotherhood writhed in ecstasy. But to me it seemed the production of a man who was deliberately aiming at the amazement and confusion of his listeners. The text is a fragile and tender lyric by Maeterlinck, telling of a single lily rising above a mass of entwined flowers. The little poem is of course symbolical, referring to a soul rising above its sorrows. The composer translates it into music for soprano, harp, harmonium and celesta. The voice part ranges from low groans to acute shrieks, and leaps wildly about through aimless but shocking intervals. The harmonium drearily chants a moaning melody which has no relation to the voice. The celesta tinkles futilities. The harp twangs discords. The composition produces upon an unbiased mind an impression of cold pretense and shallow artifice. Schönberg's later works are nearly all like it.

Let us turn from these frigid cogitations in the South to the unbridled emotions of the musical Cossack of the North. One can revel frankly in the primal nakedness and brutal force of the art of Stravinsky. Here is music which shouts in stentorian tones the stark joy of an unconventioned spirit. We American music lovers have had the privilege of hearing not only the lush strains of "L'Oiseau de Feu" and the sardonic laughter of "Petrouchka," but also the "Chant du Rossignol," "Le Sacré du Printemps" and the "Symphonies for Wind Instruments." If Stravinsky had burned out his fires of inspiration in these three compositions, he would still have left upon the future of music an influence which no later composer could wholly escape. He is the triumphant musical soldier of fortune. When the realists and the idealists, facing each other in deadly array, demanded of him "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!" he laughed at them with stopped trumpets and whistled at them with a piccolo. He sprang gayly to the saddle of his modern Pegasus, galloped uproariously through the market place, and upset all the ancient apple carts. He is the true Til Eulenspiegel of modern music. What, to him, is the gulf between realism and fantasy? He leaps it at a bound. Nay, more; he builds across the chasm a bridge which will probably endure.

Stravinsky has demonstrated thoroughly to what delineative purposes the modern type of music can be put. What other composer of ballets has produced anything that approaches the conceit, the grotesque joviality, the biting irony and underlying tenderness of "Petrouchka"? When he wrote "Le Chant du Rossignol" he revealed brilliantly the possibilities of still more advanced modernism. The ultimate aim of the new art is to use, in the service of representation, new materials melodic, harmonic and rhythmic, more pungent, yet more plastic than the old. The smaller men have failed because their music makes a futile parade of the ma-

terials but constructs no pageant of the imagination. Stravinsky has chained realism to the chariot of fantasy and has compelled the new musical language to mold itself into a narrative poetry that is vocal and vital with all the splendors of balladry. "Le Chant du Rossignol" is laden with details, but their purpose is imprinted upon the score by the hand of genius. "Le Sacré du Printemps" discloses Stravinsky's imagination grappling joyously with the physical demonstrations of religious hysteria. The dance is the ritual of primitive man baring his soul before the altars of his unknown gods. The music conceived by Stravinsky for such dances is physical, delineative, scenic, tempestuously irresistible. But it is not dionysian; it is sexless. It sings no gynolatry; it attunes itself to no Paphian measures: it could not portray an Isolde, a Heloise or a Messaline. It is brutal, but it is never damnable. It makes no approach to a devil's mass or even to Lord Lewis's devil's rosary. It apotheosizes neither good nor evil. It is simply the naked shout of the prehistoric human and it vibrates with the ecstasy of his unclothed brawn.

How far above this level can such music rise? Florizel says to Perdita: "When you do dance, I wish you a wave of the sea," and one is wafted by the image into the realm of romantic love. The savage dancer of Stravinsky's *juventus mundi* can never enter it. Such music as his could not be made the medium for the expression of the sweet moods of gentle lovers. Certainly no one would expect Romeo and Juliet to sing thus. Nor can one think it likely that the aspirations of a higher civilization will ever publish themselves in such barbaric and gorgeous orchestration. Stravinsky, indeed is, a cave man of music—Pan turned into Porphyryon and making the gods tremble in Olympus.

From the Cossack to the Roman is a long leap, yet it is in Italy that we must seek for modern music which we may presume to mention after that of Stravinsky. The Italian modernists are cerebral like Schön-

berg, but their ancestry of lyricists has saved them from dryness. They have tasted the fruit of the new tree and found it good, but they serve it in their own fashion. The scale of their eloquence ranges from the warm and lucent depths of Respighi's emotional tone painting to the chill and snowy heights of Casella's geometrical demonstrations. Somewhere between the extremes one finds that unique musical personality, Ildebrando Pizzetti, the Autolycus of the company, with songs of all kinds for all people. Yet in every one of his manners the dramatic pulse beats, for modernist as he is, Pizzetti is still a true Italian child of the opera house. His sonata for violin and piano sings his emotions about the war. The prayer for the innocents (the second movement) is profoundly beautiful. It is the song of a bruised soul. The other two movements evoke Delphic pronouncements from the super-intellectuals. The casual hearer will probably regard them as prodigious efforts, and as such admire them.

Pizzetti's opera, "Fedra," is unknown here, but I heard a short excerpt from it at a Schola Cantorum concert two or three seasons back and was immediately seized with a hot desire to hear the rest. For here the composer laid his modernism on the lasting foundations of Monteverdi, and chanted the passions of his drama in noble and deeply moving accents. That way, I am certain, lies the future of Italian opera if the melodic and harmonic idioms of the modernists are ever to be domesticated in the theater. Listening to this music, one can forget the sonata and applaud the verdict of Guido Gatti: "Pizzetti is no futurist, and no eccentric who racks his brains in search of such and such an effect wherewith to amaze the hearer. He is no acrobat and he is not even a professor."

These United States have heard much of Casella's music and have remained almost soporifically calm. The importance of this composer's tireless ingenuity has failed to impress itself upon us as it has upon his

countrymen. We turn with eagerness to the greater candor of Respighi, whose Roman fountains play sweetly on our ears, and to Malipiero with his "Impressioni del Vero" which wastes no pages on showing that a flute can be a nightingale, but in one swift phrase makes a clarinet sing like an owl.

There is a German, Paul Hindemith, who has penetrated some distance into these mysteries of modernism. We have heard some of his music, notably his second quartet in C major, opus 16. The modernists point with pride to some pages of dissonant counterpoint which for sheer ugliness could not be surpassed. But the composer has sinned greatly against their canon in that he has betrayed a lust after musical figure and design, and an unclean desire for working out thematic subjects. The quartet also reveals deplorable appetites for key relationships and ancient tonalities. Worst of all, in his slow movement he has indulged in an orgiastic emission of rapturous melody, which by its sustained ecstasy stamps him as unfledged. As a whole his quartet is a commingling of vigorous music utilizing dissonant counterpoint with masterful power, of songs his mother taught him, and of empty conventionalities. But he is a man of talent and he has sent us something possessing more real substance than all the music of the adventurers who are seeking a northwest passage out of the Avenue des Champs Elysées.

It becomes necessary now to don a frock coat and a shining top hat, to take a walking-stick in hand, and, entering the *maison* of M. Darius Milhaud, to make a low bow. For here, at any rate, we are in the presence of unfaltering politeness in art. M. Milhaud is never rude. His thoughts are never unseemly. They are the fragile fancies of a gentleman. He has done us the honor to pay us a visit. We have beheld him in the act of conducting the music of others and of himself. His own music turned out to contain the essential polytonal pages, but while we were enter-

tained with his curious combinations of sounds we slowly developed a suspicion that these were used, like Meyerbeer's characteristic clarinet cadenza, to disguise the emaciated ideas under the multi-colored garb. This conviction persists, no matter whether the composer is confusing us with a sonata for flute, oboe, clarinet and piano, or perfuming the heated air with his lyrical catalogue of flowers.

Nor have any of the others of the pretentious Group of Six reared altars before which we can prostrate ourselves. Only those to whom any piece of music is holy so long as it is in the modern idiom can chant the glorification of Honegger, Poulenc *et al.* So at last we arrive at home, and cast eager eyes about the musical horizon, vainly searching for him whom we may

claim as our own. We have our own group and our industrious guilds. But the best they have given us out of their own treasury was made before they were born. Charles Martin Loeffler has been adopted by the progressives and they have admitted his "Music for Four Stringed Instruments" into their company. But Mr. Loeffler's modernism dates back to the dusty antiquity of Debussy, whom he even anticipated in certain elements of style. Your true modernist spurns the naïve simplicities of whole-tone harmonies; even into these he interjects the pungent note that makes them sting.

The real father of the children of our guilds is Leo Ornstein, whose music sleeps in its cradle except when he himself awakens it.

THE WAGES OF PEACE

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

IT was the year of grace 1905. The Nordic race from the swamps of Lake Ladoga had just been dealt a terrible wallop by the Manchu-Korean tribes who inhabit the mountain ridges between the Sea of Japan and the Pacific Ocean. The shock was felt all the way from the Kwang-Tung peninsula to Moscow, and the original eruption in eastern Asia was followed by an upheaval in western Europe. It became evident that wars could no longer be fought on vodka and ikons, and the better elements of Russia stepped forward and said, "There must be an end to this," and made ready to turn the rascals out. The rascals, in dire panic, made a hasty appeal to all the bankers of Christendom.

"Help us," they sighed, "for the sake of the twelve thousand holy images of Kiev! Help us, and we shall burn twenty million candles for the glory of your souls! And we shall pay you fifty per cent for the benefit of your stockholders."

Meanwhile (for money travels slowly) it was necessary to pacify the masses. The imperial government remembered an expedient which is familiar to readers of "My Antonia." Whenever a Moscovite sleigh is harassed by wolves on the steppes, it seems to be the custom of the country to select one of the occupants (a fat one by preference) and throw him or her or it to the famished beasts. His Majesty therefore called together his advisers, the Procurator-General of the Holy Synod invoked divine guidance, and it was decided to give the people a constitution.

This constitution, to be sure, was not

worth the paper upon which it was scribbled by the procuratorial blue pencil. But the muzhiks, in their everlasting patience, rejoiced, wept tears upon the pictures of the Little Father, and would have kissed his boots had he ever shown the tip of his little toe outside his palace—which, of course, he never did, being by nature a shy and retiring gentleman with a love for stamps and Dresden china.

I assisted at those ceremonies, and that is why I can write about them with such profound feeling. One day I fell in with a crony who did not share the general enthusiasm. He was an old pensioned official and he wore fifteen decorations and a threadbare uniform, and sported Tirpitz whiskers. I picked him up in a café in Warsaw, and we talked. We were seated at a little marble table and we drank tea. On the table stood an ash-tray, and the centre of the ash-tray was a little Viking ship, the hull of which contained a box of matches. Suddenly my friend took out a handful of those matches.

"Look," he said, "look here, my American friend, and I will show you what is going to happen."

He put one match on the table, thus:

|

"Do you see that?" he asked.

I answered that I did.

"Now that is His Majesty the Emperor."

"Without mistake, that is His Majesty the Emperor."

He picked up another match and put it alongside the first one, thus:

||

"Do you see that?"

"Yes."

"That is Her Majesty the Empress."

Inodded.

He picked up another match.

"And that is the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch."

Then in quick succession he placed a dozen matches next to one another, so:

|||||||

and named them: the Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Duke, the Archbishop of Moscow, the Chief-of-Police, the Cop on the Corner, the Soldier, and then down to the lower grades of society: the Merchant, the Lawyer, the Doctor, the Ordinary Citizen, the Prostitute.

"Here they are. All neatly arranged and in order. You look at them and you know at once who is the Emperor and who is the Cop and who is the Archbishop and who is the Soldier. Very simple, isn't it? Well, that is the way things were before we had this foolish constitution. We knew what was what and it made life simple and pleasant. But now" (and here he scrambled the matches into a confused heap), "now tell me" (and here he took a match at random), "is this the Empress or the Prostitute?"

I answered that I could not tell.

"Of course not," he shouted triumphantly. "No one can tell. That is the result of the glorious revolution which the liberals of the West greeted as the dawn of freedom."

Emotion overcame him as he spoke. He got up, buttoned his coat and left. The waiter gave me the bill and then I too left the humble coffee-shop, thus unexpectedly transformed into an academy of Socratic wisdom.

II

Five months ago I undertook to write something for this virtuous periodical. I wrote something and threw it away. A few days later I wrote something else and threw it away. For fully twenty

weeks, now, I have been trying to write something, and all the while my Westport chimney has smoked with the fire of my misapplied zeal. For, truth to tell, my matches have been terribly upset. Ten years ago I knew what was what. Today I not only fail to see the difference between the Empress and the Prostitute (except that the latter has slightly better manners) but Ormuzd and Ahriman have changed places. Black has been turned into white, Wagner sounds like White-man, and His Holiness the Pope looms up as the champion of the people's liberties.

I have traveled far and wide to find a cure for this spiritual myopia. It has done me no good. I have heard the best music in a mining town, three hundred miles north of the Polar Circle, discovered the most inspiring suburbs in Chicago, and seen the worst art in the birthplace of Michel Angelo. This is effort No. 4711 to say something. If I fail this time, count me out and bury me.

For existence must have some purpose, and for the last four years life has tasted to me exactly like mashed potatoes—not the variety served at Foyot's, but the soggy brand familiar to those who twenty years ago were doomed to feed in Memorial Hall. Shall I don the academic gown and write a politico-theological treatise upon the wickedness of the war and prove with the help of many green, orange, brown, yellow and purple books, together with the revelations of Brother Bolshevik, that through the evil machinations of—(patriotic cadenza *ad lib.* by the patriotic reader), the old order of things has been destroyed, the intelligentsia are starving to death and the world has been surrendered to the profiteer and the Turk? Is this true, or is it not true? I don't know and I don't very much care. This, indeed, is not the first crisis of a similar nature through which our planet has passed. Every war has been followed by a complete change in the economic structure of society. The Babylonians, two thousand years before King Solomon,

observed the fact and commented upon it. The Romans brought the matter up for discussion in the Senate. The people of the Middle Ages accepted the phenomenon as merely another manifestation of diabolical omnipotence. Napoleon, with his shrewdness, used it for his own benefit. No, all this is an old, old story, and I won't take it seriously. It explains something, but not everything. It does not give a definite answer to the question, "Why is life today so unspeakably dull and uninteresting?"

Here some one may get up and shout, "You are forty-two. It is not the world that is out of gear. It is old age coming upon you." But I have carefully canvassed the younger generation, and I have interviewed all our leading editors and novelists and I have talked to their nurses, and even these worthy ladies have said, "Yes; the children are not what they used to be. Nothing seems to interest them but their bottles, and some of them are even for giving up their hootch and talk of going into a monastery." And so, regretfully but most deliberately, I have come to the conclusion that it is not the war that is to blame, but the peace, which passes all understanding.

The flaw in this argument is apparent. If peace is really as bad as I shall make it out to be, how could we laugh and sing in 1914? For the simple reason that we did not know any better. The angel of peace had watched over us in our cradles, had guided our first foot-steps, had attended our first sweet encounters with the stronger sex. We were like little boys in a prairie town who had never been to Des Moines. Then, suddenly, we were dumped into New York, our pockets filled with unlimited cash, and a thousand movies offering us free entertainment all the time. After that, was it humanly possible for us to go back to Kansas?

During a life misspent in the pursuit of the historical verities, I have read a ton of books about the Greek genius. The Greeks

deserve our everlasting admiration because they were great artists. They made us their eternal creditors because they laid the foundations of medicine, mathematics, philosophy, music, mixed beverages, astronomy and architecture. They provided us with our elementary knowledge of politics, democracy, and mob-rule. All that deserves universal praise and thanksgiving. But the Greeks' supreme claim to fame is (so it seems to me) a very different one: they abhorred drudgery. They regarded life as a glorious and not unhumorous adventure. They were willing to die for it and starve for it, but they positively refused to be bored by it.

The Romans, in their clumsy way, followed suit. In their effort to escape from the deadly routine of a well-regulated existence they were forced to conquer the entire world. When they had marched and fought all the way from Lusitania to Dacia, and when the barbarians began to take punishment as docilely as a bull in a Spanish tauromachy—in short, when all the fun had gone out of life—they laid themselves down, yawned, and allowed the pious brethren from Thessalonica and Philippi to run away with their empire.

Take now, my respected native land, with the history of which I am more or less familiar. For almost a century the good burghers of that swamp fought a desperate battle against their Spanish taskmasters. A few of them died, but, Lord help us! how the others enjoyed themselves! They went chasing Habsburg galleons as far as Manila. They almost bumped into the North Pole, trying to climb into the Spanish domains by the backdoor. They sailed from Cape Horn to Coney Island and walked from Timbuctoo to Tabriz. They swapped stories with the Great Khan and with the cacique of Manhattan Island. They printed endless books, painted countless pictures, built miles of fine country-houses, invented all sorts of unlikely things, and generally (from sheer exuberance of high spirits) laughed so heartily that pictures by Hals or Brouwer never fail

today to disgust visitors from Boston. And then—well, then they turned respectable, invested their money in bonds, began to take their dominies seriously and were promptly relegated to the historical ash-heap by an adventurous young man from Ajaccio.

III

While I am writing this the rural free delivery man comes by and brings me a copy of the *New Republic*. Glad to find an excuse for a short respite from my labors, I peruse it. Behold, the learned professors are once more at each other upon the subject of "Who started the War?" No one started it. It was the spontaneous combustion of a century of accumulated ennui. The Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs and the Poincarés (and what was the name of the fellow in England?)—they, of course, were not entirely without blame. But they were guilty only of a grave error of judgment. For a single moment they hoisted the curtain and allowed the multitude to have a peek at Scene I, Act. 1. That was fatal. With a shout of joy, factories and offices emptied themselves. To ninety per cent of the people it meant the first happy moment in a lifetime of almost unbearable weariness. At last their dreams had come true. They were no longer inanimate cogs in the machinery of production. They were men. The great adventure was about to begin. If the diplomats of Petersburg and Paris and Vienna and London had found a peaceful solution of the difficulty there would have been an immediate revolution in every capital of Europe.

Whenever, *privatissime* and gratis, I have given vent to these sentiments, there has been great commotion among the ladies in the audience.

"For shame! How can you say such things?"

But they are true! They are damnably true! Is there a woman in this vast Republic who does not think back with secret joy to the days when she could neglect

kitchen, kids and kilderkin and go forth, her instincts all ablaze, to be a Helen or a Cleopatra,—she who in the past had been relegated to the obscure rôle of a Mary or a Martha? Even the cloth fell for the temptation. How many an excellent shepherd of God's flocks remembers the merry months when he could borrow a Camel from a donkeyman and swap dirty stories with the coalheavers in Brest!

Of course, there ought to be a moral to this story. But true stories are like life itself: they contain everything from the sublime to the ridiculous, but they leave morals to the yarns in the magazines. If our pacifists meant well with us they would long ago have made peace as attractive as war. They have done nothing of the sort. As soon as the last official *Te Deum* had been sung in the cathedrals of the victorious nations, they intoned a chant in honor of Tedium, and with that doleful tune ringing on our ears they invited us to go back to our suburbs and get our mental stimulus from mah jong and the movies.

As a result, the world was at once in turmoil. A few desperate souls even went so far as to espouse the case of Brother Lenine, who, more intelligent than any of the others, kept up the show long after it was necessary and thereby assured himself the undying affection of his comrade-subjects. Others turned Ku Kluxers or became bootleggers, or tried to drive a car in New York, or wrote books about Roosevelt. But all this was *Ersatz*-contentment. It had no nourishing quality. It left the soul as hungry as before. Hence the present sadness. Hence a life as exciting (though less noisy) as dinner in a Dayton cafeteria.

The end, of course, is inevitable. For a while, driven by necessity, people will continue to manufacture Fords and pack sardines and plow fields and cook dinners. As man, however, cannot live without emotion ("Give us today our daily excitement" would be a better translation of a certain passage in the Gospel of St. Matthew), he will eventually break through

the boundaries of his present boredom, and begin to fill his leisure with such an incredible *mixtum compositum* of homemade stimulations that the very life of the Republic will be threatened, and Washington will have to take action and declare another war.

All this is very sad, but what can be done about it? During four glorious years man was free from drudgery. He was allowed to taste of the delectable fruit of excitation. He will never go back to his diet of mush without a struggle. Only if we recognize and accept this fact can we come to a true appreciation of the conditions under which we are obliged to exist. Eventually we may even be able to re-

classify our matches, and to arrange them in their decent and proper order. But if they are to be used for a game as dull as cricket and as unprofitable as checkers they will not last very long.

Some desperate youngster will upset the table in a spirit of sheer exasperation. Newspapers will shriek, statesmen will pound tables, diplomats will pack trunks. All to no avail! Ears trained to the five o'clock whistle will gloriously welcome the six o'clock Big Bertha. Emotions bottled up by years of drudgery will explode with the first blast of shrapnel. And we historians will add yet another chapter to the ponderous tome entitled "The Wages of Peace is a Yawn."

THE DUTCH ON THE DELAWARE

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

THE current celebration of the 300th anniversary of the settlement of New Amsterdam by the Dutch serves to recall many instances of permanent Dutch influence upon the development of America, though such influences, in the main, have received very little recognition from American historians. The English economist, Barker, wrote that "our ideas of civil liberty, of religious toleration and of peaceful and natural development, and most of our sciences and industries were borrowed from the Netherlands; English civilization is Dutch civilization to a very large extent." Thorold Rogers wrote that "Holland taught Europe nearly everything; she was the university of the civilized world, the centre of European trade; the admiration, the envy, the example of nations." Bancroft declared that the United Provinces were the Fathers' model for the Federal Union. Kitchens, in his "History of France," says that the Dutch twice saved the Western world from subjection—first from Spain and then from France. And President John Adams wrote to his son, the second President Adams, "mostly study the Dutch." Dutch celebrations—the one in New York, that at Lewes, Del., some years ago, and the one at Gloucester, N. J., last year, commemorating the 300th anniversary of the first white settlement on the Delaware River—may remind Americans that their origins, customs and institutions, to a greater extent than is generally known, are to be traced to other than British sources.

In Colonial America mingled many races, and they were drawn from the

European Continent as well as from Great Britain. On both shores of what was long called the Gallic channel, race mixing had been going on so long before the settlement of what is now the United States that Hall, the British writer on racial origins, says that it would be more accurate to call the English people Romans than to call them Saxons. He has many a jibe for the post-prandial and editorial term, Anglo-Saxon. Even in those parts of the United States which boast of the "pure Anglo-Saxon blood" of their people, where it is assumed that the early settlers were all of one blood, more exact knowledge shows that the claim of descent from this or that single race ignores the frequency, in the early days, of intermarriages.

The Eastern Shore of Virginia was out of the track of the early migrations from New England and New York westward and from Pennsylvania westward and southward, and its inhabitants in the Seventeenth Century are generally thought to have been exclusively English, but we are told by Wise, the historian of that section, that these early Virginians traded chiefly with the Dutch on the other side of the ocean, and that Dutch names and descendants of the Dutch in maternal lines are to be found there to-day. In Savannah, Georgia, Evans, the noted American golfer, has discovered that there was a Dutch Kolf Baan club in 1797. The early history of the game of golf, including Dutch exporters' shipments of balls and clubs to Scotland and Dutch laws forbidding play on the highways of Holland because the spectators blocked travel, was long ago made known, and so the element

of surprise in Mr. Evans' discovery is confined to the information that there were enough Dutchmen in Savannah at that early date to maintain a club. Their presence, like the presence of the German Waldos, Fessendens and Fries and the Dutch Wendells, Heutises and Hoveys in New England; the early Germans in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Louisiana and other Southern States; the Swedes in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware; the French Huguenots in the North and South and the Spaniards whose names appear on the Confederate monument at St. Augustine, indicates that the unmodified long head and the pure broad head exist in America no more frequently than among the English or French or Germans, and that our beginnings, like theirs, were brought about by the crossing of different, though in the main, related stocks.

II

In the 257 years that have passed since the treaty of Breda Americans appear not to have learned that New York City passed from Dutch to English control, not because the English captured New Amsterdam in 1664, for the Dutch recaptured it, but because, paradoxically, of a Dutch naval victory on the Thames. Our people are similarly unaware that the territory of Delaware owes its present identity as a State to early Dutch activities and perspicacity, that a portion of the Mason and Dixon line, the boundary between the free and the slave States, had its origin in the same influence, and that to the same cause is due the fact that the city of Philadelphia is not in Maryland today.

Sydney George Fisher, author of several well-known historical books, has been quoted as saying that the Dutch were "kicked out of Pennsylvania," an assertion not to be commended either for politeness or for accuracy. Dutch authority over New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, which were the

only colonies united under one authority previous to the Articles of Confederation of 1777, came to an end with the Seventeenth Century wars between Holland and England, but Dutchmen in large numbers remained in all these colonies. Dutch names remained attached to many of their streams and places, as to the Paulinskill in New Jersey, the Sawkill, the Raymondskill and Marcus Hook in Pennsylvania, and to the Modderkill and Hoorncill in Delaware. The agents of William Penn found that Dutch settlements had been made along the upper Delaware so long before his coming that orchards were already fully grown, and Dutch names from that region are frequent on the Pennsylvania military rosters of the French and Indian War of the middle of the Seventeenth Century. Penn himself was the son of a Dutch mother and Pepys says that she had more wit than his father. He knew the Dutch language, and traveled in Holland, and grafted a number of Dutch practices upon Pennsylvania law.

The treaty of Breda, July 31, 1667, provided that the Dutch and English should each retain the territory captured in the war just ended. New Amsterdam thus became an English possession and Suriname a Dutch territory, an exchange confirmed by the subsequent treaty of Westminster, which in the main followed that of Breda. In the interval predatory France had indulged in one of her thirty-one invasions of the Rhine country, uniting with England in an effort to break down the Netherlands. The month's occurrences previous to the signing of the treaty of Breda had been humiliating to England and had filled her people with alarm. A Dutch fleet of eighty vessels had sailed up the Thames and the Medway, captured the fort of Sheerness, had gone on to the castle of Upnor, taken the English flag-ship, destroyed six large vessels and borne off the *Royal Charles* and the *Unity* to Holland, where the stern of the flag-ship rests to this day in a Dutch museum. A panic of fear prevailed in London and the people prepared for flight.

So signal a triumph over English sea-power hurried the English into the treaty of Breda, and enabled the Dutch to dictate the terms by which they kept Suriname and gave up New Amsterdam.

Present day American historians are inclined, of course, to view this arrangement in the light of the present importance of New York. But the fact that England later lost New York to the new American Republic and that the Dutch still have Suriname, with its vast forests, its great rivers, its cocoa, coffee and sugar plantations, its \$18,000,000 of gold mined between 1910 and 1920, and its recent discovery of even richer gold deposits, must enter into any consideration of the question as to which nation got the better of the bargain.

III

The doubt, confusion and century-long contest over the border-line between Pennsylvania and Maryland and over the eastern boundary of the latter State were of so curious a nature that their causes still have great interest. The principle governing the adjustment of the eastern border, and, in part, of the northern, was first defined by the Dutch, and so the contest and its outcome impressed a Dutch influence upon the political organization and the geography of an important section of the United States.

The Dutch ship, the *Half Moon*, commanded by Henry Hudson, anchored in Delaware Bay on August 28, 1609, and the Dutch claimed the country. As this was before Hudson's discovery of the Hudson River, New Netherland thus had its origin on the South River (the Delaware) not on the North River. Before 1614, the Dutch Captain, Cornelius Mey, had examined the capes at the entrance of Delaware Bay and named them Cape May and Cape Henlopen (D. *inlopen*, entering in), the latter from the Dutch town of Hindelopen, on the North Sea, in Friesland. In 1616 Cornelius Hendrickson discovered the mouth of the Schuylkill River, and,

where Philadelphia now is, rescued from the Indians three Dutchmen, one of them named Kleynties, who had come overland from the North River. In 1623 May built Fort Nassau on the East side of the Delaware, the site of the present town of Gloucester, N. J. Ten years later Arent Corssen, acting for Wouter Van Twiller, the Dutch Governor of New Netherland, bought from the Indians "the Schuylkill and adjoining lands" on which Fort Beversreade was erected. In 1631 there was a Dutch settlement at the site of the present town of Lewes, Del. In 1632 DeVries landed at Fort Nassau, at Ridley Creek on the East side of the Delaware and at the site of Philadelphia.

Into this territory, which was Dutch by right of discovery, claim and settlement, other peoples soon intruded. In 1642 Jan Jansen, the Dutch commander at Fort Nassau, drove away a number of Englishmen who proposed to settle near the mouth of the Schuylkill. By 1638 the Swedes began to appear in the region, and, New Amsterdam being absorbed with holding back the Indians, they were unmolested. They increased in numbers and audacity to such an extent that in 1646 they turned back a Dutch vessel seeking to trade with the Indians on the Schuylkill. But in 1651 Stuyvesant reasserted Dutch authority by sending an armed ship up the South River, while he himself marched overland to Fort Nassau, and built a fort where New Castle now is, thus commanding the river. In 1654 the captain of a Swedish vessel, with a score of soldiers, captured the Dutch Fort Cassimir from its garrison of twelve Dutchmen, but the next year Stuyvesant, with seven ships, 317 soldiers and a company of sailors, captured the two forts held by the Swedes, Fort Cassimir and Fort Christina, and by September 15 Dutch control of the whole of the South River was re-established. At New Amstel (New Castle) the Dutch had horses, cows, pigs and goats, and a school with twenty-five pupils. They made bricks and tiles,

laid out gardens, raised wheat and rye and shipped timber to Holland.

The foregoing sequence of discoveries, explorations, purchases, settlements and conquests made the basis of the Dutch claim, and its successful maintenance in the subsequent long contest with the proprietors of Maryland enabled Pennsylvania to retain possession of her chief city. The paper titles of both Dutch and English, the former based on a claim of succession to the Spanish title, and the latter on Cabot's cruising, may be dismissed from consideration, for proprietorship was finally determined *vi et armis*.

With Swedes, New Englanders and Indians contending for the Dutch possessions, the New Netherlands had already found life full enough of interest when along came Lord Baltimore to start trouble from the southward. English ignorance, at that time, of American geography, of the width of a degree of latitude, of the location of the parallels of latitude, and of the activities of other peoples, and the inexactness of the phraseology of contemporary documents combined to make the charter of Maryland and the subsequent charter of Pennsylvania indefinite and gave birth to a border controversy that became the most bitter and enduring in American annals. The letters patent granted by Charles I in 1632 conveyed to Lord Baltimore two separate tracts, one lying between the ocean on the East and Chesapeake Bay on the West and running as far North as that part of the Delaware Bay which lies "under" the fortieth degree of North latitude. The northern boundary of the other tract was a line running from the bay along the fortieth degree, and the southern boundary was determined by a line running from a point near the mouth of the Potomac to Watkins Point. Lord Baltimore's petition for his grant and his letters patent described a territory that was uncultivated and unoccupied except by "savages having no knowledge of the Divine Being." If this limitation had not been in the charter and

if the grantee's claim to all the territory extending northward to the fortieth degree of latitude had been sustained, the State of Maryland would include today all of Delaware, a part of West Virginia and a strip rather less than twenty miles wide across the entire width of Southern Pennsylvania.

But, as has been narrated, the Dutch had already pushed down on both shores of the Delaware, and so this territory was no longer a mere savage wilderness. In the earliest records of Maryland the Delaware is called by its Dutch name, the South River. In 1659 the Maryland authorities sent Colonel Nathaniel Utie to New Amstel (New Castle, Del.) to inform the "pretended" Dutch Governor that the Dutch were in Lord Baltimore's province and must depart from it. But instead of recognizing this claim, the local Dutch authorities, Governor Beekman and Alricks, sent duplicate notifications of the demand, one by land and one by sea, to Governor Stuyvesant at New Amsterdam. That energetic official censured Beekman and Alricks for not arresting Colonel Utie and sent Augustine Herman and Resolved Waldron to remonstrate against the action of the Marylanders.

The two commissioners bore credentials in which were set forth at length the Dutch rights on the Delaware. At the meeting with the Governor and Council of Maryland at Patuxent, the Dutch ambassadors were shown a copy of Lord Baltimore's charter. Thereupon, with that perspicacity which, in the next century, was to give celebrity to the Philadelphia lawyer, they pointed out to the Maryland officials that their charter was a grant "in a country hitherto uncultivated" and occupied only by "savages having no knowledge of the Divine Being." The Dutch commissioners defined a principle that many years afterwards was to be the basis of the settlement of the conflict over the bounds of Maryland when they maintained that, inasmuch as much of the country on the Delaware was settled by

whites before the date of Lord Baltimore's charter, it was not intended by the King to invest him with title to any settlements on the river. When the treaty of Westminster confirmed the terms of the treaty of Breda and New Netherlands was exchanged for Suriname, the Duke of York came into possession of the Dutch territory west of the Delaware River and Bay, and in August, 1682, he conveyed it to William Penn. But the end of the contest did not come until Mason and Dixon's line was run in the next century, nine years before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

IV

In the meanwhile the difficulty was increased by the grant by Charles II to William Penn, on March 4, 1680-81, of the whole of Pennsylvania. This grant was bounded on the East by the Delaware River from 12 miles northward of New Castle to the forty-third degree of North latitude and on the South by a circle of twelve miles radius, drawn from New Castle northward and westward to its intersection with the fortieth degree of latitude. The rest of the southern boundary was a straight line running westward for a distance of five degrees of longitude from the Delaware River.

This grant rivaled Lord Baltimore's in vagueness. The fortieth degree of latitude had not been determined, and when subsequently observations were taken it was discovered to be a physical impossibility for the circle around New Castle to touch anywhere the fortieth parallel, for it was miles South of that line. When the Maryland charter was granted it was thought in London that the fortieth degree line crossed Delaware Bay. Actually it crossed the Delaware River, North of the city of Philadelphia. Therefore, the southern boundary of Pennsylvania could not be located in accordance with the terms of the Penn charter. Nor could the northern and eastern limits of Maryland be fixed according to the Lord Baltimore charter,

both for the reasons advanced by the Dutch Commissioners and because of additional complications. The Maryland claim was to the completion of the fortieth degree at the fortieth parallel. The Penns claimed that the northern boundary of Maryland was at the beginning of the fortieth degree at the thirty-ninth parallel. In Lord Baltimore's grant the Delaware Bay was used to define his northern limit "under" the fortieth degree, whereas the head of the Delaware Bay was miles South of the fortieth parallel, to which line he made claim. At that time in England it was thought that there were 60 miles in a degree, but the French astronomer, Picard, previous to Penn's arrival in America in 1682, had determined that there were actually 69.5 miles. In 1682 the King of England by letter commanded Lord Baltimore to determine the northern boundary of Maryland by measuring from Watkins Point northward two degrees, according to the usual computation of 60 English miles to a degree. But a measurement of two such degrees, or 120 miles, would have placed the northern boundary of Maryland far below the fortieth degree and about seven miles below the present boundary, which is about 125 miles from the extreme southern point of the State of Maryland.

The vitality of apparently dead and buried controversies and their habit of rising again are shown down to the present time in writings about this ancient boundary dispute. Usually the writers pay much attention to the outcroppings of the controversy and little or none to the principle which afforded a basis for its settlement. So good a historian as William Hand Browne in his "Maryland" (American Commonwealths Series) presents a picture of the proprietors of Maryland hoodwinked in some mysterious manner into signing in 1732 an agreement with the Penns, which yielded to the latter the territory in dispute. But at a much earlier date, in 1685, the Lords of Trade and Plantations in London had reached a

decision, approved by King James, that the three counties now forming the State of Delaware did not belong to Lord Baltimore and that the disputed territory of the Peninsula should be divided by a North and South line half-way between the Delaware and Chesapeake, tangent to a circle twelve miles from New Castle and thence North to a point fifteen miles South of Philadelphia. This partition of the Peninsula had been suggested long previously by the Dutch. The Lord Chancellor of England directed that the agreement of 1732 must be carried out, whereupon in 1760 the fifth Lord Baltimore and Thomas and Richard Penn confirmed it. It is not necessary to assume that the Lord Baltimore who signed the agreement of 1732 was hoodwinked. It appears more probable that he had come to a realization that the Maryland claim to lands up to the fortieth parallel could not be maintained against the weight of the evidence heretofore rehearsed. The decree in chancery pronounced by Lord Hardwicke, says that the agreement of 1732 was proposed by Lord Baltimore himself, "that he himself produced the map or plan afterwards annexed to the articles, that he himself reduced the heads of it into writing and was very well assisted in making it, and further that there was a great length of time taken for consideration and reducing it to form."

The dispute had been maintained at times by forays, by the burning of homes and the loss of life. In retaliation for a raid made by Thomas Cresap, a zealous Marylander, his home was destroyed and he was borne by his captors to Philadelphia. In that city, when the throng assembled to see the "Maryland Monster," the undaunted Cresap cried, "Why, this is the finest city in the Province of Maryland!" But Cresap's audacity had been undermined by Dutch exactness, and the Penns reaped where the Dutch had sown. In 1732 Philadelphia was a town of some ten thousand inhabitants, and it is improbable that the people whose feet were

already firmly planted, and who were drawing wealth from and handling the importations of the fertile back country, would have started to build another town in order to be under the Penn government had the century old border conflict gone in Maryland's interest.

V

The chief participants in the long drawn out contest have left the impress of their names upon American geography, Herman became the founder of Bohemia Manor in Cecil County, Maryland, and to him is to be traced the names of Bohemia River, St. Augustine Church, and Port Herman. The name of Colonel Utie, who was sent to New Amstel in 1759 with the Maryland notice to the "pretended" Dutch governor, is preserved in Spesutia, the name borne by a large island at the head of the Chesapeake. That Lord Baltimore's name is borne by the Maryland city and Penn's by the State he founded is known to all school boys.

It is not apparent that the subsequent development of either State would have been changed materially had Maryland gained a twenty mile wide strip across Southern Pennsylvania. For some 180 miles, westward from Philadelphia, that strip is agricultural or rough mountain land. Pennsylvania would have retained its deposits of anthracite coal, the vast bulk of its bituminous coal, and the oil, iron ore and other deposits that have been the foundation of its industrial growth. But had Philadelphia developed from a Maryland village to the extent that it has grown as a Pennsylvania city, all that portion of it North of the fortieth parallel would still be in the latter State, and its northward growth might have been hastened at the expense of the older quarters. And beside what is now the central part of her chief city, Pennsylvania would have lost a number of her cherished historical associations, including the birth-place of her only President and the battle-fields of Brandywine and Gettysburg.

THE AMERICAN CHEMIST

BY L. M. HUSSEY

DURING the concluding years of my nonage I used to receive the monthly issue of a house-organ published by a manufacturer of compounded oils such as are employed in the preservation and softening of leather, cotton, silk and the like. The president of this oil works was the editor and author of the magazine, and beyond doubt he had a talent for the convincing phrase. He could be both witty and eloquent, but to me his eloquent moments were by far the more arresting. A new wool-softener, about to be marketed by his house, would inspire him to paragraphs of almost passionate exaltation. The older products always came in for their share of the incense, too, but it was the new thing, the innovation, the recent masterful discovery that stirred, that aroused him and led him to what seems in memory a worshipful lyricism of expression.

Striking out resounding chords of praise, he never failed to announce his well-beloved theme—the Research Laboratory. This laboratory, *his* laboratory, was a fountain of ceaseless wonders. It was a Fortunatus' horn of splendid achievement. Being a student then, and saturated with the romantic aspects of the chemical arts, my imagination conceived it as a place of unlimited facilities, a succession of experimental chambers agleam with countless flasks and beakers, shelves of reagents, fascinating closets housing platinum ware, calorimeters, refractometers, spectroscopes, the apparatus of cryoscopy, and inhabited by a score or more of grave and marvelous chemists, each endowed with the experimental skill of a Cavendish.

I had read, of course, of Adolf Baeyer's extraordinary work on the constitution and synthesis of indigo—twelve or fifteen years of uninterrupted striving. To me there was something thrillingly romantic in such magnificent patience. Now the oil manufacturer, by the power of his eloquent word, gave me new heroes, although nameless. They were the grave, anonymous geniuses laboring in his Research Laboratories, whence came the new softeners for leather and silk.

Five or six years later, being out of employment, my thoughts turned once more to those laboratories. My earlier vision was reestablished, albeit a bit tempered by my intervening experiences. Nevertheless, it was with a distinct sense of personal insufficiency that I wrote the oil manufacturer suggesting that one of my talents might be useful to him. I really expected no reply. But a letter came; moreover, it granted an interview.

A few days later I entered the oil gentleman's offices. They were sufficiently impressive. Ranks of stenographers sat imprisoned behind wedged desks like wasps in their separate cells. After a decent interval of waiting a boy conducted me to the private office of the Works Manager. He, a snappish man, inquired of my experience. Although I deemed myself hopelessly wanting, I was vain enough to make a show of what practical work I had done. The Works Manager listened. Then, abruptly, he told me there was an opening in the Research Laboratories. Hardly had this startling news been spoken when he continued with the almost fabulous statement that the company was dissatisfied with its

laboratory chief! Did I believe myself competent to take charge?

What! take charge of that Olympus of laboratories? Discover myself the superintendent of all those profound magnificos of research? After an instant of voiceless astonishment I was able to say yes. I had committed myself to a desperate undertaking, but the bridge was in flames; there was no retreat. Vaguely I heard the practical words this Works Manager was speaking.

"The President," he said, "is determined to keep down laboratory expenses. The figure you named a moment ago is a little stiff. We'd be willing to let you start, though, at twenty dollars a week . . ."

Twenty dollars—it did not matter! The hard fact of this very modest wage was somehow engauded, multiplied, by the grandeur of the opportunity. At the moment I achieved no active sense of the incongruous. Would I, the Works Manager inquired, like first to inspect the laboratories? I followed him through a metal fire-door and we were at once in an atmosphere of vaporized oils. It proceeded from a submerged iron tank, bubbling with an unpleasant mixture of wool-grease and rosin. Near the iron railing about the tank was another door. Here, he said, were the laboratories.

The plural word was justly used. There were two rooms. One of them was about twice the size of a Pullman smoking compartment. The other, the greater, was three or four times as large. In the latter were two young men, neither of voting age. At the sink a very oily boy, a boy extremely inuncted, stood washing out a beaker. As he worked his greasy hair fell into his eyes. Nearby one of the young men was engaged upon what seemed to be, considering the apparatus at his disposal, an inevitably futile effort at a saponification value. The other youth, over a sandbath improvised from a pie-plate, was taking the flash-point of an oil. And the shelves of reagents, the gleaming flasks and beakers, the mysterious closets crammed with seductive apparatus? They had no more existence than

marital fidelity in a tom cat! That is to say, they had no existence at all; their state of being was imaginary, artistic—a product of the manufacturer's lyrical imagination.

This, indeed, was a devastating discovery, but being out of employment, I took charge of the Research Laboratories. Shortly afterward I was called to the private office of that eloquent man, the president. There I was commissioned to solve a pressing problem. In the works they were making, he explained, certain sulphonated oils for the leather trade. Expensive fish oils were being used in the process. "Now what I want," he said, "is to sulphonate mineral oil. Petroleum. It's cheaper!"

Brashly assured, suddenly confident, I told that poetic man that he entertained an impossible hope. With a great display of learning, I revealed to him the unhappy truth that mineral oil is not attacked by sulphuric acid, and that therefore it cannot be sulphonated. He vouchsafed me a gaze of profound disapproval.

"Did you ever read," he inquired, "an essay by Elbert Hubbard called, 'A Message to Garcia'?"

Although I had made shift to sweat through a bit of inspirational reading, I was ignorant of this classic.

"Well," he admonished, with deepening disapproval, "you read it. I don't say it's easy to sulphonate a mineral oil. But I say it can be done. Look at Edison! What you have to do, young man, is carry a message to Garcia. That's your task. You go back to the Research Laboratories and do it!"

I was flabbergasted and at the same time obscurely indignant. To me it seemed unfair that the information I had so patiently acquired after years of toilsome application should be so airily brushed aside by poetic ignorance. But meanwhile, the man's supreme confidence made me uncertain. He was so immeasurably assured. *Voilà*, I return to the Research Laboratories and the experiments.

I discovered that there were only four whole beakers in the equipment. Presumably the messenger had to have some means

of reaching Garcia. I requisitioned a dozen. The requisition was refused. The president himself instructed me upon the topic of laboratory expense.

"Goodyear," he said, "learned how to vulcanize rubber in a tea-cup. Then what do you need with all that stuff?"

I was, perhaps, lacking in that heroic spirit which declines to credit the impossibility of anything. For me the force of attraction between any two bodies was still inversely as the square of the distance, despite the poet's injunction to believe otherwise. By my hand the sulphonation of mineral oil was not, alas, to be. At the end of a few weeks I resigned from the Research Laboratories, leaving behind me, through no fault of mine, two beakers where there were originally four.

II

The experience, however, if disillusioning, was useful. It was the first dramatic knowledge that had come to me of the status of the American successors to the Boyles, the Priestleys, the Scheeles. My further experience, if never so extravagant, was not dissimilar to that first. Out of disillusionment I came to the understanding that the number of grave chemists in America, elaborating their discoveries with the magnificent patience of a Baeyer, ran in direct proportion to the number of employers possessing a culture sufficient to comprehend such men and such work. In other words, I found that they scarcely existed at all. This my painful discovery, I now hand on belatedly to all patriots. The fact, however, remains unchanged: in the industries of this great and opulent democracy the research chemist is still conspicuously without honor. His importance, in the eyes of the average manufacturer, is yet below that of the most mediocre drummer in the sales department. And more often than not this obscure fellow, who receives less money than the drummer and much less honor, is not actually a chemist at all. Only too frequently he knows nothing whatever of the

fundamentals of his art and science. He has been reared in a certain laboratory to do one thing—usually some sort of tedious and futile testing of materials. He does that—and nothing more. He is not a scientist at all; he is a mere technician, a workman.

Hundreds of such pathetic incompetents, with a natural disinclination for trench warfare, served during the late war of liberation in the Chemical Warfare Service, the most astounding goulash of chemists, savory and unsavory, ever assembled in one stew. I do not say that that Service, with its gargantuan personnel, its fabulous laboratories, its unparalleled confusion, its reduction of scientific research to the goose step, accomplished absolutely nothing. Far from it! I myself, in fact, was a witness to one accomplishment. It happened on an evening when I attended a local chapter of the American Chemical Society. An Arrhenius in olive drab, wearing spurs, lectured on the manufacture of poison gases. He passed around a bottle containing a miligram or so of mustard gas. The bottle was cunningly arranged so that one could get an innocuous whiff of the vapor. I took that whiff with a peculiarly luxurious, yes, Lucullan satisfaction. That single atom of poisonous stench probably cost the people of this great democracy no less than a million dollars!

In theory, a chemist is a professional man, practicing one of the learned professions. Theoretically, his dignity should be no less than that of an engineer, a physician or even an attorney-and-counsellor-at-law. I do not go so far as to suggest for him all the august dignity of a justice on the bench. But I do say that the amount of academic and practical training necessary for the production of a first-class chemist is no less than that required to make a competent doctor of medicine. But now compare the chemists of the Republic with a body of medicos!

Choose an evening when the local chapter of the American Chemical Society happens to hold services on the same night as the accredited County Medical Society.

Spend fifteen minutes at both sessions. Observe the solemn deportment, the pontifical magnificence of the Aesculapians and then compare it with the timidities of the chemists. What if the speaker at the medical meeting emits words no less nonsensical than those of the appointed orator of the chemists? There is a difference between nonsense spoken with the holy wafer upraised, the choir chanting, the censers swinging, and nonsense said in the manner of the half-wit behind the stove in the village store. The proceedings of the County Society have the semblance of a sacerdotal function, with overtones of a faint diabolism; the deliberations of the Local Chapter might well be mistaken for a singularly spiritless conclave of the State Haymakers, the Owls, or the Junior Order of United American Mechanics.

III

During the late war, while the freedom of the seas and the self-determination of the little peoples were still in jeopardy, before justice had prevailed, and a just and permanent peace had been made, I was a reader of the instructive literature issued by the Hon. George Creel, then of Washington. I was, I trust, no more ready than any other patriot to question the veracity of this official enlightenment. Most of the pills, in fact, went down easily enough, but now and then, it is necessary to confess, I faltered before an especially formidable one. One of the latter was a modest pamphlet which undertook to demonstrate how the preëminence of the enemy's chemical establishment was but a result of his familiar, insidious wickedness, and how his chemists had actually stolen most of their basic ideas from—*les Américains du Nord!*

This revelation, while gratifying to my deepest patriotic instincts, was naturally confounding to my previous estimate of the relative chemical achievements of the two nations. However, praying that faith might be accorded me, I had almost come

to the point where the insignificance of the Bertheims, the Ehrlichs, and the Fischers was made apparent to me when, boomerang-like, a second encyclical arrived shamelessly admitting the exploits of the enemy Berzeliuses, but affirming, at the same time, the aptness of our own chemists for the same and for better tricks. In short, the burden of this second pamphlet was that the national chemical soul was about to live, that for long it had been *in statu nascendi*, but that now its accouchement was at hand. Grandeur and achievement were shortly to follow. Synthetics were presently to be built up with a potency and complexity that would make Emil Fischer's trivial work in the sugars resemble a tyro's dabbling with a test-tube. An organization known as the Chemical Foundation was to be the cunning obstetrician of that illustrious delivery. It was also to be the guardian and executor of the infant's patrimony, a neat total of 5700 enemy chemical patents, valued at a hundred million dollars, all stolen from the sinful Hun, and now turned over to the Foundation for the bargain price of \$271,000.

First, the dyes and medicinals of old must be reproduced. The medicinals in particular must be reproduced. Ehrlich's celebrated antiluetic had, for example, been basely withdrawn from our market. In spite of the high moral status of the Republic, it must be made at once available, lest, in another generation, the complement fixation test of our infants show a four-plus positive. Overnight a thousand factories for the elaboration of aniline products appeared where one had been before. A vast, and it seemed permanent, industry came into instant being. Hosannas to the national chemical genius were raised. Benzene, toluene and other aromatic hydrocarbons were being nitrated on every hillside. Passing through certain areas in northern New Jersey one encountered sudden blankets of red vapor embracing whole cities, as if the inhabitants had delivered themselves to hellish rites. Nitration pots without number were issuing red nitrous

oxide gas into the air. The nation's chemists were at work!

Then a whisper began to insinuate itself, like a miasmatic vapor, through the clear paeans of praise. The genius of the American chemists was not at fault, but the enemy had been taken in another scoundrelly betrayal of civilization. Nothing less, this time, than a falsification of his written word! Yes, his patents, awarded by the Foundation, were found to be sophisticated! Sometimes the processes he described would not work. The national chemists had been victimized by low jokes. A new diablerie was revealed. Then other whispers were spoken. They gathered volume; they became a voice. It was a voice of disillusionment. Something was wrong, someone was to blame. Intermediates were difficult to obtain, labor was costly, processes uncertain, the promised abundance of synthetics was not forthcoming. The smaller factories disappeared. The larger, in some instances, hung on. But the establishment, on a permanent and indestructible foundation, of a great national chemical industry did not, alas, take place.

Balked momentarily by this curious frustration of high hopes, I turned, for an appropriate key to the enigma, to the person of my former employer, he of the Garcia mood. Once more I recalled myself denied, in my effort to obtain beakers, by his severe pronouncement: "Goodyear learned how to make vulcanized rubber in a teacup. What do you need with all that stuff?" Then the man actually believed that chemical research was no more than a sort of exalted cookery! You mixed up the stuff and waited until something happened. To do that you needed, in his opinion, some little determination, perhaps, and a tolerant nose for stench, but very little sagacity and less equipment. Here was one manufacturer's opinion of the chemist and his work. And he represented, unhappily, a numerous American type. That type is responsible for the backwardness of practical chemical research in the Republic.

IV

The inability of my poet of the oil works and his colleagues throughout the nation to comprehend the nature of the chemist and his activities is explained, I fear, by their general deficiency in culture. The work of the chemist is in close relation to many of the intimacies of every day life; in some respect, then, his relation to life must be known to everyone, even employers of chemists. But what remains a mystery is the precise manner in which he functions. Of what, exactly, does his knowledge consist? How can his information be applied to industry?

No one of the sciences, in its more detailed aspects, is so little known to the uninitiated as that of the chemist. Thousands of laymen can be found with considerable accretions of medical knowledge. When the family doctor writes *spiritus frumenti* on the prescription pad, the Latin may be a bit flabbergasting but the general purpose is understood. Likewise, all the solons have not been admitted to the bar; amateurs in law are as common as blackberries; there are business men who know as much about sophisticating an income-tax return as a Federal judge. The detailed information of the engineer, being largely mathematical, is less accessible to common understanding, but the broad outlines of the engineer's work are also well comprehended.

But what of the chemist? Popular imagination conceives him as a fellow injured to stench, liable to an instant taking-off by incalculable explosions, capable of taking a bit of unknown earthy stuff and by stewing it a moment in a test-tube, coming to an instant and necromantic knowledge of its constituents. The informed will at once observe that this picture caricatures the chemist. Yet the average employer of chemists, at one with the common citizenry of the Republic, gets but little further in his comprehension of the chemist's real significance. As I have intimated, the Babbitts are balked by the de-

iciencies of their general culture. Chemistry, in spite of its intimate relation to civilized life, is an extraordinary abstruse and difficult science. It holds out little promise for the smatterer. At its portals stand sentinel the harsh laws of atomicity, whose forbidding aspect repels the casual inquirer. The inner mysteries are, to the superficial, no less entangling and repellent. Yet if chemists are intelligently to be used in industry some comprehension of these mysteries must be achieved. That comprehension is now lacking.

In spite of my prejudice in favor of the dolicocephalic over-men of North American business enterprise, I am obliged, in melancholy, to admit that their brethren of Europe seem somewhat more enlightened. The industrial chemist of the Continent is no such hang-dog fellow as his American brother. Nor is he, in most cases, so incompetent. An able chemist, in France or Germany, does not turn, for refuge, as he usually does on these shores, to the haven of an institution or university. Opportunities for significant rewards and notable work exist in industry. Executives with sufficient enlightenment to forsee the possibilities of chemistry equip laboratories with beakers to repletion and their gestures are far more practical than that oracular spread of the arms that accompanies a mention of Garcia. As a result, as everyone knows, an elaborate chemical industry prevails in Europe, with plenty of able chemists to serve it.

Returning to the national spectacle, and to the prospects for American industrial chemistry, I grow pessimistic. I am unable to predict how long it will take my poet of the oil works before he possesses sufficient information to make use of the indigenous Boyles and Lavoisiers. It would not, in this case, pay to advertise. The gyrations of the Rotarians will not speed the day of comprehension. Patriotism fails. Even a constitutional amendment might not succeed.

I fear, indeed, that for some time ahead the newer dyestuffs, the newer synthetics, the new additions to materia medica and the new discoveries of chemical law will continue to come from across the seas that we fought, in the late conflict, to free. Something practical, however, can be done to deal more effectively with the slippery—and being foreigners, naturally iniquitous—fellows who apply from overseas for patents on their chemical discoveries. Let it be enacted that each foreign applicant must make a demonstration of his process before two qualified agents, one from the Attorney General's Office, the other from the Chemical Warfare Service. Let no patent be allowed where the slightest discrepancy appears between the written directions and their practical demonstration. This done, when the next great crisis comes great good will ensue. The cabbaging of enemy patents will be followed, then, by no such revelation of obscene enemy joking as was vouchsafed in the late glorious conflict.

THE MOUSE

BY MAY FREUD DICKENSON

SHE hated mice. At Woolworth's she bought traps, two for five. At night, as she sat reading the newspaper, her slipshod feet propped up off the floor on the rung of the painted oak dining-room chair, it was music to her to hear the sharp click of a trap, the tiny futile squeal of extinction.

She had rid the place of them. She had stopped up all the holes with pieces of tin from tomato cans. The flat had been overrun when they had moved in that May. It was just like Charlie to insist that they take this dirty old-fashioned place instead of going farther up town, where for the same rent they could have got three brand-new, clean rooms.

"Think I want to spend two hours and a half every day riding up and down town in the Subway? All very well for you to talk, Minna. You stay home all day."

Yes, she stayed home all day, in those three dingy, sunless rooms looking out on the back court; cooking meals and washing dishes and fighting mice.

But she'd got rid of all the mice now. Only one was left and she'd get him. She knew the hole he came out of, in the wall just behind the pipe of the gas stove. She could not get at the hole to plug it up. Every night he came out. When she went out to the kitchen about half past ten to soak Charlie's oatmeal for the morning she always saw that mouse. A dark gray streak across the floor, behind the garbage pail, to the black shadows under the stove.

Mrs. Grebe was not afraid of that mouse. She hated it.

She laid in a new supply of the two-for-five traps, baited them with yellow cheese,

set them in all the corners of the kitchen. Two even in the dining room, one beside the radiator, the other in the fireplace with its empty iron rack for gas logs.

Nights when Charlie was off to play billiards, as she sat alone, reading or idly turning over the illustrated pages of some florid magazine the woman next door had lent her, she listened with acute subconscious interest for the click of the mouse trap, which at one clever nip of the little steel jaws would announce the destruction of her enemy.

But though she listened sharply for five nights and examined all the traps in the morning the mouse remained uncaught.

Her desire to catch it became a fixed purpose in her dull eventless life. The cheese had failed. She consulted the Finnish janitress.

Mrs. Saltah suggested bits of bacon.

Mrs. Grebe bought three strips at the delicatessen store. Charlie did not like bacon. It was too greasy. It gave him indigestion. She was fond of a bit for supper, but the smell of frying it was apt to linger in the air and it annoyed Charlie.

But she could tell him if he complained that she had bought this bacon, not for herself, but to catch the mouse. She cooked it with the windows open. She nibbled two or three of the snippets as she took them from the pan. It did seem a shame to use that nice bacon to bait the traps. Still she must get rid of that mouse.

A week passed and the traps were untouched. The mouse was still at large.

Minna Grebe was irritated. Why had that janitress told her to use bacon, when it was no good? She might better have

eaten it herself. Three strips. It had cost her eleven cents.

"Why did you tell me to use bacon?" she complained to Mrs. Saltah, who was polishing the brass of the front door. "It was no good at all. The mouse never went near it."

"No, sometimes mice they very smart. Maybe he smell the touch of your hand on the traps, so he does not come."

That night when Minna rebaited the traps she used her rubber gloves.

This also was of no avail.

The mouse still scuttled free behind the garbage pail and the dark shadows under the stove.

The thing began to assume to Minna a disproportionate importance. She was determined to get that mouse.

She went down to the druggist on the corner.

"I want something to get rid of mice," she said sharply.

At the harsh sound of the woman's voice the druggist looked up. He was a meek, nervous little man, with a damp white face and dirty finger nails. The large untidy woman disquieted him. He was wary of people who wanted to get rid of rats and mice.

He cleared his throat cautiously. He placed the customer now. She lived at 456. Sometimes of a Summer evening he'd seen her sitting on the stoop late, alone, waiting for her husband to come home from the billiard room over his store.

No—certainly he would take no chances with a pair like that. There was no telling to what lengths people not happily married might go.

"I've tried traps and they're no good. I want something to put on bread or bits of meat to leave in corners."

"You have a dog or a child around, ma'am?"

"No. Nothing."

The little druggist retired behind an acid-stained green curtain.

Minna stood drumming impatiently on the smirched glass top of a show case, dis-

playing cans of talcum, bottles of perfume, boxes of fancy soap, powder puffs in transparent pink paper packages and little rouge compacts.

How she wished she could use things like that, but Charlie had a sharp nose. He'd snarl at her for throwing his money away on nonsense. It was all right for him to spend every night playing billiards and goodness knows what else; but she—she must stay home and count the pennies.

She wondered how she had ever been fool enough to make such a mess of her life. Yet it was her own fault. She married him, knowing in her innermost heart just what Charlie was. Hadn't she worked five years in the notions, and seen and watched him? Floorwalker on Nos. 7 and 8 aisles. Hadn't she seen his petty snapping, mean ways every day. Yes, for five years. Nagging and fretting at the salesgirls and fawning and scraping to rich-looking customers. Yet she had married him, because she was sick and tired of working and he was sleek and good looking and the other girls all would have taken him if they had had a chance. Only she had more money put by than the rest. Nearly \$500. Oh yes, she had married him with her eyes open—let herself in for it for the rest of her life.

At first after she was married she had been too proud to go back to work. She would not have been sorry to have had a child to have given her a real excuse to stay home. She kept waiting, but no child came.

She began to be sorry for herself; but she could not break away. She seemed to be struggling against something, shadowy, gray, intangible; something from which she could not escape. Months passed. She no longer had the energy, the desire to free herself. She did not struggle. What was the use? She had let herself in for it all. She was infinitely sorry for herself. Sometimes she cried a little over love stories in the magazines.

And all the time Charlie got meaner and tighter and closer with her. He begrudged

her the price of a movie, counted out every cent. She ought to have gone back to work right after she was married, but she'd got out of the habit now.

She took the bottle the druggist handed her.

"A few drops on a bit of bread." He watched her. He was on the safe side. The solution was too mild to be really harmful to anything larger than a mouse.

"I'll have a package of Juicy Fruit gum."

She handed over a crumpled dollar bill. It had been a bill she had managed to take from Charlie's pocket the night before last when she knew he'd never miss it. He had come in very late. He'd had too much to drink and had waked her up stumbling over a chair. She had meant to get herself some beads and earrings and bracelets at the 5 and 10; but she'd rather spend the money to get rid of that mouse.

II

She hurried back home with a sense of inner excitement. She ran up the stairs. At the second flight she stopped, panting heavily. She couldn't run any more the way she used to do when she was a girl.

Her hand trembled as she put the key in the lock. Now she'd get that mouse!

She switched on the dining room light. A gray streak darted across the top of the sideboard, disappeared into the kitchen. That mouse! A feeling of rage seized Minna. She had left a couple of pieces of home made nut fudge in the glass dish. She loved candy. The creature had positively nibbled at it. She could see the fine dust of crumbs, the tiny tooth marks. The boldness of it! The janitress, proud of her knowledge of American candy cookery, had given her the two pieces of fudge. Minna had laid them carefully aside, meaning to eat them before she went to bed. And now they were spoiled. She was furious.

But not quite spoiled. She got out a steel knife, shaved off the damaged corner of the

fudge, began thoughtfully to eat the larger piece.

The blue paper around it crackled stiffly as she undid the bottle from the drug store.

Satisfaction glowed in Minna. Her lips tightened. She sliced a piece off the heel of a stale loaf, cut it into small squares, poured the liquid into a saucer and dipped in the bread. Then with a smile she scattered the bread about in the corners, soaked the piece of fudge she had not eaten and put it back in the glass dish on the side board. It seemed a peculiar and subtle bait. That would fetch the creature sure.

She went to bed early with a feeling of anticipated triumph. Tomorrow morning positively she would find the hated body of that mouse lying in some corner stiff and dead.

It was past midnight when a howl of rage wakened Minna from a heavy sleep.

"What the hell d'you mean? Trying to poison me, are you?"

The light streamed into the bedroom from the dining room. Minna saw her husband leaping madly up and down, his hand over his mouth.

She sprang out of bed.

Charlie Grebe ran for the kitchen sink, caught up a cup and began furiously to lave and gargle out his mouth.

"What's the matter?" she demanded stupidly.

"A piece of candy! There on the sideboard! I bit into it!"

Under the untidy strands of her carelessly braided hair Minna's face went ghastly white.

"You didn't eat that candy, did you?"

He glared at her. "I bit into it, then I spit it out. My God!"

"I put some poison on it to catch that mouse."

He caught frantically at his throat.

"I didn't swallow none. I'm sure I didn't swallow none."

"You'd better run down to the drug store. Ask the man there."

"The drug store's closed."

The edge of her fear dulled. She looked at him with apathetic antagonism.

"I don't think you swallowed none, Charlie."

"Even half a drop of some of them poisons can kill you."

He mopped his wet pale forehead with a shaking hand.

"Get me a cup of hot milk, Minna. It's good—for that mostly."

"There ain't a drop of milk in the house, Charlie."

He wheeled on her, his face green with terror and growing rage.

"I believe you meant for me to eat that piece of candy. You left it there a purpose. Such things don't happen accidental. For a mouse I ain't seen no mouse around here in two weeks." His voice rose to a piercing note of indignation. "I believe you meant that for me. You're trying to poison me. I've a good mind to fetch in the police." He searched frantically in the empty ice box, found an egg on a saucer, cracked it and gulped it down raw.

"Raw eggs is good too."

She brushed back her tumbled hair. There was a thin edge almost of contempt, a weariness in her voice.

"There won't be no egg for your breakfast now, Charlie."

He glared at her.

"I'm going to get rid of you, Minna. I'm going to get a divorce. What you done here tonight ought to be enough to get me free of you anywhere."

"Don't be a fool," she said stolidly. "I never meant to harm you."

"It's lucky for me I didn't swallow none of it after all."

He cursed, flung past her out of the kitchen. In a few minutes she heard the creak of the bed as he threw himself down upon it.

She sat in the dining room, huddled in a chair and drew up her bare sandaled feet.

Divorce. Had Charlie meant it? Would he set her free?

A dim hope dawned in Minna's heart. It would be better, far better if he let her go. She felt as if her life with Charlie was closing in about her like a prison wall.

She shivered a little in the cool night air, mused, fell asleep with the light blazing down on her unbraided hair, her face buried on her arm.

III

She had forgotten to set the alarm clock the night before, but as a matter of habit she woke up the next morning at quarter to seven. She felt stiff. Her body ached as if she had been beaten. Her head throbbed.

She turned out the light, thinking how mad Charlie would be if he knew that bulb had burned the whole night.

Only half awake she pattered mechanically out to the kitchen. She had forgotten too to set on the oatmeal to soak in the double boiler. What could have been the matter with her?

She suddenly remembered.

That mouse!

She slipped on a faded crêpe kimona, hanging on the kitchen door, hurried to the corner near the stove where she had put the poisoned bread.

The bread was still there, but no dead mouse lay beside it, nor near any one of the other baits she had put down.

She thought of the candy Charlie had bitten into.

A long thin beam of early morning light for the only time in the day pierced the dark well of the air shaft and penetrated the Grebe dining room.

Minna stood a moment watching the motes of dust dancing on that sloping silver beam. Then she resumed her search for the dead mouse.

"I wonder if it could have gone off into some hidden corner to die."

A dull anger filled her. All the trouble she had gone to, that fuss with Charlie, all for nothing. Again that mouse had escaped.

She went back to the kitchen. Charlie

would have to eat Post Toasties and canned milk that morning. And there was no egg. She measured out the coffee with a table-spoon. Charlie always looked to see how much she'd put in the top of the percolator. She found two bone hair-pins where she kept them in a broken gravy boat and twisted up her hair.

Across the court she heard the clamor of an alarm clock. That new bride and groom. They went off to work together at 7:30.

A wistfulness softened the woman's bleak, disappointed eyes.

If she had another chance, if she were free would she make a better go of her life a second time? She caught sight of her face, reflected in the glass door of the china closet. No. She was no longer young or pretty. It wasn't likely she'd meet any one else to marry her. And it was too hard, after being so long out of things, to go back to work and fight it out again all alone.

She yawned, stretched her full arms.

She was tired. She hadn't had a wink of real sleep the whole night. And all on account of that miserable mouse.

It was time to call Charlie. He never woke up unless she shook him. Sometimes she even had to use a wash rag of cold water on his eyes. But why should she wake him? What did she care if he went to work or not.

She shuffled into the bedroom.

"Get up there, Charlie! Get up! It's past seven."

She shook him with particular violence.

IV

"What's that you got there, Minna?"

Charlie Grebe had just come home from work.

The woman raised her head from the contemplation of a large, bright shining copper mouse trap.

"It's a guaranteed kind—catches them alive. I've rubbed it all over with bacon grease." Her face had a peculiar intense eagerness.

Charlie Grebe laid his straw hat carefully on the side board.

"That was a fool thing you did leaving that candy there last night, Minna."

She wiggled one fat finger in through the bars of the hemispherical cage.

"It was dumb of me. I got a better way to catch that mouse now."

"I talked kind of wild and crazy too."

He sat down opposite her at the set supper table. "I found that bottle you got at the druggist. I took it in there this morning. He told me the stuff wasn't strong enough to kill a man, but he looked at me sort of curious."

A flare of anger brought a flush of dull red to her plump cheeks. "What're you trying to do—get me a bad name in the neighborhood?"

He was apologetic. "I'm sorry, Minna. Honest, but I was upset."

She carried the mouse trap out to the kitchen.

"I've a mind to act on what you said to do, Charlie. You and me'd be a heap happier apart."

He smoothed his neat waxed black moustache with a nervous finger. What she said was true; but where would he find another woman who would be satisfied, demand less than Minna? She'd never tried to poison him. Lazy, careless as she was, she never grilled him for money to spend on herself like other men's wives. She left most of it for him to do with as he liked. There weren't many women like her. He'd be a fool to let Minna go.

Without enthusiasm he answered her.

"We're well enough off as we are, Minna. Have you got supper ready? I'm pretty hungry. I only had graham crackers and milk at noon, and a couple of squares of milk chocolate."

She listened without interest.

"I'll open a can of pork and beans if you're extra hungry."

V

When her husband had gone off to his

usual nightly game of billiards, Minna sat at the littered supper table and stared dully at the shoved back dishes. Charlie had spilt tea on the oil cloth. She sopped it up absently with her paper napkin. She had eaten too much. She felt sleepy. She almost hated Charlie. It made her sick to watch the way he swallowed his food, to see his throat bulge and sink over each mouthful. Yet what could she do? What good would it do to get rid of him? All men were about the same.

She'd let the dishes stand and finish that serial in the magazine. But the words blurred before her eyes. Her thoughts drifted from the printed love story to the lovelessness of her own life.

She gathered up the plates and cups and saucers, carried them out and stacked them in the dish pan in the sink.

The bright new mouse trap caught her eye. She smiled. She baited the trap generously with cheese. The man in the hardware store had explained to her just what to do.

He guaranteed it. The trap cost fifty cents.

She set it down by the hole behind the stove, turned out the light, went back to the magazine.

How sleepy she felt! She should have gone for a walk that afternoon. It had been nice and sunny. She got too little exercise. She dozed. Her head nodded. She tried to force herself to keep awake.

Across the court she heard the little bride singing as she wound the alarm clock. Again the wistfulness. She wondered if those two were happy, like that girl and fellow in the story, or if they were like her and Charlie. She might as well go to bed.

Suddenly she sat erect. There was a tiny familiar sound, the sharp squeak of a trapped mouse.

Minna sprang to her feet. A tense wakefulness, an excitement seized her.

She rushed to the kitchen, switched on the light.

There behind the shining copper wires

of the new trap was a little dull gray mouse. Minna gazed down at it with an acute thrill of triumph. At last she had caught it! At last she had outwitted, trapped it!

She laughed aloud, showing her large strong teeth in a wide, gloating smile. She had made up her mind to catch that mouse and she had done it. Here it was, trapped, struggling in blind futility to escape. Escape!

That was it! Every living thing seemed trying to escape from something; but the bars of the trap were too strong.

She looked down at the little creature. So small a thing to have made her so angry; to have so nearly caused her and Charlie to break up. The little black beads of eyes looked up at her. How the mouse scabbled and fought! Its sharp claws scraped and tore. She could almost see the tiny heart pounding against its miniature ribs. How desperately it struggled to get away!

Minna pondered.

She filled the scrubbing pail with water from under the tap. She'd have to drown it, get rid of it. The trap had cost her fifty cents.

The trap! The trap! That was it.

Life was a trap. She as well as the mouse was caught. For her there was no escape. She lifted the heavy pail to the floor. The water slopped over onto the worn linoleum.

She raised the trap in her hands, held it poised.

She thought of the way Charlie had acted the night before, of her whole drab life there in this little flat; too long out of it to go back to work, no pleasure, no love. She looked at the mouse. Its long thin tail brushed lightly against her fingers. Now that she saw it close it was almost a pretty little thing. She'd half miss it when it was gone. She'd grown so used to the thought that she hated, must kill it. She wondered what it got out of life. It was clever. It had escaped her a good long while, but she had got it in the

end. It had put up a game fight. Why did it so want to be free?

She heard her husband's footsteps in the hall, the turn of the key in the lock.

Suddenly her eyes grew dim, her lips began to tremble. A strange impulse drove her. She knelt on the floor, laid down the trap.

"Poor little thing! There's unhappiness enough in the world." She snapped open the catch door.

The mouse vanished into the dark shadows under the stove.

"Get him, Minna?"

She looked up.

"Yes. I got him."

Charlie Grebe smoothed his neat waxed moustache, yawned lazily, lit a plump black cigar.

"I licked Ed Sweeney at pool tonight."

He picked up the trap, looked admiringly at the ingenious spring door.

"It paid you to get this, Minna."

"Yes, a good trap always pays." And she began to do the supper dishes.

SAVING SOULS

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

ALONG with the peach-blossoms and the first jonquils of last Spring there came to the city of Raleigh, capital of the State of North Carolina, a Great Moral Awakening. This, of course, was nothing remarkable *per se*, since Great Moral Awakenings, in Raleigh and elsewhere, not infrequently mark the season of the rising of the sap, when dandelions star every grassy bank with "patines of bright gold" and chautauqua tents blossom in vacant lots, also with some reference to bright gold. Perhaps, indeed, it is this very stirring of renewed life in blade and leaf, this resurrection from the dust of Nature's immortal hope, that directs men's thoughts in Spring to occult and transcendental things, and so leads them easily into spiritual adventures. Or perhaps it is a darker influence—the season's sinister power to make, as the Negroes say, "a man's gall quit wukkin'"—which turns him annually to calomel and meditations upon death, hell and the grave. Be the cause what it may, Great Moral Awakenings shortly after the vernal equinox are not sufficiently rare in the Republic to deserve much remark. But the one that was visited upon Raleigh early this year was so ineffably beautiful a specimen, it exhibited with such charming completeness the skeletal structure of the whole phenomenon, that it was worthy of and will here get a favorable mention.

The Great Moral Awakening at Raleigh was superinduced by the labors of an evangelist who copes successfully with the inordinate name of Ham. This fervent and determined brother had striven valiantly against the patron devil of the place for

six long weeks, and had striven in vain, but at the end of that time he suddenly converted a bootlegger, and instantly hell's Hindenburg line was blown up by the explosion of its own ammunition dumps. Within forty-eight hours Raleigh was more intensely moral than any other town within a radius of a hundred miles—more moral, even, than it had been itself since January 29, 1920. The process whereby this benign change was effected was simplicity itself. The convert, being persuaded to forswear his life of shame, celebrated his new and passionate devotion to the true, the beautiful and the good by playing Judas to his former companions in evil-doing. He told everything he knew—and he knew much. Within a few hours after his long-delayed but earnest adhesion to the hosts of light one citizen of more or less prominence was apprehended by the watch, along with 180 quarts, and warrants were out for many others. The appalling news that a man thitherto considered perfectly reliable, honorable and trustworthy had suddenly become a Christian spread swiftly throughout the town, and bootleggers, gamblers and too-complaisant ladies stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once. In the twinkling of an eye, almost, Raleigh was so thoroughly sterilized morally that it is doubtful that liquor would have been sold to a justice of the Supreme Court, not to mention the parching drummers in the city's hotels, and there was hardly a game of penny-ante in progress within the corporate limits.

This Great Moral Awakening, so sudden, so complete, offered a fine example of

the way in which an accomplished evangelist functions. It is idle to inquire how long the sterilization accomplished by Pastor Ham will continue to protect Raleigh against sin. An evangelist does not guarantee a permanent cure; he does not indeed, guarantee anything. He merely undertakes to do his darndest to scare the hell out of a given community for the time being. The task of keeping it out he then relinquishes to other hands. No doubt he earnestly wishes that they may prove equal to the task; but if they fail, he is always willing—for the usual consideration—to return and do his work all over again. Obviously, this is no labor for lily-fingered men. It calls for mental and physical robustiousness. The ranks of the orthodox clergy, products of depressing colleges and theological seminaries, supply few virtuosi of the required virulence, so evangelism is recruited mainly from professions less fastidious. When the renowned Al Jennings, of Oklahoma, came to Washington last Spring to testify before a congressional investigating committee, Eastern newspapers made much of the fact that he was originally a train-robber, then a politician, and finally an evangelist. Easterners seemed to have the idea that it was remarkable that a train-robber could become an evangelist. As a matter of fact, success in both professions depends upon precisely the same talent, to wit, ability to convince the client that instant, horrible death hangs over him, and that escape is possible only through implicit obedience to the professor's orders. The trick of terrorization that served him well as a train-robber was equally useful to Jennings as he stood at the foot of the sawdust trail.

II

Few of Jennings' competitors, however, have had an early training as advantageous as a career of train-robbery. Dr. Billy Sunday, no doubt, laid up a reserve of physical energy during his days upon a baseball field, but the Rev. Cyclone Mack,

before he became an evangelist, was a lowly barber, and other celebrities of the profession include locomotive engineers, watchmenders, race-track touts, bartenders and drummers. Several political lame ducks have heard the call within recent years, and there is even one Oxonian, but he preaches only in churches and so he can hardly qualify as the real thing.

But whatever his origin, the successful American evangelist of today—there is a tradition that a different technique obtained a generation ago—employs a method that is standardized in its essentials. He works in a specially constructed "tabernacle," or in a circus tent, because no ordinary church could hold a crowd large enough to be worth his time. His approach, as the go-getters call it, is carefully stage-managed. The meeting is usually opened by the chief of his attendants, the singer. A good singer is to the circus ballyhoo man what Duncan Phyfe was to a carpenter: he has taken the craft of the barker and developed it to something close to perfection, something akin to magic. The singer, then, with the assistance of a large choir recruited locally, proceeds with the preliminary song service. This consists of one song after another, the first two, perhaps, separated by a prayer. Sometimes the first song is an ancient and noble hymn, familiar to generations of church-goers. But that is a mere concession to convention, not properly a part of the song service at all. This consists of music of a markedly different type, occasionally tuneful, but usually monotonous and musically worthless. Commonly it is the setting for words so puerile, so utterly inane, that even a convert would realize their triviality were he to speak, not sing, them. Nevertheless, the song service, far from being foolish, is diabolically clever, considering the purpose it is intended to serve. Whatever else may characterize the music, one feature is common to all of it: the rhythm is strongly, very strongly, marked, and the tempo is quick. That is what counts.

Consider the effect upon massed thousands of human beings, mainly morons, of chanting in time to the gestures of a magnetic leader. Words and music, indeed, might be dispensed with altogether without any loss of effectiveness. It is a reasonable assumption that the I. Q. of a crowd of college students is appreciably higher than that of any mob ever assembled in an evangelist's tent; yet it is no trick at all for cheer leaders, simply by employing a rapid, strongly marked rhythm, without words or music, to convert such a crowd into a frenzied pack, without intelligence or volition of its own, and apparently without any emotion save mere blood-lust. The singer's task is rather more delicate. Having got his mob yelling in unison, it is his business to heat it up as hot as possible without making it too hot for the evangelist to handle. Therefore, he nurses it along dextrously, watching it keenly, making the women sing one stanza and the men the next, making the people to the left of the centre aisle sing against those on the right, making the boys sing a stanza and the girls another, while the whole congregation swings in on the chorus; and finally, just at the moment when the crowd is, so to speak, cherry-red, he quickly brings the song service to a close and retires. Then the evangelist steps to the front and takes command. The salvation of souls is on.

The situation that confronts him is no ordinary one, and is not to be dealt with by ordinary means. The regular clergyman, at work in his own church, rises to address an audience soothed, not to say narcotized, by a service of prayer and praise designed to invoke the spirit of reverence. The evangelist rises to address one deliberately and skillfully incited to a state bordering on frenzy. The clergyman's congregation looks to him for the bread of life. The evangelist's is roaring for red meat. Obviously, the evangelist's sermon must be such a discourse as never rattled a stained-glass window, or resounded under a Gothic vault. Fear and rage: these are the only

emotions of man under the hypnosis of the mob spirit. The evangelist sets out deliberately to arouse them: fear of hell and wrath against the wicked. In achieving the former object he follows the classical models that have come down to him from Jonathan Edwards and the other theological cavemen of the Golden Age. But for the latter, he has a technique of his own, based on a sort of burlesque of the old Roundhead diatribes against Curli-locks. It consists simply of vilifying in the most unbridled language whatever group in the community fails to meet with his transient approval.

Being human, he cannot approve, of course, that which he does not understand, and he can approve only with difficulty that which he envies. The arts and sciences, alas, stand little chance of coming within the understanding of barbers, bartenders, race-track touts and locomotive engineers, or even within that of drummers and train-robbers. It is easily comprehensible, also, that even a modest degree of material luxury is capable of arousing their bitter envy. Thus, it is by no means to be taken for granted that they are playing the hypocrite when they assail furiously the better educated and more civilized folks of the community they address. Doubtless they are sincerely convinced that a man who can and does read a French book, pay money for opera tickets, and unblushingly confesses that Discobolus delights him, is certainly damned as an enemy of God and the People. But it is equally plain that the language of a barber-shop Jeremiah rebuking sin is not precisely the sort that would be countenanced and encouraged in a young ladies' seminary. The evangelist's conception of a sinful act is usually the sort of adventure that may be reasonably expected to result in lues, delirium tremens or a jail sentence, and his denunciation of it is not less gross than his concept. But lurid, blasphemous, scurrilous and occasionally downright obscene as that denunciation sometimes becomes, it fails to strike

harshly upon the consciousness of the hearers, for their sensitiveness has been deadened by the singer's preliminary greasing. They have been carefully and skillfully prepared to receive just that sort of dose, and they take it avidly. You cannot judge the sermon by reading it; the effect as it is delivered is entirely different. Has not your sainted maiden aunt, seduced into attendance at a football game, been known to nod approvingly when the fat alumnus, sitting in front of her in the roaring stands, swore like a pirate when somebody fumbled the ball? The effect upon her was entirely different from that of precisely the same language, employed by the ashman when he got a hot clinker in his shoe.

Your aunt, however, speedily recovers from her debauch because she recognizes it as a debauch, a mere interruption of her routine of life, not part of its serious business. Therein she differs from the voluptuaries of the sacred tent; they do not recover quickly. They remain under the spell for days and weeks, sometimes for months on end. Not infrequently they are filled with a self-righteous officiousness that makes them public nuisances, and a sullen hatred of their unevangelized neighbors that makes them public menaces. Impressionable children, caught in one of these orgies, may never recover; many a proud American freeman has gone through life a psychic cripple, his self-confidence blasted and his intelligence withered by the curse put upon him in infancy by some yelling warlock whose very name he has forgotten.

III

The tremendous effectiveness of these evangelistic operations in the hinterland is due, of course, to the fact that they have relatively little competition. The South and the Middle West are the two most fertile fields for evangelists, and both sections are notoriously ill-provided with decent public amusements. For the same reason the Ku Klux Klan flourishes in the

same regions. The drab monotony of existence demands some relief. If the poverty and sparseness of the population make it impossible to support theatres and concert halls, and if the communal *mores* prohibit horse-racing, cock-fighting and dancing, the range of emotional outlets is sharply restricted. Evangelism furnishes one—and that one is the public making of war medicine. The evangelist, in the last analysis, is the eternal Medicine Man. The roll of the tom-tom in the Congo jungles, the rhythm of the Hopi snake-dancers' stampings and yells—these he makes use of, but slightly modified, in his preliminary song-service. His own ceremonial dress, of course, he has altered. The necklace of shark's teeth, the girdle of human skulls, the festoons of phalanges and metatarsal bones and the coat of white paint he has had to abandon. But he whoops and dances in the old, ecstatic way, and to the same end that his colleagues in the jungle have always danced and whooped—the propitiation of the tribal deity and incitation of the braves to a proper pitch of fury against the enemies of the tribe.

It would be a foolish and mistaken judgment, however, to infer from the fact that he is only a witch-doctor with clothes on that the evangelist is exclusively, or even primarily, an evil influence. It seems more than probable that witch-doctors, as a class, have never received justice from publicists, because practically all the reports of their activities that have come to us have been made by persons whom they have felt bound by conscience to oppose—explorers, missionaries, commanders of expeditionary forces, and other such alien agitators and revolutionaries. If the truth were told, no doubt it would be found that Gagool was not only a sincere conservative, but one of the most powerful agencies for law enforcement and one of the stoutest supports of the existing system in all the region round about King Solomon's mines. Certainly it is true that the evangelist's work tends toward the suppression of such

evils as spread syphilis and cirrhosis of the liver, fractured skulls and involuntary bankruptcy. By providing bored communities with a better show attended by less personal danger, it tends also to discourage lynching. By exhausting the honest workman's capacity for emotion of any sort it tends to discourage strikes, as astute cotton manufacturers in the South have discovered.

But against these high services to humanity are to be written down the facts that the evangelist frequently sows factional strife and discord in the communities he visits, makes life a burden for Christians of the Roman communion, and hurts business for the Israelites. In fact, a town driven *juramentado* by an evangelist is a highly uncomfortable place of residence for any but a Fundamentalist until the effects of the hasheesh have worn off. There is also the less practical, but, to some people, highly important additional consideration that he employs the name of Christianity to describe what is essentially a purely demoniac religion. There are Christians who can forgive all else save the use of the name of the Nazarene to preach hatred, bigotry and all uncharitableness. Not a few of them are orthodox clergymen who see in the goatish gambolings of the hedge-priests the destruction of their labor of years. But of one charge frequently brought against him the evangelist can be acquitted. He is not a

hypocrite. Contrary to a somewhat widespread belief, Mr. Pecksniff cannot long put it over *hoi polloi* if *hoi polloi* can actually see and hear him. You can fool all of the people some of the time, and educated people, perhaps, all the time, but you cannot fool the riff-raff all the time. You may get away with one harangue, or two, but not with a series delivered daily for six weeks. Like Harold Bell Wright, the evangelist must believe his own stuff, or he can't put it across. If you doubt that, try it some time.

The witch-doctor, to be sure, seldom believes in all his own tricks. But he does believe in the fundamental theory of the thing, and his American colleague believes likewise in the fantastically horrible idol whose savage gospel he preaches. He is on excellent terms with that idol. When He so far forgets Himself as to send a thunderstorm to interrupt the services, the evangelist does not hesitate to bawl Him out, although of course in a polite way. So believing, he is perhaps as near to perfect happiness as it is given to mortals to attain. He is well paid—it is a poor evangelist who cannot pull down \$500 a week while he is working—for no more distasteful labor than bullying his audiences and abusing people he dislikes; and in addition to the cash his work assures him a harp, a crown, and a mansion on high when his labors on earth are ended.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THIS is the time of the year when the New York stages rid themselves of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Strindberg, Samuel Shipman and the other old masters and go in for the form of entertainment known as the music show. I have just seen five specimens of the latter and have been rewarded for my studious application with the important critical conclusion that a music show is something in which a performer, when he does not know what else to do, turns a somersault. Another equally important deduction that has crowned my diligence is the following: that the talent of the leading lady performers may be assayed in inverse ratio to the size of their feathered head-dresses and their ability to play the violin. And still a third and no less weighty philosophy with which I have been indemnified consists in the finding that almost every other music show producer in town seems intent upon imitating, to a greater or lesser degree, the form and manner of the English Charlot Revue. From the imitations that I have thus far seen, however, it would appear that the producers in point have confined their study of the form and manner of the Charlot Revue entirely to Miss Gertrude Lawrence's limbs, the pleats in the Messrs. Buchanan's and Keys' trousers, and the broad *a's* of the *tout ensemble*. For aside from a commendable thinning out of erstwhile too sizeable calves, a *recherché* touch to the men's tailoring and the injection into the proceedings of a somewhat more polished air, I have been able to discern not the slightest similarity to the London article in these counterfeits. Which, for all the circumstance that this London article is an excellent thing of its kind, is potentially perhaps for the best,

since when the American music show sticks to its own last and reveals itself at its highest it is as thoroughly fresh, as thoroughly original, as thoroughly amusing—and certainly ten times as beautiful—as the English species.

In this imminent dawning of countless feeble copies of the English revue, with its smooth drawing-room atmosphere and what society leaders in Chicago and headwaiters in New York call tone, there comes as a blessed relief and an equally blessed reminder of the old American music show the exhibit at the Casino Theatre called "I'll Say She Is." If there was ever a poorer music show than "I'll Say She Is," I don't know its name. But if ever there was a poor music show turned into a corking one by its clowns, its name is the name of this one. These clowns are the four Marx Brothers, two of whom, the Mons. Arthur and the Mons. Julius, to wit, are especially proficient in the art of falling down upon their so to speaks and kicking each other in the as it weres and who will therefore doubtless soon be hailed by the Younger Generation as greater geniuses than Michelangelo and Beethoven. There is no greater admirer of the Charlot Revue kind of entertainment than I am, but I would not exchange these Frères Marx for a half dozen such revues that didn't contain a Beatrice Lillie. In such low comedians as they we get again the sweet and fragrant rosemary of the old American burlesque show, beyond a doubt the funniest thing in the music show line that the stage of any nation has ever seen. The Marxes stem directly from Watson, Bickel and Wrothe and the various other comic teams that adorned the burlesque stage thirty years ago when it was at its

zenith and before it started on the sharp decline that was to land it, and lose it, in the second-hand costumes and settings of lately deceased Broadway musical comedies. These Marxes are approximately as subtle as so many boiler factories, and as artistic as four pigs' knuckles. But they are as comical a quartet, with the emphasis upon two of them, as anything that has come the way of the stage since Al Reeves' checkered suit and ten-pound gold watch chain and Billy Watson's sleeveless red undershirt and three-sheet pantaloons sustained by a single Alice blue suspender first crossed the vision of all connoisseurs of the low, the true, and the beautiful.

The antics of the MM. Marx are a symposium of all the most hilarious didoes of the burlesque bible. The MM. Marx leave out nothing. The floppy Palm Beach suits; the stolen silver spoons that dribble out of the pockets of one of the brothers while the policeman is assuring him that he has never seen a more honest face; the poker game for two in which the dealer gives himself cards from the bottom of the deck, with the other player urging him to give him some from the bottom also, as no one is looking; the red-wigged comedian's wink of the eye at the big blonde prima donna and, on his exit, the nod for her to follow him; the clapping of a miniature derby on the head of the largest comedian—these and a hundred other such genial monkeyshines out of the familiar past are once again brought into play. But never for an instant is their age permitted to impress itself upon the audience. The MM. Marx have a technic of comedy every bit as exact as their memories. With a trick of the voice, a flip of the brogan or a new brand of whimsical moustache they convert these venerable grandpas of comic hokum into what seem to be newborn babes. They are gentlemen of infinite jest. And they turn what is intrinsically a ten-cent show into a masterpiece of knock 'em down and drag 'em out humor.

II

The four other shows to which I have alluded need only four sets of four Marx brothers apiece to make them as amusing as the one called "I'll Say She Is." Of these others, the most picturesque is the exhibition at the Winter Garden, named "Innocent Eyes," and the worst a swampy effort to duplicate the Charlot Revue and given the title, "Round the Town." The star of "Innocent Eyes" is Mistinguett, the Paris music hall performer whose place in the sun has been gained by a pair of legs widely advertised as the most symmetrical in all of France. As to the justice of this claim, I am not in a position to adjudicate, since my research work in the subject in France has been confined chiefly to that portion of the country that lies to the north of the Loire and to the south of the Alpes-Maritimes. There are accordingly some of the more central districts with which I am unfamiliar. Aside from her extremities, La Mistinguett's genius is not too clearly discernible, in which regard she is not unlike most of the more celebrated Parisian music hall women. Each of these women has come into fame not by virtue of the possession of any talent, but by virtue of a press-agency that has concerned itself with something as indirectly connected with talent as the limbs of the lady we are discussing. In the case of Gaby Deslys, it was an alleged amour with a king. In Cleo de Mérode's case, it was a coiffure that was alleged to have hidden a missing ear or two. In the instance of Polaire, it was what was reputed to be the homeliest face in the world, and in the instance of Regine Flory, a certain peculiarity in the design of lingerie. So with the majority of the others, past and present. What talent most of these ladies possess or have possessed rests or has rested principally in the ability to make a striking personality substitute for actual skill and in the further ability to wear several tons of finery without becoming round-shouldered. Like her compatriots, Mistinguett is, though no

longer a young woman, still successful as a spectacle. These French women have that knack. At forty-odd, the American music show performer looks ready for the Old Ladies' Home. At the same age, a Frenchwoman looks ready for F. Scott Fitzgerald. The "Innocent Eyes" show is framed as a background for the visiting star and is considerably more sightly than the usual Winter Garden display. But it is without comedy.

"Round the Town" resembles the Charlot Revue only in that it begins at the same hour: thereafter, all similarity ceases. Concocted by the wits who hold daily rendezvous at the Algonquin Hotel in New York, it is as gloomy a theatrical affair as these ancient eyes have rested on in many a season. From first to last, there is scarcely a trace of humor or originality or beauty. What we get is the "allegorical ballet" with the presumably comic irrelevant descriptive note in the program, the sentimental duet on the bench illuminated by a purple spotlight, the burlesque quartet, the coon strut finale with the ensemble lifting up its arms and, for the usual indecipherable reason, wildly shouting hooray as the curtain descends, the intense Spanish dance following the song called "Chiquita," the singing of an old barroom ballad with the old-time colored magic lantern slides, the song called "I Wonder Why That Glow-Worm Winks His Eyes at Me," the other song entitled "Save a Kiss for Rainy Weather," and a like amount of related rubber-stamps. The next production on the Century Roof will probably be a show composed by the wits who hold daily rendezvous at the Acme Delicatessen.

"Keep Kool" contains much better stuff, although this exhibition is also not without its due share of stencils. Among the fresher touches, however, are a burlesque of an Avery Hopwood play in which all the characters appear in their underclothes; a skit in which the actors in a melodrama, all sufferers from hay-fever, are set to violent sneezing at the most thrilling

moments by the goldenrod with which a careless stage manager, unable to obtain the roses which the script calls for, has decorated the stage; and an original dance number called "The Fifth Avenue Stride." For comedy, much reliance is placed on the burlesquing of singing voices and on a sketch entitled, "English As It Is Spoke," wherein the characters conduct the dialogue after the prevailing murder of the common tongue. Obviously, there is little comedy in either, since a number of the stellar singing voices cannot be distinguished from the burlesquings thereof and since the speech of many of the performers in the revue is not so considerably different from that which the characters in the skit make mock of.

In "Plain Jane," our old and distinguished friend, the Cinderella story, is again with us. How much longer the Cinderella plot can hold the favor of the populace after this protracted and unremitting employment of it is a matter for speculation. True enough, the public seems still to digest it with all the established relish, so there's no telling. The public cherishes the Cinderella story no less when it is told straight, as in a hundred exhibitions from "Daddy Long-legs" to "Sally," than when it is turned hind end foremost and told backward, as in the reverse order of such plays as "Nice People." It admires it so greatly, indeed, that it is fetched by it even when the story is related sidewise, as in the case of such pieces as "Thirty-nine East." "Plain Jane's" best feature is a very realistic prize fight. For the rest, it is strictly obedient to the musical comedy pigeonholes.

III

The singularly fine performance of the rôle of Jim Harris that the Negro Robeson gave recently in Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings" brings still further positive testimony to the theory that the black man is far better fitted naturally for the profession of acting than

his white brother. That the Caucasian more often actually triumphs over the Ethiopian on the stage is small answer to the theory, since, so far as that kind of argument goes, the fact that the Caucasian more often triumphs over the Ethiopian in the profession of soldiery similarly does not indicate that the former is by nature a better fighter than the latter. It simply indicates, as the more frequent success of the white actor indicates, that the white man is more susceptible to direction and training, and more industrious, than the black man. The Negro is a born actor, where the white man achieves acting. Robeson, with relatively little experience and with no training to speak of, is one of the most thoroughly eloquent, impressive and convincing actors that I have looked at and listened to in almost twenty years of professional theatre-going. He gains his effects with means that not only seem natural, but that are natural. He does things beautifully, with his voice, his features, his hands, his whole somewhat ungainly body, yet I doubt that he knows that he is doing them beautifully and, if he does know, I doubt that in the knowing he knows how he does them. As in the leading rôle of "The Emperor Jones," in which he is a fully worthy successor to his Negro colleague Gilpin, he here acts with all the unrestrained and terrible sincerity of which the white actor, save on rare occasions, is by virtue of his shellac of civilization just a trifle ashamed. The effect is of a soul bombarded by thunder and torn by lightning. The performance, in the one play as in the other—and no two plays were ever more dissimilar—is hot in its blind illumination. It is not acting as John Barrymore knows acting anymore than the singing and dancing of the black Florence Mills is singing and dancing as Galli-Curci and Adeline Genée know singing and dancing; it is something that is just over the borderland of acting and just this side of the borderland of life and reality. Its essence is ungraspable in print. It is of the

invisible color of Ambrose Bierce's "Damned Thing" and of the critically elusive quality of certain passages in Strindberg's "Dream Play" or in Hugo Wolf's opera, "Der Corregidor."

Robeson is a university graduate, has a degree or two and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. It is therefore argued by some that he is the admirable actor he is because he is an educated and intelligent man—as if education and intelligence made good actors! Salvini, as great an actor as ever lived, boasted proudly of his lack of education. "An educated actor," he observed, "is as much of an anomaly as an ignorant scientist." And Coquelin: "No intelligence except intelligence of his part is indispensable to an actor." The Negro Opal Cooper hasn't Robeson's education, yet there are few better actors on our white stage. One of the most thoroughly proficient and commanding performances I have ever laid eyes on was one given of Ernest Howard Culbertson's notable Negro folk play, "Goat Alley," a few years ago in a dingy rehearsal hall beyond Eighth Avenue in Forty-second Street by a troupe of colored men and women only one of whom had ever been on a stage before and the rest of whom, to the number of a dozen or more, had been casually drafted from hand laundries, apartment telephone switchboards and delivery wagons. What is more, these Moors had had but three or four days of direction and rehearsal, and the direction, to boot, was by an amateur. The performance of the young colored girl who played the lead I shall not soon forget. A soiled, homely, round-shouldered, grotesque little thing, recruited from some Harlem kitchen sink and crude to the ways of the theatre, she shot out across that dismal hall a fever of dismaying contagion. She took the rôle into her untutored hands and blindly juggled it into something alive and throbbing. Her eyes glowed; her voice burned; her body was all dramatic rhythm. Without footlights, without scenery, without curtains—with nothing but a pine board table

and a pine chair for props—she gradually, mountingly, explodingly built up in the air about her a theatre all her own and in that theatre evoked and brought to life a drama that set the handful of her auditors in every inch of them a-tingle. And so with a number of her associates. John Louis Bartels, the white actor, gives a remarkably fine performance of the leading rôle in George Kelly's "The Show-Off." Bartels is an actor of many years' training and experience. A young Negro, a waiter in a Lenox Avenue hash-house, I believe he had been, and who had never seen the other side of a stage, came into that rehearsal hall just three days before and gave a performance of a generically similar cheap-sport rôle that, if it did not quite match Bartels', came so near doing so that the difference may be set down as negligible.

I do not like the phrase natural born actor any better than the next man. But if ever there was one, I present to the convention the name of Mr. Paul Robeson.

IV

Upon the recent revival, after seventeen years, of Jacob Gordin's "The Kreutzer Sonata," it was generally observed, following the recognizable routine, that the passing of time had left the play old-fashioned and lacking in modern logic. The play is no more old-fashioned and lacking in modern logic today than it was when it was originally produced. It was born into the world with arterio-sclerosis. To believe that it was even relatively new-fashioned and that its logic was close to life in the same year that saw the first publication of such dramas as "Hidalla," "Getting Married," "Waste," "Strife," "False Gods," and the like is to believe that it would still have been new-fashioned not seventeen but forty odd years ago when such plays as Björnson's "The Gauntlet" and Strindberg's "The Father" and "Comrades" had just been disclosed. "The Kreutzer Sonata" is and never was any-

thing more than a cheap and preposterous Yiddo-Russian melodrama, containing characters that in the aggregate compose an Ibsen comic strip and situations so plainly machine-made that the seams stick out all over them. It is impossible to imagine a much more drollish dramatic enterprise.

It is not fair to the theatre to say that Gordin's view of life is purely theatrical. It is, rather, purely nickelodeon. Not only is there no actual logic in the conduct of the characters who figure in Gordin's play; there is, further, no theatrical logic. The marionettes not only act nonsensically; they also act without theatrical effect. They explode, so to speak, before the lighted fuse reaches the crux of a situation. The situation itself, time and again, accordingly fizzles out. The plot, of course, already has a foot in the burlesque theatre before it starts. A girl has an illegitimate baby by a Russian officer who commits suicide. Her father bribes a young violinist to marry her. After the violinist does so, he falls in love with her sister and has an affair with her. The wife, learning of the deceit of husband and sister, shoots and kills both of them. A theme like this is either for a Strindberg or a Charlot Revue. Gordin lacks the necessary genius on the one hand and the necessary floppy checkered pants on the other. He goes at his plot like an old stock actor dressed up to represent Gorki in a Russian community masque. He does not permit his plot naturally to excite and inflame his characters; he excites and inflames them on his own, so as to take no chances.

The absurdity of the drama is heightened by the company assembled to merchant it, and by Madame Bertha Kalich, the star, in particular. Madame Kalich enters the play with the devout humility of one crossing the threshold of a great and imposing cathedral. That she is profoundly impressed with the remarkable quality of the masterpiece which she is about to act is evident when she first appears in the doorway up-stage. Bernhardt never approached

Rostand with half the respectful awe, nor Duse Ibsen, that the Madame displays toward this Gordin gimcrack. Once the respectful awe is clearly established, however, and the other actors are duly impressed with the momentousness of the occasion, the Madame proceeds to let 'er go Gallagher and raise histrionic hell. She moans, shrieks, groans, puffs, heaves and ululates like a calliope with a painful stomach-ache. Called upon to express heart-rending woe, she lets loose a series of noises indistinguishable from a prep-school college yell. And when the call is for a note of bold defiance, she conducts herself after the fashion of a suddenly belabored bass drum. According to her press-agents, Madame Kalich is the heir to the mantle of Bernhardt and Duse. It would seem from the lugubriousness of Madame Kalich's performance, however, that her press-agents have erred slightly as to the nature of the inheritance. One feels that it is not the mantle, but merely the handkerchief.

V

Two heads may be better than one, but three are more often worse. The signature, Herbert Richard Lorenz, which is appended to "The Melody Man," represents three separate writers, two of whom have contrived to dissipate the talents of one. Who this one is, I am not able to determine, but whoever he is he has fashioned several episodes of a very certain humorous quality. These episodes shine out from the surrounding banalities of the play like so many goldfish in a barrel of dill pickles. And this for all the flood of mush and piffle that does its best to engulf them. The bit wherein Lew Fields, as the impoverished old German composer condemned to the orchestrating of jazz tunes, stands beside the piano as the latest popular song is being rattled off and, behind the back of the player, salutes each of the great composers of the past whose measures and phrases have been cabbaged; the scene between Fields and the shyster law-

yer with the latter instructing Fields how to testify in the forthcoming suit at law; the colloquy wherein the old musician, a pupil of Franz Lizst, tries to comprehend a vaudeville performer's instructions as to the proper and effective way to register jazz effects—these and one or two other episodes of a piece indicate a genuine talent for pointed and meritorious comic writing. But no sooner has one of them got well under weigh than there is sic'ed to barking and snapping at its heels some such very terrible specimen of Broadway frankfurter as the scene in which the poor girl haughtily spurns the wealthy suitor in favor of the impecunious one whom she cherishes or the scene in which the hero brings down the curtain by telling the villain to go to hell.

By way of a substitute for authentic originality, the responsible authors resort to the familiar dodge of causing certain of their characters to act not in the way they would normally and logically be expected to act but rather in a way that, being the opposite, will surprise the expectations of the audience. This surprise twist, as it is known, is ever the common resort of the unimaginative and uninventive playwright. Unable to draw character that is at once logical and interesting—an achievement that is anything but easy—he seeks to conceal his deficiency in a superficial dramatic hocus-pocus that shall, in the interesting fore-stage prestidigitation of the moment, divert the audience's attention from the disappearance of logic up-stage. The trick, however, though it is usually successful for the moment, generally—save in farce—finds the audience dissatisfied a little while later. An audience may not know logic when it sees it, but it usually knows it when it feels it. It may be casually amused by an arbitrary surprise twist of character, but it is seldom persuaded. And a theatre audience, if it is to be successfully cultivated, must always be persuaded before it can be consistently amused.

Lew Fields is an excellent comedian whose high talents have been sadly wasted

on dribbling plays. There are periods in the present play in which his acting reaches the topmost level of fine comedy. An actor named Jules Jordan, hitherto unlisted in my finger-print department, gives a splendid low comedy performance as the East Side shyster.

VI

The revival of Theodore Kremer's twenty-three melodrama, "The Fatal Wedding," staged exactly after the manner in which it was originally produced in lower Eighth Avenue twenty-three years ago, provides an evening of exceptionally amusing caricature. For this aspect of caricature, the passing of time is principally responsible, since Time is ever the greatest of caricaturists. It is of course true that when the melodrama was first put on it was already a caricature of life and reality, but it was not then, as it is now, a caricature of the theatre and drama. As drama, it was just as absurd two decades ago as it is today, but as theatre it was, relatively speaking, not. And this comparative theatrical power was at the period of its initial revelation successful in making its audiences at least partly oblivious to its other numerous obvious and, upon analysis ridiculous, deficiencies. In the present day, a deal of this is changed. The theatre has become worldly wise and sophisticated in the intervening stretch of years, and many of the devices of the play, effective in the long ago, are now so empty as to be laughable. Nothing, in the melodrama theatre as in life, ages so quickly as a thrill. Nothing, in the melodrama theatre as in life, is as comic as that which once seemed tragic.

Plainly enough, since melodramas like "The Fatal Wedding" were playing in New York at the same time that more august stages were showing Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Alfred Capus, Brieux and other such dramatists, one must not forget, in one's mood of satiric retrospect, to lodge

them in the proper catalogue of their day. Yet, even so, I detect a certain amount of sham on the part of those who, though not forgetting to do so, still in this retrospect permit themselves a pervading and benign condescension, and many a rich and ironic hoot, over the old Kremer dingus. Twenty-three years is a long time and twenty-three years ago many fellows like myself were twenty-three years younger. We were much more innocent then than we are now and we were impressed by a number of things that we are ashamed to confess to today. We were thrilled and moved by some of these old blood and tear and thunder shows just like a lot of other innocent boobies. However, it is damaging to one's status as a venerable and dignified dramatic critic to own up to such past imbecility, we all know, so we simply smile in a superior and tolerant way and shut up. But we are liars, dear reader. We used to enjoy "The Span of Life" and "The Cherry Pickers" and "The Soudan" and all the Lincoln Carter and Hal Reid things and the Drury Lane importations—we used to enjoy them honestly and hugely even though we knew that as dramatic art they were rotten. And as such critics as Shaw have been able to retain their reputations despite their admissions that they did not find certain similarly ignoble tub-thumpers so very dull, I can't see that some of the rest of us duffers shouldn't be willing to take a chance. There perhaps never lived a man whose early taste was not, above all other things, for melodrama. We all, like G. Bernard himself, began by weaving for ourselves romances which presented us "in the character of a dark-souled villain with a gorgeous female passionately denouncing us as 'Spy!' 'Traitor!' 'Villain!' and then remorsefully worshipping us for some act of transcendent magnanimity on our part." And I, for one, can discern no sense in pretending the contrary.

THE LIBRARY

By H. L. MENCKEN

Ring W. Lardner

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES [WITH SAMPLES], by Ring W. Lardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SOME time ago a young college professor brought out a "critical" edition of "Sam Slick," by Judge Thomas C. Haliburton, eighty-seven years after its first publication. It turned out to be quite unreadable—a dreadful series of archaic jocosities about varieties of *Homo americanus* long perished and forgotten, in a dialect now intelligible only to paleophilologists. Sometimes I have a fear that the same fate awaits Ring Lardner. The professors of his own day, of course, are quite unaware of him, save perhaps as a low zany to be enjoyed behind the door. They would no more venture to whoop him up publicly and officially than their predecessors of 1880 would have ventured to whoop up Mark Twain, or their remoter predecessors of 1837 would have dared to say anything for Haliburton. In such matters the academic mind, being chiefly animated by a fear of sneers, works very slowly. So slowly, indeed, does it work that it usually works too late. By the time Mark Twain got into the text-books for sophomores, two-thirds of his compositions, as the Young Intellectuals say, had already begun to date; by the time Haliburton was served up as a sandwich between introduction and notes he was already dead. As I say, I suspect sadly that Lardner is doomed to go the same route. His stories, it seems to me, are superbly adroit and amusing; no other contemporary American, sober or gay, writes better. But I doubt that they last: our grandchildren will wonder what they are about. It is not only, or even mainly, that the dialect that fills them

will pass, though that fact is obviously a serious handicap in itself. It is principally that the people they depict will pass—that Lardner's incomparable baseball players, pugs, song-writers, Elks, Rotarians and golf caddies are flitting figures of a transient civilization—that they will be almost as puzzling and soporific, in the year 2000, as Haliburton's Yankee clock peddler is today.

The fact—if I may assume it to be a fact—is certainly not to be set against Lardner's account; on the contrary, it is, in its way, highly complimentary to him. For he had deliberately applied himself, not to the anatomizing of the general human soul, but to the meticulous historical study of a few salient individuals of his time and nation, and he has done it with such subtle and penetrating skill that one must belong to his time and nation to follow him. I doubt that anyone who is not familiar with professional ball players, intimately and at first hand, will ever comprehend the full merit of the amazing sketches in "You Know Me, Al"; I doubt that anyone who has not given close and deliberate attention to the American vulgate will ever realize how magnificently Lardner handles it. He has had more imitators, I suppose, than any other living American writer, but has he any actual rivals? If so, I have yet to hear of them. They all try to write the vulgar speech as adeptly and as amusingly as he writes it, and they all fall short of him; the next best is miles and miles behind him. And they are all equally inferior in observation, in sense of character, in shrewdness and insight. His studies, to be sure, are never very profound; he makes no attempt to get at the primary springs of passion and motive; all his people share

the same amiable stupidity, the same transparent vanity, the same shallow inconsequentiality; they are all human Fords, and absolutely alike at bottom. But if he thus confines himself to the surface, it yet remains a fact that his investigations on that surface are extraordinarily alert, ingenious and brilliant—that the character he finally sets before us, however roughly articulated as to bones, is so astoundingly realistic as to hide that the effect is indistinguishable from that of life itself. The old man in "The Golden Honeymoon" is not merely well done; he is perfect. And so is the girl in "Some Like Them Cold." And so, even, is the idiotic Frank X. Farrell in "Alibi Ike"—an extravagant grotesque and yet quite real from glabella to calcaneus.

The present collection has a buffoonish preface on the art of writing short stories—a devastating *reductio ad absurdum* of the sort of bilge ladled out annually by Prof. Dr. Blanche Colton Williams and other such self-constituted experts. Lardner actually knows more about the management of the short story than nine-tenths of its most eminent practitioners. His stories are always built very carefully, and yet they always seem to be wholly spontaneous, and even formless. He has grasped the primary fact that no conceivable ingenuity can save a story that fails to show a recognizable and interesting character; he knows that a good character sketch is always a good story, no matter what its structure. He gets less critical attention than he ought to get, mainly, I believe, because his people are all lowly ignoramus, presented without any sociological eye rolling. The reviewers of books, with few exceptions, seem to be easily impressed by lofty and fashionable pretensions. They praise F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories of country club flappers eloquently, and overlook his other stories, some of which are much better. They can't rid themselves of the superstition that Edith Wharton, whose people have butlers, is a better novelist than Willa Cather, whose people,

in the main, dine in their kitchens. They linger under the spell of Henry James, whose most lowly character, at all events in his later years, was at least an Englishman, and hence superior. Lardner, so to speak, hits these critics below the belt. He not only fills his stories with people who read the New York *Evening Journal*, say "Shake hands with my friend," and wear diamond rings; he also shows them having a good time in the world, and quite devoid of inferiority complexes. They amuse him intensely, but he does not pity them. A fatal error! The moron has a place in fiction, as in life, but he is not to be treated too easily and casually. It must be shown that he suffers tragically because he cannot abandon the plow to write poetry, or the sample-case to study for opera. Lardner is more realistic. If his typical hero has a secret sorrow it is that he is too old to take up osteopathy and too much in dread of his wife to venture into bootlegging.

On the slip-cover of "How to Write Short Stories" I find the following gem: "One can say of Ring Lardner what can be said of few writers, that he never wrote an insincere word." I smack my lips over this singular blurb: can it be that the Scribners are trying to make good Ring respectable? If so, the effort will fail. The professors will shy at him until he is dead at least fifty years. He is doomed to stay outside where the gang is.

The Bradford Formula

THE AMERICAN MIND IN ACTION, by Harvey O'Higgins and Edward H. Reede, M. D. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.
STRENUOUS AMERICANS, by R. F. Dibble. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.
THE FABULOUS FORTIES, by Meade Minnegerode. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.
THE SOUL OF SAMUEL PEPYS, by Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

Most new inventions, as everyone knows, have to go through a process of incubation and probation before the great masses of men, or even any considerable minority of men, accept them. The telephone was

at least ten years old—that is, the practicable, thoroughly useful telephone, substantially as we know it today—before wires began to be strung into every house, and the moving-picture was almost as old before it graduated from the vaudeville theatre into a gaudy home of its own. So with the typewriter, the automobile, the flying-machine and the wireless telegraph. Is the radio an exception? Not at all. Its essential principle was discovered by Heinrich Hertz so long ago as 1888, and before 1916 a practicable wireless telephone had been perfected. So, also, in the domain of the spirit. One of the fixed characteristics of the rages that periodically inflame the intelligentsia is that they are always rages for prophets who are either dead or in an advanced state of senility. By the time Ibsenism got on its legs in England and America Ibsen himself was in his second childhood; by the time Nietzsche was heard of at all he was insane and dying; by the time Cézanne began to hag-ride Greenwich Village he was mouldering in his grave, and even Émile Zola's novel about him, "L'Oeuvre," was twenty years old. The New England pioneer, Gamaliel Bradford, has had to wait almost as long, but the Puritans are tough, and so he has lived to see his invention grow popular. He first announced it clearly in his "Confederate Portraits," published in 1914, and it was in that book, if I remember correctly, that he gave it its name: the psychograph. Now it is all over the lot. A new biography that did not embody some attempt at psychography would be an oddity today. Every salient character in American history, from Benjamin Franklin to Jesse James, is being psychographed, always with results that are amusing and sometimes with results that are important. The field of the invention begins to spread. Here is Mr. Minnegerode attempting to psychograph a whole era in American history, and here are Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede trying to do the same thing for the typical Americano, dead and alive. And here is Mr. Bradford

himself applying his method to the immortal Pepys, and Mr. Dibble applying it to James J. Hill, Frances Willard and Admiral Dewey.

Of the four books, the most important by far, not excepting Mr. Bradford's own, is the Higgins-Reede volume, for it attempts to get at the essential traits in the general American character, and to me, at least, it seems that the attempt comes very close to success. Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede, going a bit further than Mr. Bradford, but without departing from his basic method, call in the necromancy of Dr. Sigmund Freud and his followers to aid them. The device was first employed by Katharine Anthony, four years ago, in her remarkable study of Margaret Fuller. It lights up some dark places that Mr. Bradford, with his more conservative behaviorist psychology, has had to leave dark. The rays that it throws into them, at times, may be unnaturally deflected, and the result may be more glare than illumination, but I believe that they instruct far oftener than they deceive. In the present case the conclusion of the two authors, the one a medical man and the other a skilful journalist, accounts for the familiar clinical picture very neatly. That conclusion, in brief, is that the typical Americano is simply a scared man—that he is the descendant of ancestors who were driven half crazy by their fear of the devil, and that in his own psyche, as increasing enlightenment has rid him of theology, that old fear has simply been transferred to other objects, mainly the bugaboo of worldly failure. The American, as I long ago argued, is by no means a mere money-grubber, as a Frenchman, say, is a money-grubber, or a Scotchman or a Greek. The moment he feels gold in his pocket, he itches to spend it; he is, indeed, the most spectacular spendthrift in all the world. But even while he is spending it his thoughts are always upon making his worldly position more secure and obvious—always the thing that he dreads most is the possibility that tomorrow he may not

be able to spend so much. That fear colors his life and dominates his character. It makes him the least venturesome of men intellectually, the most earnest of all known advocates of the usual act, the tested and tried way, the conventional point of view—in a word, of what he calls law and order. He will obey any command that promises to make him safer.

This theory, to be sure, is not new. I have myself bawled it down the highways of the Republic these twenty years, to the scandal of all right-thinking men. It has been enunciated, too, by other soothsayers, some of them learned. But nowhere and by no one has it been maintained with greater plausibility and a more impressive marshaling of evidence than in this tome of Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede. Judiciously evading the herculean problem of dredging material for their inquiry out of the inchoate, uncharted minds of the masses of their compatriots, they have gone to the minds of typical Americans on more articulate levels, and there sought common traits and ways of thinking. Their subjects range from Mark Twain to Margaret Fuller, and from Julia Ward Howe to Anthony Comstock, and they have made excellent use of the investigations of previous inquirers, including especially Miss Anthony and Van Wyck Brooks. All this material they have classified with care and studied with skill and the result is a book of immense interest and unquestionable value. For the first time an effort is made by native savants, uncontaminated by patriotic puerility, to get at the normal processes of the national mind. It is at once an admirable supplement to the attempts made by such foreign observers as Hilaire Belloc, W. L. George and James Bryce and an effective counterblast to the romantic balderdash of such corn-fed incompetents as the Emperor Simmons, the late Roosevelt, the puling Coolidge, and Prof. Sherman and his imitators. As it stands, it is only a fragment, but so far as it goes it seems to me to be extraordinarily sound. I detect a few

weak spots in the discussion of the modern American woman and her revolt against the old taboos of sex, but they are not many, and I leave them to your own inspection.

The Minnegerode book on the Forties of the last century seldom gets beyond somewhat thin journalism. The author is apparently extremely ignorant of the history of the period he deals with; at all events, he shows little comprehension of its underlying currents. His account of the social customs of the time is sometimes amusing, but only too often he points his jokes by clapping his hands and striking an attitude in the manner of a circus acrobat completing a giant swing. Nevertheless, his book opens the way to other studies of the same general character. We have no adequate account of the life behind the lines in the Civil War, and there is no book, so far as I know, that deals competently with the hoggish and yet gorgeous decade of the Seventies. Mr. Dibble's book, "Strenuous Americans," sticks closer than Mr. Minnegerode's to the Bradford formula. He is a great deal less impartial and judicious than Mr. Bradford, but sometimes he is almost as shrewd, as, for example, in his chapters on Jesse James and Admiral Dewey. The Dewey chapter, indeed, is a valuable contribution to latter-day American history. In it the stuffed hero of the last generation is stripped of his glittering trappings, and revealed as a very commonplace and transparent old fellow—by no means a man of much enterprise or originality, even in war, but simply a hard-working and unimaginative officer—a sort of superior Pershing. He made fewer speeches than Pershing, but when he made any they were almost as idiotic. Mr. Dibble deals with him in a way that is not unkindly, but that nevertheless completely disposes of the orthodox Dewey legend. The other chapters in the volume discuss James J. Hill, Frances E. Willard, Mark Hanna, P. T. Barnum and Brigham Young. The subjects anatomized by Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede,

beside those already mentioned, are Andrew Carnegie, Lincoln, Barnum, Whitman, Franklin, Hanna, Longfellow and Anna Howard Shaw.

Scores of likely victims remain to the enterprising psychographer. I name a few: Dwight L. Moody, Robert G. Ingersoll, Joseph H. Choate, Tweed, Mayor Gaynor, Arthur Pue Gorman, Richard Croker, William Dean Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, Pop Anson, McKinley, Richard Mansfield, Godey of the *Ladies' Book*, Dr. Mary Walker, Jerry Simpson, Henry Watterson, Dana, Pulitzer, Charles Frohman, Jim Fisk, Peary, Steve Brodie, Henry Ward Beecher, Mat Quay. Daniel Drew has been done superbly by Bouck White, and there is a brilliant short sketch of William Waldorf Astor by Frank Harris, but who will do Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt and the elder J. P. Morgan?

Rambles in Fiction

RACE, by William McFee. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

STREETS OF NIGHT, by John Dos Passos. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

WOMEN AND WIVES, by Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A HIND LET LOOSE, by C. E. Montague. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

COUNTRY PEOPLE, by Ruth Suckow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Two of these novels, to me at least, are depressingly disappointing: Mr. McFee's "Race" and Mr. Dos Passos' "Streets of Nights." Of Mr. McFee I have often discoursed in the past in other places, usually in encomiastic terms. I believe that his two stories, "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" and "Command" belong in the very front rank of modern fiction—that they come near to challenging Joseph Conrad successfully in his own field. But in "Race" there is no sign of a challenge to Conrad; instead there is what appears to be a challenge to all the dull English practitioners of stewed tea realism. In other words, there is Arnold Bennett without the bounce—Arnold Bennett at his worst. The story, apparently—for I

confess that I have been unable to read all of it—of a shabby English suburb into which a French youngster brings a flash of color and a whiff of life. How much better W. L. George did it in "The Making of an Englishman!" Mr. McFee, indeed, seems to be quite unable to come to grips with his characters; they never get beyond a feeble whimsicality. At the end he prints a chapter in the omniscient future tense of the mid-Victorian novelists; perhaps, after all, it is Dickens that he is imitating, not Bennett. Whatever the fact, I can only resort to my accustomed house of worship and petition God to lead him back to the eastern Mediterranean, and the charming society of the blackguard sailor-men, prehensile Greeks and pathetic Jews he knows so well. There he is at home, and there he is incomparable. In an English back street he is as foreign and uncomfortable as a Texas Congressman at the Bach Festival. Not all his high skill can conceal the often infirmities of his story.

Mr. Dos Passos, in "Streets of Night," abandons the heroes of democracy and their innocent swineries for the lavender strivings of the Young Intellectuals, two of them male and one female. The trouble with his story is that he fails to make their doings logically credible—that the natural mooniness of youth is permitted to pass into something indistinguishable from lunacy. The result is a feeling, at least in this reader, that the whole thing is futile—that it throws no light whatever upon the soul struggles it professes to illuminate. A novelist, true enough, is not bound to explain his characters completely; he need not pretend to omniscience. But he must at least explain them enough to make their conduct intelligible and plausible; he must hold them on some kind of track, however feebly. This, it seems to me, Mr. Dos Passos fails to do. His fable is simply a series of puerile and often improbable episodes in the lives of two silly boys and an even sillier girl, ending with the suicide of one of them and the spiritual collapse of the other two.

The Young Intellectual deserves a far more scientific and exhaustive treatment. He represents the high, fine spray of a wave of revolt that is probably running deeper in the Republic than most observers seem to think. His current proceedings are often somewhat clownish, but at the bottom of him there is a sound instinct, and as the general level of civilization rises in America he will grow in dignity and influence. Harold Stearns has already discussed his case at length in the form of a political manifesto; what remains is to put him into a novel. Mr. Dos Passos, whose ineptitudes were already painfully visible in "Three Soldiers," is not up to the business. It calls for a less grave and humorless reporter, and one with far more ingenuity. If Sinclair Lewis could only lay eggs and hatch young of his own kind there would be hope; he himself is probably too old for the job. But maybe Harvard or Yale is nourishing, even now, the performer foreordained.

The Fergusson book, "Women and Wives," is something new for the author: a novel on a small canvass. Its two predecessors, "The Blood of the Conquerors" and "Capitol Hill," were far more ambitious in scope; the former a study of the conflict between the native Latin and the invading Anglo-Saxon in the Southwest, and the latter a large and comprehensive picture of the obscene comedy at Washington. "Women and Wives" is also a Washington story, but its scene might have been laid in Cincinnati or Kansas City just as well. What it deals with is the gradual disintegration and collapse of a marriage in the white-collar class of serfs—folks not actually poor in money, but desperately poor in mental resilience and spiritual resources. Jim Royce is a newspaper reporter turned press-agent and office-holder; his wife Catherine is a charming vacuum whose reading consists of the *Delineator* and the *Designer*. They settle down in a small flat together, and instantly begin to wear each other to tatters. A baby is promised, but never comes. Catherine

gradually grows more lazy, unappetizing and discontented; Jim takes to a mild and ineffective boozing, withdraws within himself—he is much the finer of the two—and finally plunges into a lamentable affair with one Fanny, a poor working girl. In the end Catherine goes back to her home amid the Southern magnolias, and Jim breathes a vast sigh of relief. But freedom, of course, is not for slaves. Within a few days the intelligent self-interest of Fanny has snared him, and as the story closes she is bending over him, stroking his hair and calling him pet names. *Da capo!* . . . A familiar story. In a way, the essential American story. But Mr. Fergusson's competence easily lifts it out of the commonplace. He is, I take it, no great reader of novels. What he puts into his books never shows any imitative staleness; he doesn't go to other novelists for his materials, but to the life about him. "Women and Wives" lacks the majestic sweep of "Capitol Hill," but within its limits it is just as capably done. Now that he has three books behind him, there can be no more doubt of Fergusson's fitness for his trade. His method is unhackneyed and effective, and he has a very solid talent.

"A Hind Let Loose" must be nearly fifteen years old; I first read it and reviewed it so long ago as 1911. The author, C. E. Montague, is a well-known English dramatic critic, and has been on the staff of the Manchester *Guardian* for years. Some time ago he published a war book, "Disenchantment" by name, detailing his gradual loss of confidence in the late crusade for democracy, and it made a mild stir. But "A Hind Let Loose" is infinitely better stuff, and it is a pleasure to see it reprinted in America. It is an attempt in a field seldom invaded by novelists without disaster: that of satire in the grand manner. But Montague manages the difficult business superbly. His Irish journalist, Colum Fay, is capitally imagined, and the somewhat complex intrigue never gets out of hand. Fay is chief editorial writer for two

papers, bitter rivals—the one a hide-bound Tory organ and the other a mouth-piece for the most advanced Liberals. He composes thundering leaders for both, and is a shining success in both jobs. Finally, a third paper, occupying the middle ground, is started in the town, and he takes that on also! One suspects that there must have been a living sitter for this extremely amusing portrait; in his dedicatory note, indeed, Mr. Montague is at pains to declare that the original was *not* employed by the *Guardian*. Whatever the source of the story, it is a charming and uproarious piece of buffoonery, carried on with the utmost dexterity from start to finish. Satirical novels are all too few: in England, since Max Beerbohm retired to Italy and Mr. Montague took to anatomizing the war, the only practitioner in the form is Aldous Huxley. In America there is Carl Van Vechten, but who else? It is a pity that the field is not more assiduously cultivated.

"Country People" is Miss Suckow's first book, but it is quite bare of the usual obviousness and irresolution of the novice. On the contrary, it is a highly competent piece of work, judiciously planned and expertly executed. Miss Suckow, indeed, is extraordinary among writers of fiction, for she seems to have gone through no apprenticeship. Her first short story, "Uprooted," published in the *Midland* in February, 1921, instantly attracted attention, and before the end of that year, after she had printed two stories in the *Smart Set*, she was almost universally recognized as a writer of sound and unusual capacity. "Country People" amply confirms this view of her. A simple story of a farming family in Iowa, shorter than the average novel and entirely without any sign of a conventional plot, it yet manages to produce a powerful and brilliant effect of reality. You may not be interested in such folks, but you will find it hard to resist the fascination of this austere account of them. They begin to live on the first few pages, and before the first chapter is ended they seem almost

more real than reality itself. Nor is the thing merely dazzling representation. There is the same deep feeling in it that Miss Cather gets into her stories—the same profound understanding of simple and stupid people—the same eloquent picture of life as men and women lead it on lonely farms and in remote and sleepy country towns. Certainly, the American yokel of the Middle West has never had a more sympathetic and understanding interpreter, not even Miss Cather herself. There is no self-conscious aloofness, no air of a biologist studying strange animals; instead the chronicle is unrolled in its own terms, by one who misses no detail of it, on the surface or under. A curiously impressive piece of work, indeed. And by a writer whose future seems unquestionably secure. She has developed, full-blown, a technic that meets accurately the demands of the material before her—and what tempting material it is, and how thoroughly she seems to have mastered it!

The Slave and His Ways

THE AMERICAN LABOR YEAR BOOK, 1923-24.

New York: *The Rand School of Social Science*.

REBELLION IN LABOR UNIONS, by Sylvia Kopald, Ph. D. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

THE PERSONAL RELATION IN INDUSTRY, by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

ENGLAND'S LABOR RULERS, by Iconoclast, with a foreword by S. K. Ratcliffe. New York: *Thomas Selzer*.

OF these books, two are quite worthless: that by young Mr. Rockefeller and that on the English Labor Cabinet—the latter because it depicts the present jobholders through a purple haze and as noble altruists, and the former because it is made up principally of sentimental slush. The Labor Cabinet, as a matter of fact, is almost indistinguishable from any other cabinet. Most of its members have been hunting good jobs for themselves all their lives, and those that have been free from the itch in the past are now acquiring it in office. They will function hereafter, not as prophets and martyrs, but as politicians

pure and simple, and when they are kicked out at last by a disappointed and irate populace they will leave behind them a smell exactly like that which followed all their predecessors. "Iconoclast" is thus a fanciful writer, and very romantic. Mr. Rockefeller is still worse. His remedy for labor unrest consists of "the introduction of a new spirit into the relationship between the parties in industry—the spirit of cooperation and brotherhood." The same dose, I believe, is prescribed for the French and Germans, for cats and dogs, for landlord and tenant, and for Ku Kluxer and Pope. Most very rich men, when they aspire to write books, hire needy literati to do it for them. Mr. Rockefeller, I suspect, wrote this one himself. Let him avoid such hazardous originality hereafter.

The American Labor Year Book, though it is published by the Rand School and thus leans a bit toward the left, is on the whole a workmanlike, impartial and extremely valuable compilation. Its statistics are elaborate and apparently reliable, and they cover not only the United States, but also all other countries. They reveal very eloquently the gradual wearing down of labor in the United States by capital's vigorous and well-planned war of attrition. The American Federation of Labor, between 1920 and 1923, lost 1,152,272 members, or nearly 30 per cent of its total membership. Meanwhile, all the so-called Red labor organizations—for example, the I. W. W.—decayed even more rapidly. The census returns of homes owned in the United States stop with the year 1900; they show, during the thirty years previous, a steady increase in renters. When they come in for the years since 1920 they will show, I believe, that that increase has been greatly accelerated. The working classes, in truth, are fast losing their old independence. The money that they collared during the war was

chiefly fool's gold; it slipped through their fingers very quickly. Today a workingman who owns his own home, even in the smaller towns, is becoming a rarity; when he still claims title to it his equity is commonly very slight. Capital bribed him, during the war, to be docile, and has now taken back the bribe. He mortgaged his house to buy Liberty bonds at 100, and now they are in the strong-boxes of his masters, bought at 83.

Dr. Kopald's volume deals with the resultant unrest in the labor unions—the widespread feeling among the toilers that their leaders have led them badly. She presents an elaborate study of four outlaw strikes. In one case, so far as I can make out, the strikers seem to have been mere idiots. In the other three cases one finds them with plausible causes, but flinging themselves in vain against unbeatable combinations of bosses and orthodox labor leaders. That the latter hold on to their offices, despite their incompetence and worse, often puzzles superficial observers of the labor movement. Dr. Kopald shows very simply how the trick is done. All the difficulties of democratic government in general are reproduced in the labor union, and in exaggerated forms. It would be as hard for the organized slaves of the United States to get rid of such incompetent leaders as Sam Gompers as it is for the whole people to get rid of such mountebanks as Coolidge. The labor jobholder defends his job from behind unscalable ramparts. The very fact that he is in office, with control of all the union machinery for disseminating news and doctrine, makes it a practical impossibility to get him out. So he goes on dining with the bosses, touring the country in Pullmans, putting up at the best hotels and paying instalments on his Pierce-Arrow. And meanwhile, his dupes gradually lose their savings and their hides.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HOMER H. COOPER is a member of the law firm of Hamlin, Topliff & Cooper, of Chicago, and a lecturer in the law school of Northwestern University. He is a frequent contributor to law journals.

CHESTER T. CROWELL was at various times staff correspondent for four different Texas newspapers. He was managing editor of the *Austin Statesman*. He lived several years in the City of Mexico, where he was news editor of the *Mexican Herald*. He gave up newspaper work temporarily in 1918 and came to New York. He returned to journalism in 1923 as an editorial writer for the *New York Evening Post*. More recently, he has been devoting all his time to magazine writing.

R. F. DIBBLE, Ph.D. (Columbia), is the author of the recently published volume, "*Strenuous Americans*": character studies of Brigham Young, James J. Hill, P. T. Barnum, Mark Hanna, Frances E. Willard, Admiral Dewey and Jesse James. He is an instructor in English at Columbia.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS has been an editorial writer on the *San Francisco Bulletin*, the *New York Globe* and the *New York Herald*. He was born in Vermont. He has published two novels and a number of magazine articles.

A. E. HAMILTON was formerly a fellow in psychology at Clark University, and assistant to President G. Stanley Hall. He has had a varied career in the United States and Mexico, and has been, among other things, an automobile salesman, secretary to a bishop, a teacher of history and a newspaper editorial writer. He now lives in Maine.

W. J. HENDERSON is the music critic of the *New York Sun*. He is the author of a

standard work on Wagner and of many other musical books.

L. M. HUSSEY is a Philadelphia chemist and pharmacologist of wide experience. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

GERALD W. JOHNSON is associate editor of the *Daily News* at Greensboro, N. C.

H. M. PARSHLEY, Sc.D. (Harvard), is associate professor of zoölogy in Smith College, and a specialist in the Hemiptera.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER is a well-known authority upon certain phases of American history. His article "The Dutch on the Delaware" is published on the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of New York by Huguenot-Wallon pilgrims in 1624.

CHARLES C. THACH, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins) is associate in history and political science at the Johns Hopkins University. He is the author of a monograph, "*The Creation of the Presidency*."

HORACE TRAUBEL, who died in 1919, was Walt Whitman's daily companion for many years, and, with Thomas B. Harned, his literary executor.

HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON, Ph.D. (Munich), is the author of "*The Story of Mankind*." He has lectured on modern European history at Cornell and elsewhere, and has published many historical studies.

PARKHURST WHITNEY was formerly a reporter for the *New York Tribune* and various upstate publications. He is at present a contributor to the magazines.